

THE  
LONDON MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1823.

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## THE LION'S HEAD.

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THE author of "The Doomed Man" will see his doom in our present Number. We did not like to avail ourselves of his permission to divide it, for the story is too interesting to be given piecemeal,—we therefore kept it back till we had an opportunity of doing justice both to our readers and to the author.

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Edward Herbert's Letter on a Peculiar Race of Men and Horses is come to hand:—we thought he had been dead. We will strain a point to make room for him in our next.

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"Now, says I to mysel', John Mill, says I (that's my name, Sir), gif ye were drawing up a bit summary i' the shape o' a letter, o' your ain journey to London, and sendin' t to him, maybe he might print it; and tho' he didnae, there'll be twa or three hints in it which may be usefu' to him; and if he *did* pit it in his magazin', what wad ye say to *that*, John! says I: my conscience, man! and what wad the *Corporation* say to that? So down I sits and writes as above and under."—

Our friend John Mill of Stirling is a clever merry fellow, and we should be glad to hear him tell his story, with the rich humour that his face and voice could throw into it: but the written story will not do, John, though there are some good points about it. We remember him well at the theatre: "Farren, in *Cent. per Cent.* made the hale house roar themsels sair wi' his faces, and I mysel was standin' behind the fiddlers just, and laugh'd sae rarely at the awfu' mouths he was makin' that I mair than ance put him oot o' countenance."

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L. is a very indifferent Poet; we have as good as told him so before: but among a heap of nonsense he sometimes gives us a verse or two that smacks of the genuine Hippocrene. The following are in his Address to the Sun.

Thy palace is the boundless Sky,  
Thy throne the gorgeous Clouds,  
Thy subjects are the Stars on high—  
Those bright day-hidden crowds.

Thou art above the reach of Time ;  
 Whilst he destroys, thou smil'st on him :  
 Babel-Ambition cannot climb  
 So high, nor Havoc make thee dim.

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Lines to the Lady of Alderman ..... "on her being indisposed in the Long Reach" during the late dangerous voyage to the Nore, are not suited to our pages. The author appends to his poem a note upon the dangerous state of London Bridge ;—but we think before it is pronounced dangerous, it ought to be *tried by its piers*.

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Q. Y. intreats us, to intreat the *author* of the Police Reports in the Morning Herald to collect them into a volume :—we rather think there are more authors than one concerned in those reports ; and we are quite sure that they relish better as fruit for the breakfast table than if gathered for preserving.

---

C. B. D. will not long be deprived of the papers which he so much admires. His verses are too ambitious—they rumble like the thunder storm which they describe : What would we not give for a few simple lines, instead of all this hurley burley ! ("Listen awhile ye nations, and be dumb :")

The renovated Wind now roars again,  
 Plying his giant lungs in agony,  
 Howling, and muttering thunder ! How the rain  
 Whirl'd with the rattling hail comes foaming ! See  
 The momentary flash dispatch'd to be  
 The herald of the Thunder ! Hark, he comes,  
 The formidable Lord of Terrors ! He  
 Whose last dread peal shall pierce old Hades' gloom,  
 And with galvanic shock resuscitate the tomb !!!

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*Peter-Pindar's* Ode is quite the reverse of what it attempts to be :—truly we are tired of old *Joe Millers* harassed into rhyme. P. P.'s Ode is more than ordinarily guilty of irregularity.

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A constant Subscriber at Rochester will find what he inquires for at the end of each volume.

T. H.—B.W.'s "Storm," a Sonnet.—J. F.'s Lines on Seeing, &c.—Sonnet by J. L.—The Nun.—Homily for Poets, &c. by Ontario.—Night, by J. J. S. and several Pieces, the writers of which ask for private Answers, are black-balled.

THE

# London Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1823.

## SEA-ROAMERS.—OLD JOHNNY WOLGAR.

List ye landsmen all to me.

THAT "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives," is a very ancient truth, I fancy, and, in spite of the advances of knowledge, it is perfectly applicable, I believe, in the present era of mankind. Every man has his own world, or a little plot cut out of the great mass to which his own wants and habits confine his experience, and which he calls "the world." The Duke of —— has so many courses served up to his dinner-table daily, the remains of which, he is positive, are removed to be consumed by his servants; and this, he determines, is the way of "the world." Every body does so. He wears a coat three weeks, and then makes it over to his butler—and that is how people get clothed. Not a dozen streets from his princely mansion, there are human beings wondering, whether "the bone hashed up with a few potatoes will do for to-morrow;" others agreeing that a bit of mutton "is rather high, but will do to make broth of;" and a fellow-creature protesting that, shabby as his coat is, it will go a month or two yet—*turned*; yet such things are as inconceivable to the Duke as if they were occurrences of another planet. Has his Grace the smallest conception that there is such a stratagem on our earth as *re-beaver*ing a hat, and *reviving* a pair of trowsers? Not he, believe it.

There are means of earning a subsistence—modes of human toil, so out of the great high-ways of in-

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dustry—so disconnected from the regular rattle and bustle of the community—so lowly—lone, and independent of all general interests; that, with regard to ordinary observers, they may be said to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye. You must search for them—stoop down to them—handle them—as you would some minute and mysterious process of animal life—put your ear to them—smell at them—before you can ascertain or guess at their nature and use. What is that strange-looking man about? What then—pampered sloth! You will not go and see? Well—stay a little, and I will tell you all about it. I can assure the great Duke before-mentioned, that he may see an old man clad in black sack-cloth, with a rope round his waist—bent, and wan and grey—pass by his window daily at his breakfast-time, who feeds and clothes himself (just as his Grace may see) with the profit accruing from old bones which he picks up from the public streets. I am positively serious, yet his Grace, I dare say, will pause from his chocolate, and listen to the fact with the same sort of incredulous wonder with which he might hear that there are living beings some hundred thousands of times less than a mite. And this too is far—far indeed, from the limit of human littleness and desolation.

The accidents of my life have often brought me into very intimate communion with the poor, so as to make

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me perfectly familiar with their dispositions and habits, as dependent upon the peculiar circumstances of their condition, and let me into many secrets of strange drudgery and privation, which, as I never saw them mentioned under any head in the quarterly reports of our ever-increasing prosperity, are, I imagine, very little known or felt for out of the bosoms of the sufferers. The obscurity, remoteness, and narrowness of their "world"—and the extreme insignificance of their relations with the worlds of other people, readily account for the sort of exile in which they live from common sympathy; a state still further secured to them by the gentle and quiet humility of their own manners and deportment—for, though the last—the lowest among the sons of toil, they are never forward to announce themselves in the angry language of repining and discontent. They have still something to lose who lift up their voices to remonstrate and threaten. The poor patient drudges of whom I am speaking, who have nothing more to fear—and they know not what to gain—lay down their heads nightly in perfect gratitude that they are permitted to live. Oh! how beautiful are the dispensations of nature! how certain her consolations! how all-covering her charities in every condition of human existence!

I have lately been much in the company of a class of lowly labourers, calling themselves *Sea-Roamers*, who work out, I think, about as stubborn and precarious a "daily bread" from this earth of ours, as any men who have ever fallen under my observation. They are not of the order of adventurers called *wreckers*: the service of the *wrecker* is uncertain and occasional; whereas, the roamer is a never-failing attendant at the sea side, where he wanders about from morning till night, to pick up (if God sends him luck, says he) the refuse—the offal of the sea, native and extraneous, that is cast ashore by the tides. The nature and extent of the returns given by this occupation to a life of toil, through a winter's season and severities, I will explain in due time. The circumstances of the sea-roamer may derive a certain fanciful dignity

from the external scenery in which he moves,—from his bold familiarity with storm and rain, and the undisputed freehold which he has and enjoys in the ample sky, and the pure breath of the bountiful sea; but, in all essential respects of rank and consequence, he stands in about the same relation to society, as those Cyclops-like figures, with sacks at their backs, which my London readers, no doubt, must have often seen lurking about under back walls, and in dingy corners, rifling the treasures of cinder-heaps. These searchers of cinders are more abject in their appearance; they are black—blear-eyed, and have a furtive, larcenous look about them, which is not prepossessing; but still they may be honest, (when back doors are shut) and as to substantial profits they rather outdo, I believe, the poor rangers of the beach. I shall, perhaps, best illustrate the nature and vicissitudes of sea-roaming, by some little account of the life of one of its most assiduous followers; a man with whose ways I happen to be deeply conversant, and who surely deserves some notice, as having been long known between *Castle Point* and *Birley Gap*, on the coast of S—— as "King of the Roamers." I adopt this plan too the more readily, seeing that this distinguished old beach-man had, independent of his merits and services in his profession, many peculiarities in his actions, manners, and deportment, that rendered him a very interesting personage; so much so, that, even among the dull partners of his labours, he had the credit of being "quite a character." Half an hour's biography, collected from his pilgrimage of nearly four-score years on this globe, may not be unenterprising, I hope, to the reader, and, perhaps, not quite uninteresting.

"Old Johnny Wolgar" had always lived in his native place, a small town on the Coast of S——, where, in one form of enterprise or another, he had always, as the phrase is, followed the sea. I propose to say little of him but what I actually saw during the last two years of his life. Through the vigour of his manhood he had been an industrious and able fisherman—was part-owner of a boat and nets—could make a trip to "the



other side" once in a season—board an Indiaman in the channel on a dark night, and "all that sort of thing,"—got married—came to be a father, and lived prosperously; till time at length had his usual effects with Johnny as with all flesh; he grew old—was decided to be not seaworthy—sold his share in the boat that he could no longer serve—turned shrimper and purveyor of periwinkles, till he could no longer stoop to pick them up—and so dwindled away, step by step—till he finally settled into a roamer, content to take his pittances from the bounty of that element, from which he had once gallantly forced, as it were, his subsistence—a poor pensioner of the waves—an humble dependent on the chance-medley of "jettsom and flott-som."

He went on in this character without change, or wish for change, for many years; and at the period when I first became acquainted with him, and when he was seventy-two years old, he was still a simple roamer, relying on his own exertions for his subsistence, and for that of a wife about as old and crazy as himself. The first sight of him told you at once that he was no common man. You could not pass him on the beach like an every-day fish, I promise you. In his appearance were signs of age and decrepitude rather more marked than the years he had passed seemed to warrant: but Johnny had "lived hard,"—in a very hard sense of the word. His face was hollow and grim—the eyes little better than blanks—dim—pale—deep-sunk in his head, and overthatched with a white bushy brow;—the nose long and sharp—and the jaws skeletonized, and grizzled over from cheek to throat with a stubbly beard an inch in length. His skin had not a tinge of red upon it, but, without any hue of sickliness, was mellowed by sun and wind, and age, into a fine Rembrandt tan, and furrowed, and puckered, and knotted, like the bark of an old tree. On this time-worn and weather-beaten head, grew a very picturesque sort of hat, painted black and glazed, with a cupola top and a broad flapping brim, from beneath which dropped down a few lank locks of wiry hair. With all this rugged-

ness, there was an expression of extreme mildness and benevolence in his countenance: every feature was roughened and disfigured by long suffering and exposure; but amongst all his marks of hard usage, there was not one of ill-humour or discontent. Of his person you might fairly declare that it was still entire: he had all his limbs about him, though in truth, his usufruct in them was singularly limited. Rheumatism, he used to say, had clapped him in irons all over; his joints were all double-locked, and would as little bend as his shin bones. But in losing his suppleness, he had fortunately hardened upright, and it was among his few vanities that, if no longer apt at a hornpipe, he was as stiff and straight as a Prussian grenadier. He wore a smock frock on his body, while his lower limbs were smothered in rags, so that he had not in the least the appearance of a creature of coat and breeches, but may have been said rather to have been bandaged than dressed. By various means, direct or indirect, he contrived at least to provide a sufficiency of covering to keep out the weather,—and that done, his utmost pride on the score of dress was thoroughly satisfied.

This rigid body, so confined and *mummied*, will scarcely be thought properly appointed for walking, or any such violences. In fact, my old friend performed all his excursions on horseback, and he considered this means of loco-motion, that was still spared to him, as an ample compensation for all the losses and crosses with which he had to reproach the weather and the world. "Keeping a horse," had not the same meaning with him as with ordinary riders. His horse was not a supernumerary servant, to be used one day and neglected another, as whim might suggest, but the main spring of his whole system—his staff of life—to have deprived him of it would have been to doom him to perpetual imprisonment, and shut him out from all the uses of the world. It was his legs—his liberty—his every thing. How he supported this necessary creature I could never exactly ascertain. In the summer time it fed cheaply if not abundantly (it was neither glutton nor epicure, I answer for it) on the

compound and spontaneous vegetation of hedges and ditches; and during the barrenness of winter, a little eleemosynary damaged hay, from one kind farmer or another, was sufficient, it was found, to keep off absolute famine: what farther provision there was, I am not, I confess, prepared to set forth. The horse, Bob—or “Old Bob,” as he was most pertinently defined, was precisely the one that I should have chosen for Johnny, for it was impossible to conceive any thing more happily in keeping with all his peculiarities. I never saw his exact parallel, yet I have no bad eye, as we say, for a horse. He was some sixteen years old when I had first the luck to see him, and, as far as looks were concerned, could not have been older had he lived sixteen centuries. Every bone in his body was anatomically defined, all his flesh appearing, as it were, to have been dragged from his sides, and to bag down in a vast tense pot-belly. His great lumping head bore about the same proportion to his straight, scraggy, neck, that a pump bears to its handle; and at his opposite extremity, bounding the spinal line of his sharp, knotty, back, was another oddity quite as characteristical, in the shape of a tail, which stuck out horizontally, and consisted of about a foot of naked stump, fringed near the root with a scanty and irregular wisp of grizzly hair. He had been originally a black, but his coat, as black coats are wont, had apostatized into a Mu-iatto: and, like all old coats too, betrayed every rent and mending that it had suffered in its whole course of wear and tear, together with large and frequent spots of bare, corny skin, which stared out like patches of another stuff, and gave the poor animal the same ragged, motley, beggar-like aspect that distinguished his loving master. On this reverend hack, with a sack for his saddle, Johnny usually took his station about an hour after day-light, and was seldom restored to the ground before dark. His labour and ceremony of mounting were by no means the least entertaining act of his day to lookers-on, though a sore tax on his own infirmities. With the help of two or three neighbours, who would always willingly be present, and his own hooked

fingers, he contrived to scramble up and fall upon his belly across his horse's back, where he lay straightened out and *see-sawing* like a plank, till he was stopped by his friends, who would swing him round, force open “his damned obstinate legs,” as he called them, and push him, and pull him, and poke him about, and so, at last, compel him to sit. This difficulty conquered, he had still much to do before he got fairly under way. As he had no fund of ready activities about him for accidents as they might happen, it was an object to make his furniture and himself fast at once in the posture in which they were to remain, and which was best suited to his convenience and the general necessities of his voyage. And first his basket was handed up to him, the receptacle of his prizes, which he duly placed on his left thigh: he then introduced his left arm with the assistance of the right under the arch of the handle, and secured both articles in their places, by means of three or four turns of the bridle round his wrist. Bob, with many other faculties, had entirely lost his sense of bridle, yet the implement was still retained, and, bitless as it was, fastened to his head as to a post, not only for decency's sake, but as something for Johnny to take hold of for his ease and security. Now as our adventurer never dismounted when abroad, unless tempted by a mighty prize indeed, and as the act of dismounting and again mounting was, with such casual help as he could procure, in itself equivalent to at least half a day's work, he had provided against the necessity of leaving his seat by a simple instrument of his own invention—a long pole with a spike and hook at one end, with which he had learned to stick, pick, pull, and bring to basket all such valuables as he was ordinarily in the habit of meeting with. He grasped this pole in the centre, bearing it as a knight bears his lance, and derived from it an air of Quixotic dignity and pretension that added greatly to the whimsicality of his whole figure and deportment. Thus fully equipped, he fearlessly trusted himself to the elements, making his way at a steady and solemn pace to the shore, to which all the



winter through he was as constant as the tides. To have lived within sight of his bounds and not to have known him, would have been like not to have known the sky. During all the stormy season of the year he was as one of the natural parts of the sea-side, a something that one could as little have afforded to miss as a point of the bay, or the sands at low-water. There was cliff—and beach—and wind—and rain—and sea—and surf, and—"Old Johnny Wolgar." For me who was a sea-roamer like himself, there seldom passed a day in which I did not encounter him, and from our continual familiarity we soon became sworn friends and allies. I watched him narrowly, and have him, I think, in all his lineaments and actions thoroughly by heart. His riding was delicious. Nothing could be more sedate and slow than Bob's pace, (he had but one) and a man on his back would naturally have been subjected to little more agitation than in his easy chair. But Johnny had a series of actions—a regular body-work entirely of his own making, which, contrasted with the grave deportment of his beast, had a very ludicrous effect. A hasty observer might have attributed these actions to fair riding, but they were, in truth, in conformity rather with the speed at which his horse *ought* to have gone, than to any movements which he could actually be charged with. This system of self-impulsion (which gave him the air of outriding his horse all to nothing,) was originally adopted, perhaps, from testiness and impatience, and came at length to be persisted in as a mere habit—though it had the good effect of giving him a degree of exercise and warmth, which it was quite foreign from Bob's will or power to be in any way accessory to. The limits of authority and service had been long settled between them; their acts were all grown into matters of custom and prescription, and there was no resistance on one side, because there was no command on the other. Each may have had his vagrant wishes—his unruly thoughts of a little faster or a little slower; but these never ripened into deeds. At every twentieth pace, Johnny stopped: and at every thir-

tieth pace, Bob stopped: Johnny stopped to see or fancy he saw something: and Bob stopped—it was not easy to say why—but he did—and so they proceeded, if such a term can be applied to them, darkling on their way through gloom and mist at the edge of the roaring surf, as satisfied with their destiny and each other as any couple in the world. I never discovered by what means of communication they conversed together: that there was no interpretation of purposes through whip, spur, or bridle, I can affirm; neither was there a word spoken—*gee-up* or *gee-wo*. There must have been some secret sympathy between them, I suspect, on all the great topics of the day, which each obeyed as an instinct—or it may be that Bob had as much taste and as ready an eye for a *waif* as his rider, and that so, under one impulse, they moved and paused together with such silent harmony. Be this as it may, Bob invariably, and of his free will, stopped just where it was expected he should, resuming his course in his own good time; and for this punctual service on his master's account, Johnny, to do him justice, gave him unlimited licence in his own stops—still, however, preserving his personal independence, manifested by that same *voluntary* of his which I have spoken of—bowing and bobbing about on his stock-fast steed, like a child astride on a chair.

The journey, conducted on these principles, amounted (including the outward and homeward passage) to about five miles, and was performed generally in about seven hours. As a feat of activity, this may not be thought much of, yet, with its usual accompaniment of wind and wet, it would have killed thousands, I fancy, who make far more noise in the world than Johnny. For his part, he made not the least account of the weather, as it addressed itself to his poor old hide; considering it good or bad only as it furnished provision for his basket. A fine day was a storm of wind from the south-west; and if there was a deluge of rain with it—why so—it was a mere chip in porridge. He sat in the rain with as much composure and apparent unconsciousness as a gooseberry bush.

Not that he had a preference for such exposure, but that, duty impelling, and his character as a roamer being at stake, he had brought himself to this Spartan contempt of suffering. The south-east and south-west gales, the fiercest of the winter, were precisely those that sent most riches to the shore, so that if ever there was a day in the week peculiarly bad, Johnny had always the luck to be in the thick of it. He was often, to be sure, buffeted about by the wind most cruelly; and, in the weakness of his latter days, had sometimes much ado to maintain himself in any decent posture of ease, safety, or dignity. You might have seen him in a squall, clinging with both arms round his horse's neck—tail to wind,—his basket capsized and hastening fitfully homewards—his lance overboard—and himself in momentary danger of his dismissal before the rage of the tempest. This he called "lying-to." On such occasions his fragmental dress would be sorely discomposed, entire vestments would be blown from his back; while such rigging as still adhered to him became so loosened and at large, that he rattled in the wind like a ship "in stays." In this disordered plight, the dripping, old Triton had to encounter on his way home through the village, the wit and banter of his fellow-townsmen, who being mostly seafaring people, would hit him off in a variety of nautical allusions, making out, in his lamentable figure, all the circumstances of a three-decker that had just been hurricaned over the Atlantic. All this Johnny bore with a seaman's patience: he had withstood the roaring and blasts of the gale without flinching or fear, and it would have been hard indeed if he was to be put out of his way by the breath of man.

His capabilities of endurance, in this war of wind and rain, were a striking exemplification of the force of habit. He certainly did not derive them from the soundness and activity of his internal organs or the energies of his muscular system: he was miserably feeble—in every way worn out—yet he lived through a series of daily outrages that would have overpowered many a man with ten times his strength and powers of generating

heat. His skin seemed entirely to have lost its excitability to the impressions of cold and wet! the whole outer crust of the man had become callous and insensible. He never "caught cold,"—indeed, he had never any particular disorder belonging to him—being sensible only of an equal and uniform decay—a regular and universal abatement of the vital principle. He was very old in short. All the injury that the weather could do him it had done; he was as stiff and cramped as it was possible to be, and having reached this degree of fixedness and schirrosity alive, he trusted his impenetrable trunk to the inclemencies of the skies, as confidently as his water-proof hat. The same remarks will precisely apply to his fellow-traveller Bob, of whom it could no longer be said that he was nimble and frisky, but who would stand to be pelted at by a winter's rain with a degree of spirit and alacrity, that would have shamed the best *Arabian* that ever was bred.

I do not mean it to be implied from this account of Johnny's hardihood that he was never cold; he was always so; as cold as any thing that has life—cold as a frog under the ice. It was only that he had no painful sense of such a state of body: he did not *feel* cold, though in point of fact he was well aware that he was never warm. His whole tangible frame,—the surface of him had been for some years, he imagined, dead: there might still, he suspected, be some slight processes of heat going on about his heart; but this feeble sun of his system was so nearly burned out, that it had no sympathies to spare for its remote dependencies—no fellow-feeling for the *tips* of him—no touch of kindness for distant relations in fingers and toes. His looks when abroad were hyperborean—quite Polar; and might have served for a head of winter. A crystal drop always hung like a gem at his nose—and his eyes streamed with icy tears.

In his manners, Johnny was exceedingly respectful, preserving a stately ceremoniousness in his deportment, that savoured much of what we understand by the "old school" of politeness. He was none of your "free and easy" gentlemen,



affected no republican rudeness and familiarity by way of asserting his rights—had a horror of radicalism—(he was one who had something to lose I warrant you)—and never took a *liberty* with any man. Whenever we met he always took off his hat—held it scrupulously at some distance from his head, and made me a most deferential bow. I did not like this humility of obeisance, for though a great admirer of gentleness of manners, and no confounder of the distances and degrees that separate the classes of men—yet age with me has its own rank—its dignities in wrinkles and white hairs, that supersede all other distinctions. When a very old man, though in rags, prostrates himself before me, an upstart of yesterday, I cannot help feeling a sense of impropriety in the act—of violence done to the just order of precedence, as founded in the laws of natural etiquette, which no lowliness and beggary on his side can reconcile me to. The distinctions of rank should surely be maintained; but what is greater, in its claims to tender and respectful consideration, than threescore and ten? Johnny was pretty nearly a match for any body—but a few paces from that common home which makes equals of us all. With such feelings, I soon explained to him that he might spare his bow; but whatever may have been the worthiness of my intentions, they quite missed their mark, for the old man was so taken with what he was pleased to think my condescension in this respect, that he bowed to me with ten times more determinacy than ever—defeating me in the perverse spirit of Steele's funeral recruits—"the more he gave them—the merrier they looked."

It will scarcely be supposed that I was so incurious as not to have my peep into his basket. I would not trifle with my reader's suspense; but what does he suppose that I saw there? What was the result of the laborious preparations—the toilsome marches—and long scuffling with the tempest that I have explained to him? The produce was variable; but the following inventory may be relied upon as a pretty fair representation of its kind and amount for four days out of the six. "A piece of wood—oak—with a nail in it;

(important;) three pieces of rope; (not worth much, but fit for oakum any day;) an old shoe—slight, and upper leather wanting; (good for nothing—but will burn;) a bit of stranded fish of the flat kind—much bruised, and rather 'on the go;' (to be reserved for dame Wolgar's judgment;) a piece of canvas—a mere rag, and quite rotten; (see how it turns out when dry—and when the worst's told will do for the paper-makers;) a piece of blue cloth—coarse—but in tolerable preservation; (do for a seat for son-in-law's breeches—make a mop—or a thousand things;) seven bones of the cuttle fish (sold at three pence a pound, to make pounce—or 'something white' for the doctors;) the brim of a hat; (no great matter, but to be taken home for—consideration;) a ship's block belonging to—(Hush!)." Add to this miscellany, a handful or two of sticks or chips for fire-wood, and you will have what Johnny would have esteemed a very reasonable day's allowance. One of the articles, the bones of the cuttlefish, valued at three-pence a pound, may raise an image of gain, which it is necessary to qualify a little. True it is that these bones could be sold at three-pence a pound, and a pound, with all Johnny's spirit and perseverance, could be collected in about a week. In the beginning of the winter, indeed, when these fish cast their bones (an odd habit! but I speak on Johnny's credit, being myself but superficial—only skin-deep—on cuttle fish) they might be procured in greater abundance; but, even with this golden time included, he did not make up for the *merchant* more than a bushel in a winter. "And what, Johnny," said I, "may be the average amount of your daily profits?" "Why, Sir," said he, "taking one day with another, I think I might go so far as to say four-pence a day." He sometimes got less—sometimes nothing—but he sometimes got more—sixpence—a shilling—and this very precariousness of his returns gave an animation to his pursuit, that blinded him to its worthlessness, and was its own sufficient reward. "I wonder what it will be to-day"—he would say at starting; and this wonder at his age

—was worth any thing. A tub of gin might be picked up—there was no telling—and here was a ground of hope that sent him day after day to the beach, with a heart as light as his basket.

He had his comforts too of a more substantial character. Little as you might have thought of him, he had generally a piece of bread and cheese stowed away in some hole of his dress or other. This he called his dinner, and, incredible as it may appear to some people, he desired not a better. He never was hungry, and had outlived therefore all relish in eating. He used to talk of his stomach as if it and he were two persons; as if he had no living sympathies with it, and provided for its necessities as for those of his horse, or any foreign matter dependent on his care. "My stomach," he would say, "wants something—but I care little about it." He knew that he should become faint and weak by long inanition, and, to avoid this extremity, required himself to eat, having certain signs through the day out of himself, which regulated for him the seasons when this duty was to be performed. It was not—"I feel hungry," but, "it is low-water," or "the flood-tide is making," and out came the bread and cheese.

Bob was still more abstemious, though his appetite probably, if he could have told his mind, was not quite so neutral on the subject of food as that of his master. He had a wonderful faculty of living both in and on the air, and tasted nothing else from early morning till he returned to his damaged hay at night. In the meanwhile, his monstrous belly grew larger and larger, as it grew emptier, though certain querulous expressions from within announced, from time to time, that this inflation had no refreshment in it. As the day advanced, Bob's visceral lamentations grew more urgent and audible, till they finally settled into an awful and continuous rumbling and rolling, like the muttering of distant thunder; and when it came to this pass, his master knew that it was time to be thinking of home.

It may be imagined from the account that I have given of his habits and modes of passing his time,

that his life, so destitute of all that is commonly esteemed pleasurable and comfortable, must, of necessity, have been a miserable one. But it was no such thing; had it been so, I should not have treated it so lightly and mirthfully. He was the most uninterruptedly cheerful creature that ever I conversed with; not alone placid and patient, but full of an active, bustling happiness, extracted from the very circumstances that might have been regarded as his most grievous hardships. His *business* was the delight of his heart. The difficulties and uncertainties of his pursuit invested it with a dignity and a complication of relations, that kept his mind in continual and healthful agitation, and preserved in it, what is so rarely felt at his age in any condition, an interest in the common revolutions of the seasons, and the daily necessity of being alive. He was awake in every sense when he was not asleep; and had found out the great secret of ease and contentment, in having always something before him that he considered worth doing or suffering. He did not affect to love cold and rain on their own account; but he had some little pretence for exposing himself to them—and then is heroism nothing? Is glory nothing? Old gentlemen in their easy chairs and by their fire-sides, will scarcely believe that the consummation of all their brother Johnny's pleasures (and pleasures they were) was being wet to the skin; yet to my knowledge it was simply so. It is excitement—emotion—that people want, and this Johnny never was without. He attached as much importance to his occupation, and combined his plots and calculations, with as much earnestness and solemnity, as if he had been a secretary of state. What does the pampered and gouty old alderman care to know, that the wind will be westerly next Wednesday; and that the sun went down last night in a fog bank? He is not moved, not he, though it be certain that spring tides are coming, which will lay bare the Cuckmore Sands, and the Fore-Ness Rock. The world goes on without him, and he heeds it not; but languishes in a living death, in the midst of abundance, a finished



fortune, and completed hopes. No such apathy ever fell upon Johnny; he looked out upon the heavens to the last, like one who had a personal concern—a voice in the great operations of nature; studied the lee and the weather sky, and the prognostications of the north-west (a mighty point with him) with as much anxiety as though he had had treasures due from all the quarters of the globe. A change of wind gave a new face to his destiny; and a shower of rain was a sign pregnant with infinite expectations. Even his grievances (for the best of us must have some care) had a vivacity and variety in them, that in the end did him service—stirred him up—and kept the elements of his mind and feelings sound, sweet, and wholesome. An east wind, for instance, was not received by him with the mere puny peevishness of age and rheumatism; he abused it heartily, and showed you on this topic that he had a tongue in his head, which would not bear an injury tamely. Was it not a smooth-water wind? Was it not a sheep's-head wind?—A perverse—starving—beggarly wind, that never brought good to man or brute, since the days of Adam? He never sunk into dullness—melancholy or despondence. If he was crossed, he was angry—and once in a way it is good to be angry. “Curse the east wind, and welcome—but cheer up withal; never despair, man: the south-west will come again, never fear, with its hurricanes and driving rains—its bottom-sweeping seas—its beach-stirring surfs, and cuttle-fish bones.” There is something in these matters, we must allow, and they are surely better than utter indolence and satiety.

Supplementary to his pleasing fatigues abroad, Johnny had the matchless comfort of an easy and quiet home, enlivened by the presence of one who had been his helpmate for fifty years, and in all the offices of affection and respect was still untired. His wife had a little more bodily activity than he had, and devoted all her surviving faculties to his service, and a sincere co-operation with him in his adventures by the sea-side. These were quite as important in her estimation as in his,

and as far as her department in the concern allowed, she was quite as eager and persevering in promoting them. When he was with her there was always enough to do; and, in his absence, she had to set things in order for his return—and might help out the lingering time by visions of strange findings, and dreams of *El Dorado*. No man could be more decidedly “master in his own house” than Johnny: yet he was not harshly so—but rather, let me say, through the influence of his deserts—his importance in the state—his basket—of his knowledge and services; and, above all, of his wants and infirmities. There was something beautiful in his wife's perfect submission to him; she obeyed him, as it were involuntarily; his wants and wishes were to her as her will—the necessity that determined her motives, and directed all her actions. There is striking truth in Bacon's remark, that wives are young men's mistresses, and old men's nurses. A rheumatic lover—a worshipper with a white beard, is neither to be expected nor desired; and, oh! how much it speaks for the enduring kindness and constancy of women, that when we masters desist from our patronizing attentions, and lordlily demand their ministration in the day of our decline, they forget not their fealty, but look down upon, and serve us—pity, and obey us. The sight of this old woman, herself so feeble and wasted, hovering about her wreck of a husband, with fearful tenderness—tyrannized over by his dependence—enslaved by his helplessness—was really as much as a bachelor (poor barren unit) could bear.

Such were the duties and delights of Johnny's winter days. In the summer, whose gentle winds and moderate seas bring no harvest to the beach, he forsook his *natural* haunts, cast away his lance and basket, and appeared in the tame, dull character of an inland traveller and trader. Shrimping and prawning, according to the regular roamer's calendar, should have succeeded to the business of the winter; but as these tasks involved the necessity of standing and stooping, Johnny, who was nobody on the ground, was obliged

to resign them to more pliant frames, and in the flowery month of May, retired absolutely and most reluctantly from all his maritime connections. Amongst his worldly goods, he numbered a cart, which had descended to him from his father, though he had mended it till you might almost say he had made it. One of the wheels, I believe, was aboriginal, and he used to point it out as something not to be matched by modern wheelwrights, and certainly not by its companion. In this vehicle, such as it was, with Bob appended, and freighted with a light cargo of nuts, gingerbread, and such child's matters, together with a few fish occasionally, when he could raise money or credit for the purchase, he visited the neighbouring villages and farms—the delight of little children—the play-thing of village maids—and the butt of every clown that had a joke and a grin to spare. By such excursions he beguiled a little the long light of the summer; but they yielded him a miserable profit, and no cordial pleasure in any way. He would return sometimes bringing sad accounts of trade, and the condition of the country. "There never were such times—would you believe it?—a pint and a half of nuts—three halfporth of gingerbread—with three whittings—and a dab—no more—and a day's work—it was enough to ruin any man." "The fact is," said he, "there is no money,"—and he put on a definitive look that added—and you have *my* authority for saying so. I fear that Johnny was no unprejudiced reporter on this subject. Independent of his beggarly gains he had a manifest distaste for the whole huckstering business, and never spoke of it in any of its circumstances without scorn. He pursued it as a duty, and because something like a daily task was necessary to his existence; but he was clearly like a creature out of his element in his cart. He languished under the tiresome sameness and stillness of sunny skies and dusty roads; and yearned for the animating violences, and all the hurly-burly of the beach, with a piping gale from the south. Besides there was a meanness—a paltry narrowness in all his inland transactions that humbled and dispirited

him. He who had so long been used to deal with the ocean, and bargain with the storm, could ill condescend to higgie with a child for a halfpenny, and squabble with an old wife over a stale mackarel. With this indisposition to his commercial concerns, he attended to them but irregularly, and dozed away much of his time on the beach, stretched at his length in the sun, whose warmth kept him alive, supplying the place in his system of those kindling hopes and stirring chances, which bore him so bravely through the severities of his winter campaigns. Bob, in the meanwhile, who did not examine things so curiously, we may suppose, yielded to the leisure and quietness of these holiday-times with no apparent dissatisfaction. Tethered at the roadside, he had free access to the pasture of a parched, powdered hedge; and if he got not a full meal, he had his next best blessing in this world,—a long stop. There he stood, the nucleus of a cloud of flies—a picture of patience—vacant—noteless—or sometimes napping brokenly—with no care but how to keep his heavy drowsy head from the ground.

As my own summer tastes led me rather to the solitudes of meadows and corn-fields, than to the haunts of my fellows, my communication with Johnny was not so constant at this season as in the winter; but we occasionally met in the roads, and I saw quite enough of him in his new character to complete my general portrait of him. If he had a satisfaction in his cart, it was derived certainly from his horse, and the pride of driving; he had no little conceit in himself as "a whip." The first time I ever met him on the road, he asked me how I thought Bob "looked in harness." My own interest (that perhaps of an idle and listless mind) in the small doings of this simple creature, may be betraying me, I fear, into a prolixity of trifling, that may be tiresome to my readers. I hasten—poor old soul! as he did—to his end.

Towards the close of a wet and stormy day in February last, a man living at a tide-mill close upon the sea-shore, observed Johnny's horse, at the distance of about half a mile



from him, standing alone on the beach, his rider being no where to be seen. As such a circumstance was not quite unprecedented, he retired to his work, giving it little consideration; but when, in half an hour afterwards, he looked out again and saw things precisely in the same posture, he began to think, making all due allowances for their peculiar usages, there was something in this protracted steadfastness of the horse, and concealment of his master, that was strange and alarming. An hour elapsed—the night was drawing on, and still there was no change; when the man, a good-natured fellow, who knew Johnny well, and would not have had him come to harm for a trifle, felt his apprehensions so much awakened, that he determined to walk down to the place where the horse stood, and ascertain what was the matter. When he had got better than half way, he began hallooing as he walked, and then stopped in the fearful hope of seeing Johnny's well-known hat peep up above the long level ridge of the shingles, and hearing himself hailed in his turn; but no such image appeared on the dreary waste, and no voice but his own mingled with the raving of the wind and the roar of the surf. He then advanced till he distinguished the body of the old man, lying on its face, stretched stiff out (as it always was, lying or standing), and close under his horse, whose nose was drooping down, till it rested apparently on the shoulders of his master. With a sickening foreboding of the truth that held back his feet, the man was still willing to hope that the travellers were both asleep, and he called out lustily upon Johnny; but received no notice in return, except from the horse, who raised his head, looked at him for a moment, and then resumed his former attitude, to wait for another signal of release, which was never to be seen again. The friendly miller now hastened at once to the body, "gave it a bit of a kick," crying, "Master Wolgar, Master Wolgar," stooped down, and turning over the face, which was bloody, and rooted down among the

stones, found the old roamer stiff and cold—that indeed he had been for years, and alive—but he was now stiff and cold, and dead. His horse's bridle was still twisted as usual round his wrist, and, had he not been discovered before dark, the patient beast, confined by that slight bond as by a chain of iron, would have stood, probably, till he had dropped and perished by his master's side.

It was "a fit," people said, that thus suddenly terminated poor Johnny's career; and the coroner with all his skill could make out little more than what will be reported of us all in our turn, that he was "found dead." This was following up his business with a gallantry that was worthy of him—facing the enemy to the last moment, and dying under arms. He had complained of no indisposition, no unusual sensations on last leaving his home; but started on his expedition with his accustomed alacrity—beat his way against wind and rain, to the ordinary boundary of his outward voyage—and there "brought up," to rest from his roaming for ever.

How much I grieved for his loss—what gloom was cast over my solitary rambles on the shore, by this sudden removal of his friendly familiar face—my readers may guess; I will not oppress them with any parade of sentiment. To my imagination the beach has been *haunted* ever since; in certain states of the weather I still see the grotesque figure of the mounted roamer poking and peering about on the border of the surf.

In a few days a solemn bell announced to us poor Johnny's funeral—always an impressive scene in a small community, where all are known, and the meanest is missed. There was no lack of honest mourners to follow him; and if I breathed out my prayer with the rest for his peace, it was an act of obsequiousness (to say nothing of feeling) which I owed him, had it been only in return for the many, many times that he had bared his white head to the wind in courtesy to me.

R. A.

## NUGÆ CRITICÆ:

BY THE AUTHOR OF ELIA.

## No. I.

## DEFENCE OF THE SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

SYDNEY'S Sonnets—I speak of the best of them—are among the very best of their sort. They fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high yet modest spirit of self-approval, of Milton, in his compositions of a similar structure. They are in truth what Milton, censuring the *Arcadia*, says of that work (to which they are a sort of after-tune or application), “vain and amatorious” enough, yet the things in their kind (as he confesses to be true of the romance) may be “full of worth and wit.” They savour of the Courtier, it must be allowed, and not of the Commonwealthsman. But Milton was a Courtier when he wrote the *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, and still more a Courtier when he composed the *Arcades*. When the national struggle was to begin, he becomingly cast these vanities behind him; and if the order of time had thrown Sir Philip upon the crisis which preceded the Revolution, there is no reason why he should not have acted the same part in that emergency, which has glorified the name of a later Sydney. He did not want for plainness or boldness of spirit. His letter on the French match may testify, he could speak his mind freely to Princes. The times did not call him to the scaffold.

The Sonnets which we oftenest call to mind of Milton were the compositions of his maturest years. Those of Sydney, which I am about to produce, were written in the very hey-day of his blood. They are stuck full of amorous fancies—far-fetched conceits, *befitting his occupation*; for True Love thinks no labour to send out Thoughts upon vast, and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in the Beloved. We must be Lovers—or at least the cooling touch of time, the *circum præcordia frigus*, must not have so damped our faculties, as to take away our recollection that we

were once so—before we can duly appreciate the glorious vanities, and graceful hyperboles, of the passion. The images which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by. They may serve for the loves of Catullus or the dear Author of the *Schoolmistress*; for passions that creep and whine in *Elegies* and *Pastoral Ballads*. I am sure Milton never loved at this rate. I am afraid some of his addresses (*ad Leonoram* I mean) have rather erred on the farther side; and that the poet came not much short of a religious indecorum, when he could thus apostrophise a singing-girl:

*Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
Obtigit ætheriis ales ab ordinibus.*

*Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major,*

*Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum?*

*Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cæli  
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
Serpit agens, fucilisque docet mortalia corda*

*Sensim immortalè assuescere posse sono.*

QUOD SI CUNCTA QUIDEM DEUS EST,  
PER CUNCTAQUE FUSUS,

IN TE UNÀ LOQUITUR, CÆTERA MUTUS HABET.

This is loving in a strange fashion; and it requires some candour of construction (besides the slight darkening of a dead language) to cast a veil over the ugly appearance of something very like blasphemy in the last two verses. I think the Lover would have been staggered, if he had gone about to express the same thought in English. I am sure, Sydney has no flights like this. His extravaganzas do not strike at the sky, though he takes leave to adopt the pale Dian into a fellowship with his mortal passions.

I.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st  
the skies;

How silently; and with how wan a face!

What! may it be, that even in heavenly  
place

That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?



Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's  
case ;

I read it in thy looks ; thy languisht grace  
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.  
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
Is constant love deem'd there but want of  
wit ?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth  
possess ?

Do they call *virtue* there—*ingratitude* ?

The last line of this poem is a little  
obscured by transposition. He means,  
Do they call ingratitude there a  
virtue ?

## II.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of  
peace,

The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's re-  
lease,

The indifferent judge between the high and  
low ;

With shield of proof shield me from out  
the prease\*

Of those fierce darts despair at me doth  
throw ;

O make in me those civil wars to cease :

I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest  
bed ;

A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;  
A rosy garland, and a weary head.

And if these things, as being thine by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA'S image  
see.

## III.

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness  
Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes—  
Whence those same fumes of melancholy  
rise,

With idle pains, and missing aim, do guess.

Some, that know how my spring I did ad-  
dress,

Deem that my Muse some fruit of know-  
ledge plies ;

Others, because the Prince my service tries,

Think, that I think state-errors to redress :

But harder judges judge, ambition's rage,

Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery  
place,

Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden  
cage.

O fools, or over-wise ! alas, the race

Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor

start,

But only STELLA'S eyes, and STELLA'S

heart.

## IV.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise

Seem most alone in greatest company,

With dearth of words, or answers quite

awry,

To them that would make speech of speech  
arise ;

They deem, and of their doom the rumour  
flies,

That poison foul of bubbling *Pride* doth  
lie

So in my swelling breast, that only I

Fawn on myself, and others do despise :

Yet *Pride*, I think, doth not my Soul pos-  
sess,

Which looks too oft in his unflattering

glass :

But one worse fault—*Ambition*—I confess,

That makes me oft my best friends over-  
pass,

Unseen, unheard—while Thought to high-  
est place

Bends all his powers, even unto STELLA'S

grace.

## V.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my  
lance

Guided so well, that I obtained the prize,

Both by the judgment of the English eyes,

And of some sent from that *sweet enemy*,

—France ;

Horsemen my skill in horsemanship ad-  
vance ;

Townfolks my strength ; a daintier judge

applies

His praise to sleight, which from good use  
doth rise ;

Some lucky wits impute it but to chance ;

Others, because of both sides I do take

My blood from them, who did excel in this,

Think Nature me a man of arms did make.

How far they shot awry ! the true cause is,

STELLA look'd on, and from her heav'nly  
face

Sent forth the beams which made so fair  
my race.

## VI.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,

And yet to break more staves did me ad-  
dress,

While with the people's shouts (I must  
confess)

Youth, luck, and praise, even fill'd my  
veins with pride—

When Cupid, having me (his slave) de-  
scribed

In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,

"What now, Sir Fool !" said he ; "I  
would no less :

Look here, I say." I look'd, and STELLA  
spied,

Who, hard by, made a window send forth  
light.

My heart then quak'd, then dazzled were  
mine eyes ;

One hand forgot to rule, th'other to fight ;

Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly  
cries.

My foe came on, and beat the air for me,—

Till that her blush made me my shame to  
see.

VII.  
No more, my dear, no more these counsels  
try ;

O give my passions leave to run their race ;  
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace ;  
Let folk, o'er-charged with brain, against  
me cry.

Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine  
eye ;

Let me no steps, but of lost labour, trace ;  
Let all the earth with scorn recount my  
case—

But do not will me from my love to fly.  
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,  
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame ;  
Nor aught do care, though some above me  
sit ;

Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame,  
But that which once may win thy cruel  
heart,

Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

## VIII.

LOVE still a boy, and oft a wanton, is,  
School'd only by his mother's tender eye ;  
What wonder then, if he his lesson miss,  
When for so soft a rod dear play he try ?  
And yet my STAR, because a sugar'd kiss  
In sport I suck'd, while she asleep did lie,  
Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat, for only  
this.

Sweet, it was saucy LOVE, not humble I.  
But no 'scuse serves ; she makes her wrath  
appear

In beauty's throne—see now, who dares  
come near

Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody  
pain ?

O heav'nly Fool, thy most-kiss-worthy face  
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,  
That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

## IX.

I never drank of Aganippe well,  
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,  
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to  
dwell ;

Poor lay-man I, for sacred rites unfit.  
Some do I hear of Poets' fury tell,  
But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it ;  
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,  
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.

How falls it then, that with so smooth an  
ease

My thoughts I speak, and what I speak  
doth flow

In verse, and that my verse best wits doth  
please ?

Guess we the cause—what is it thus ?—  
fye, no.

Or so ?—much less. How then ? sure thus  
it is,

My lips are sweet, inspired with STELLA's  
kiss.

## X.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,  
Edward, named Fourth, as first in praise I  
name,

Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined  
brain—

Although less gifts imp feathers oft on  
Fame.

Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant,  
frame

His sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's  
gain ;

And, gain'd by Mars, could yet mad Mars  
so tame,

That Balance weigh'd what Sword did late  
obtain.

Nor that he made the Floure-de-luce so  
'fraid,

Though strongly hedged of bloody Lion's  
paws,

That witty Lewis to him a tribute paid.

Nor this, nor that, nor any such small  
cause—

But only, for this worthy knight durst  
prove

To lose his crown rather than fail his  
love.

## XI.

O happy Thames, that didst my STELLA  
bear,

I saw thyself, with many a smiling line  
Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear,  
While those fair planets on thy streams did  
shine ;

The boat for joy could not to dance forbear ;  
While wanton winds, with beauty so divine  
Ravish'd, stay'd not, till in her golden hair  
They did themselves (O sweetest prison)  
twine.

And fain those Æol's youth there would  
their stay

Have made ; but, forced by nature still to  
fly,

First did with puffing kiss those locks dis-  
play.

She, so disshevel'd, blush'd ; from window I  
With sight thereof cried out, O fair dis-  
grace,

Let honour's self to thee grant highest  
place !

## XII.

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus  
be ;

And that my Muse, to some ears not un-  
sweet,

Tempers her words to trampling horses'  
feet,

More soft than to a chamber melody,—  
Now, blessed You, bear onward blessed Me

To Her, where I my heart safe left shall  
meet,

My Muse and I must you of duty greet  
With thanks and wishes, wishing thank-  
fully.

Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed,  
By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time  
forgot ;

Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sin-  
ful deed.

And that you know, I envy you no lot  
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,  
Hundreds of years you STELLA's feet may  
kiss.



Of the foregoing, the 1st, the 2d, and the last sonnet, are my favourites. But the general beauty of them all is, that they are so perfectly characteristic. The spirit of "learning and of chivalry,"—of which union, Spenser has entitled Sydney to have been the "president,"—shines through them. I confess I can see nothing of the "jejune" or "frigid" in them; much less of the "stiff" and "cumbrous"—which I have sometimes heard objected to the *Arcadia*. The verse runs off swiftly and gallantly. It might have been tuned to the trumpet; or tempered (as himself expresses it) to "trampling horses' feet." They abound in felicitous phrases—

O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy  
face— 8th Sonnet.

— Sweet pillows, sweetest bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to  
light,  
A rosy garland, and a weary head.

2d Sonnet.

— That sweet enemy—France—  
5th Sonnet.

But they are not rich in words only, in vague and unlocalised feelings—the failing too much of some poetry of the present day—they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriates every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin ...t of dainty words,\* but a transcendent passion pervading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies,

\* A profusion of verbal dainties, with a disproportionate lack of matter and circumstance, is I think one reason of the coldness with which the public has received the poetry of a nobleman now living; which, upon the score of exquisite diction alone, is entitled to something better than neglect. I will venture to copy one of his Sonnets in this place, which for quiet sweetness, and unaffected morality, has scarcely its parallel in our language.

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LACKEN IN THE WINTER.

By Lord Thurlow.

O melancholy Bird, a winter's day,  
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,  
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school  
To Patience, which all evil can allay.  
God has appointed thee the Fish thy prey;  
And given thyself a lesson to the Fool  
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,  
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.  
There need not schools, nor the Professor's chair,  
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart.  
He who has not enough, for these, to spare  
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,  
And teach his soul, by brooks, and rivers fair:  
Nature is always wise in every part.

feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. An historical thread runs through them, which almost affixes a date to them; marks the *when* and *where* they were written.

I have dwelt the longer upon what I conceive the merit of these poems, because I have been hurt by the wantonness (I wish I could treat it by a gentler name) with which a favourite critic of our day takes every occasion of insulting the memory of Sir Philip Sydney. But the decisions of the Author of *Table Talk*, &c. (most profound and subtle where they are, as for the most part, just) are more safely to be relied upon, on subjects and authors he has a partiality for, than on such as he has conceived an accidental prejudice against. Milton wrote Sonnets, and was a king-hater; and it was congenial perhaps to sacrifice a courtier to a patriot. But I was unwilling to lose a *fine idea* from my mind. The noble images, passions, sentiments, and poetical delicacies of character, scattered all over the *Arcadia* (spite of some stiffness and encumberment), justify to me the character which his contemporaries have left us of the writer. I cannot think with Mr. Hazlitt that Sir Philip Sydney was that *opprobrious thing*, which a foolish nobleman in his insolent hostility chose to term him. I call to mind the epitaph of Lord Brooke, to guide me to juster thoughts of him; and I repose upon the beautiful lines in the "Friend's

Passion for his Astrophel," printed with the Elegies of Spenser and others.

You knew—who knew not Astrophel?  
(That I should live to say I knew,  
And have not in possession still!)—  
Things known permit me to renew—  
Of him you know his merit such,  
I cannot say—you hear—too much.

Within these woods of Arrady  
He chief delight and pleasure took;  
And on the mountain Partheny,  
Upon the chrystal liquid brook,  
The Muses met him every day,  
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down the mount,  
His personage seemed most divine;  
A thousand graces one might count  
Upon his lovely cheerful eyne.  
To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,  
You were in Paradise the while.

*A sweet attractive kind of grace;  
A full assurance given by looks;  
Continual comfort in a face,  
The linaments of Gospel books—*

I trow that count'nance cannot lye,  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Above all others this is he,  
Which erst approved in his song,  
That love and honour might agree,  
And that pure love will do no wrong.  
Sweet saints, it is no sin or blame  
To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never Love so sweetly breathe  
In any mortal breast before:  
Did never Muse inspire beneath  
A Poet's brain with finer store:  
He wrote of Love with high conceit,  
And Beauty rear'd above her height.

Or let any one read the deeper sorrows (grief running into rage) in the Poem,—the last in the collection accompanying the above,—which from internal testimony I believe to be Lord Brooke's,—beginning with "Silence augmenteth grief,"—and then seriously ask himself, whether the subject of such absorbing and confounding regrets could have been *that thing* which Lord Oxford termed him. L.

### SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAJA.

ITALIA, Italia! O tu cui diè la Sorte  
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai  
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,  
Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte;

Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,  
Ond' assai più ti paventasse, o assai  
T'amasse men, chi del tuo bello ai rai  
Par che si strugge, e pur ti sfida a morte.

Ch'or giù dall'Alpi io non vedrei torrenti  
Scender d'armati, e del tuo sangue tinta  
Bever l'onda del Pò Gallici armenti!

Nè te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,  
Pugnar col braccio di straniero genti,  
Per servir sempre o vincitrice, o vinta!

Italia! O thou on whom was shed  
Beauty's ill-fated charm, whence springs such store  
Of troubles infinite, that anguish sore  
Has on thy brow a cloud of sorrow bred;

Oh! were thy beauty less, or pow'r more dread!  
That those might prize thee less, or fear thee more,  
Who now in lovers' guise thy charms adore,  
And aim the blow that leaves their victim dead:

Since now I should not see from Alpine snows  
The torrent-host descend, and Gallic steed  
Drink the Po's wave that with thy blood o'erflows!

Nor would'st thou, girt with weapon not thine own,  
Leave the bought stranger at thy post to bleed,  
By vict'ry or defeat alike o'erthrown!

C. S.



## NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

## No. I.

## WALKING STEWART.

MR. Stewart the traveller, commonly called "Walking Stewart," was a man of very extraordinary genius. He has generally been treated by those who have spoken of him in print as a madman. But this is a mistake; and must have been founded chiefly on the titles of his books. He was a man of fervid mind and of sublime aspirations: but he was no madman; or, if he was, then I say that it is so far desirable to be a madman. In 1798 or 1799, when I must have been about thirteen years old, Walking Stewart was in Bath—where my family at that time resided. He frequented the pump-room, and I believe all public places—walking up and down, and dispersing his philosophic opinions to the right and the left, like a Grecian philosopher. The first time I saw him was at a concert in the Upper Rooms; he was pointed out to me by one of my party as a very eccentric man who had walked over the habitable globe. I remember that Madame Mara was at that moment singing: and Walking Stewart, who was a true lover of music (as I afterwards came to know), was hanging upon her notes like a bee upon a jessamine flower. His countenance was striking, and expressed the union of benignity with philosophic habits of thought. In such health had his pedestrian exercises preserved him, connected with his abstemious mode of living, that though he must at that time have been considerably above forty, he did not look older than twenty-eight; at least the face which remained upon my recollection for some years was that of a young man. Nearly ten years afterwards I became acquainted with him. During the interval I had picked up one of his works in Bristol,—viz. his *Travels to discover the Source of Moral Motion*, the second volume of which is entitled *The Apocalypse of Nature*. I had been greatly impressed by the sound and original views which in the first volume he had taken of the national

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characters throughout Europe. In particular he was the first, and so far as I know the only writer who had noticed the profound error of ascribing a phlegmatic character to the English nation. "English phlegm" is the constant expression of authors when contrasting the English with the French. Now the truth is, that, beyond that of all other nations, it has a substratum of profound passion: and, if we are to recur to the old doctrine of temperaments, the English character must be classed not under the *phlegmatic* but under the *melancholic* temperament; and the French under the *sanguine*. The character of a nation may be judged of in this particular by examining its idiomatic language. The French, in whom the lower forms of passion are constantly bubbling up from the shallow and superficial character of their feelings, have appropriated all the phrases of passion to the service of trivial and ordinary life: and hence they have no language of passion for the service of poetry or of occasions really demanding it: for it has been already enfeebled by continual association with cases of an unimpassioned order. But a character of deeper passion has a perpetual standard in itself, by which as by an instinct it tries all cases, and rejects the language of passion as disproportionate and ludicrous where it is not fully justified. "Ah Heavens!" or "Oh my God!" are exclamations with us so exclusively reserved for cases of profound interest,—that on hearing a woman even (i. e. a person of the sex most easily excited) utter such words, we look round expecting to see her child in some situation of danger. But, in France, "Ciel!" and "Oh mon Dieu!" are uttered by every woman if a mouse does but run across the floor. The ignorant and the thoughtless however will continue to class the English character under the phlegmatic temperament, whilst the philosopher will perceive that it is the exact polar antithesis to a

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phlegmatic character. In this conclusion, though otherwise expressed and illustrated, Walking Stewart's view of the English character will be found to terminate: and his opinion is especially valuable—first and chiefly, because he was a philosopher; secondly, because his acquaintance with man civilized and uncivilized, under all national distinctions, was absolutely unrivalled. Meantime, this and others of his opinions were expressed in language that if literally construed would often appear insane or absurd. The truth is, his long intercourse with foreign nations had given something of a hybrid tincture to his diction: in some of his works for instance he uses the French word *hélas!* uniformly for the English *alas!* and apparently with no consciousness of his mistake. He had also this singularity about him—that he was everlastingly metaphysicizing against metaphysics. To me, who was buried in metaphysical reveries from my earliest days, this was not likely to be an attraction; any more than the vicious structure of his diction was likely to please my scholarlike taste. All grounds of disgust however gave way before my sense of his powerful merits; and, as I have said, I sought his acquaintance. Coming up to London from Oxford about 1807 or 1808 I made inquiries about him; and found that he usually read the papers at a coffee-room in Piccadilly: understanding that he was poor, it struck me that he might not wish to receive visits at his lodgings, and therefore I sought him at the coffee-room. Here I took the liberty of introducing myself to him. He received me courteously, and invited me to his rooms—which at that time were in Sherrard-street, Golden-square—a street already memorable to me. I was much struck with the eloquence of his conversation; and afterwards I found that Mr. Wordsworth, himself the most eloquent of men in conversation, had been equally struck when he had met him at Paris between the years 1790 and 1792, during the early storms of the French revolution. In Sherrard-street I visited him repeatedly, and took notes of the conversations I had with him on various subjects. These I must have somewhere or other; and I wish

I could introduce them here, as they would interest the reader. Occasionally in these conversations, as in his books, he introduced a few notices of his private history: in particular I remember his telling me that in the East Indies he had been a prisoner of Hyder's; that he had escaped with some difficulty; and that, in the service of one of the native princes as secretary or interpreter, he had accumulated a small fortune. This must have been too small, I fear, at that time to allow him even a philosopher's comforts: for some part of it, invested in the French funds, had been confiscated. I was grieved to see a man of so much ability, of gentlemanly manners, and refined habits, and with the infirmity of deafness, suffering under such obvious privations; and I once took the liberty, on a fit occasion presenting itself, of requesting that he would allow me to send him some books which he had been casually regretting that he did not possess; for I was at that time in the hey-day of my worldly prosperity. This offer however he declined with firmness and dignity, though not unkindly. And I now mention it, because I have seen him charged in print with a selfish regard to his own pecuniary interest. On the contrary, he appeared to me a very liberal and generous man: and I well remember that, whilst he refused to accept of any thing from me, he compelled me to receive as presents all the books which he published during my acquaintance with him: two of these, corrected with his own hand, viz. the *Lyre of Apollo* and the *Sophiometer*, I have lately found amongst other books left in London; and others he forwarded to me in Westmoreland. In 1809 I saw him often: in the spring of that year, I happened to be in London; and, Mr. Wordsworth's tract on the Convention of Cintra being at that time in the printer's hands, I superintended the publication of it; and, at Mr. Wordsworth's request, I added a long note on Spanish affairs which is printed in the Appendix. The opinions I expressed in this note on the Spanish character at that time much calumniated, on the retreat to Corunna then fresh in the public mind, above all, the contempt I ex-



pressed for the superstition in respect to the French military prowess which was then universal and at its height, and which gave way in fact only to the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, fell in, as it happened, with Mr. Stewart's political creed in those points where at that time it met with most opposition. In 1812 it was I think that I saw him for the last time: and by the way, on the day of my parting with him, I had an amusing proof in my own experience of that sort of ubiquity ascribed to him by a witty writer in the London Magazine: I met him and shook hands with him under Somerset-house, telling him that I should leave town that evening for Westmoreland. Thence I went by the very shortest road (i. e. through Moor-street, Soho—for I am learned in many quarters of London) towards a point which necessarily led me through Tottenham-court-road: I stopped nowhere, and walked fast: yet so it was that in Tottenham-court-road I was not overtaken by (that was comprehensible), but overtook, Walking Stewart. Certainly, as the above writer alleges, there must have been three Walking Stewarts in London. He seemed no ways surprised at this himself, but explained to me that somewhere or other in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-court-road there was a little theatre, at which there was dancing and occasionally good singing, between which and a neighbouring coffee-house he sometimes divided his evenings. Singing, it seems, he could hear in spite of his deafness. In this street I took my final leave of him; it turned out such; and, anticipating at the time that it would be so, I looked after his white hat at the moment it was disappearing and exclaimed—"Farewell, thou half-crazy and most eloquent man! I shall never see thy face again." I did not intend, at that moment, to visit London again for some years: as it happened, I was there for a short time in 1814: and then I heard, to my great satisfaction, that Walking Stewart had recovered a considerable sum (about 14,000*l.* I believe) from the East India Company; and from the abstract given in the London Magazine of the Memoir by his relation I have since learned

that he applied this money most wisely to the purchase of an annuity, and that he "persisted in living" too long for the peace of an annuity office. So fare all companies East and West, and all annuity offices, that stand opposed in interest to philosophers! In 1814 however, to my great regret, I did not see him; for I was then taking a great deal of opium, and never could contrive to issue to the light of day soon enough for a morning call upon a philosopher of such early hours; and in the evening I concluded that he would be generally abroad, from what he had formerly communicated to me of his own habits. It seems however that he afterwards held *conversazioni* at his own rooms; and did not stir out to theatres quite so much. From a brother of mine, who at one time occupied rooms in the same house with him, I learned that in other respects he did not deviate in his prosperity from the philosophic tenor of his former life. He abated nothing of his peripatetic exercises; and repaired duly in the morning, as he had done in former years, to St. James's Park,—where he sate in contemplative ease amongst the cows, inhaling their balmy breath and pursuing his philosophic reveries. He had also purchased an organ, or more than one, with which he solaced his solitude and beguiled himself of uneasy thoughts if he ever had any.

The works of Walking Stewart must be read with some indulgence: the titles are generally too lofty and pretending and somewhat extravagant; the composition is lax and unprecise, as I have before said; and the doctrines are occasionally very bold, incautiously stated, and too hardy and high-toned for the nervous effeminacy of many modern moralists. But Walking Stewart was a man who thought nobly of human nature: he wrote therefore at times in the spirit and with the indignation of an ancient prophet against the oppressors and destroyers of the time. In particular I remember that in one or more of the pamphlets which I received from him at Grasmere he expressed himself in such terms on the subject of Tyrannicide (distinguishing the cases in which it was and was not lawful) as seemed

to Mr. Wordsworth and myself every way worthy of a philosopher: but, from the way in which that subject was treated in the House of Commons, where it was at that time occasionally introduced, it was plain that his doctrine was not fitted for the luxurious and relaxed morals of the age. Like all men who think nobly of human nature, Walking Stewart thought of it hopefully. In some respects his hopes were wisely grounded; in others they rested too much upon certain metaphysical speculations which are untenable, and which satisfied himself only because his researches in that track had been purely self-originated and self-disciplined. He relied upon his own native strength of mind: but in questions, which the wisdom and philosophy of every age building successively upon each other have not been able to settle, no mind however strong is entitled to build wholly upon itself. In many things he shocked the religious sense—especially as it exists in unphilosophic minds: he held a sort of rude and unscientific Spinosism; and he expressed it coarsely and in the way most likely to give offence. And indeed there can be no stronger proof of the utter obscurity in which his works have slumbered than that they should all have escaped prosecution. He also allowed himself to look too lightly and indulgently on the afflicting spectacle of female prostitution as it exists in London and in all great cities. This was the only point on which I was disposed to quarrel with him; for I could not but view it as a greater reproach to human nature than the slave-trade or any sight of wretchedness that the sun looks down upon. I often told him so; and that I was at a loss to guess how a philosopher could allow himself to view it simply as part of the equipage of civil life, and as reasonably making part of the establishment and furniture of a great city as police-offices, lamp-lighting, or newspapers. Waiving however this one instance of something like compliance with the brutal spirit of the world, on all other subjects he was eminently unworldly, child-like, simple-minded, and upright. He would flatter no man: even when addressing nations, it is

almost laughable to see how invariably he prefaces his counsels with such plain truths uttered in a manner so offensive as must have defeated his purpose if it had otherwise any chance of being accomplished. For instance, in addressing America, he begins thus:—"People of America! since your separation from the mother-country your moral character has degenerated in the energy of thought and sense; produced by the absence of your association and intercourse with British officers and merchants: you have no moral discernment to distinguish between the protective power of England and the destructive power of France." And his letter to the Irish nation opens in this agreeable and conciliatory manner—"People of Ireland! I address you as a true philosopher of nature, foreseeing the perpetual misery your irreflective character and total absence of moral discernment are preparing for" &c. The second sentence begins thus—"You are sacrilegiously arresting the arm of your parent kingdom fighting the cause of man and nature, when the triumph of the fiend of French police-terror would be your own instant extirpation—." And the letter closes thus:—"I see but one awful alternative—that Ireland will be a perpetual moral volcano, threatening the destruction of the world, if the education and instruction of thought and sense shall not be able to generate the faculty of moral discernment among a very numerous class of the population, who detest the civic calm as sailors the natural calm—and make civic rights on which they cannot reason a pretext for feuds which they delight in." As he spoke freely and boldly to others, so he spoke loftily of himself: at p. 313, of "The Harp of Apollo," on making a comparison of himself with Socrates (in which he naturally gives the preference to himself) he styles "The Harp," &c. "this unparalleled work of human energy." At p. 315, he calls it "this stupendous work:" and lower down on the same page he says—"I was turned out of school at the age of fifteen for a dunce or blockhead, because I would not stuff into my memory all the nonsense of erudition and learning; and if future ages should discover the unparalleled



energies of genius in this work, it will prove my most important doctrine—that the powers of the human mind must be developed in the education of thought and sense in the study of moral opinion, not arts and science.” Again, at p. 225 of his *Sophiometer*, he says:—“The paramount thought that dwells in my mind incessantly is a question I put to myself—whether, in the event of my personal dissolution by death, I have communicated all the discoveries my unique mind possesses in the great master-science of man and nature.” In the next page he determines that he *has*, with the exception of one truth,—viz. “the latent energy, physical and moral, of human nature as existing in the British people.” But here he was surely accusing himself without ground: for to my knowledge he has not failed in any one of his numerous works to insist upon this theme at least a billion of times. Another instance of his magnificent self-estimation is—that in the title pages of several of his works he announces himself as “John Stewart, the only man of nature\* that ever appeared in the world.”

By this time I am afraid the reader begins to suspect that he was crazy: and certainly, when I consider every thing, he must have been crazy when the wind was at NNE: for who but Walking Stewart ever dated his books by a computation drawn—not from the creation, not from the flood, not from Nabonassar, or *ab urbe conditâ*, not from the Hegira—but from themselves, from their own day of publication, as constituting the one great æra in the history of man by the side of which all other æras were frivolous and impertinent? Thus, in a work of his given to me in 1812 and probably published in that year, I find him incidentally recording of himself that he was at that time “arrived at the age of sixty-three, with a firm state of health acquired by temperance, and a peace of mind almost independent of the vices of mankind—because my knowledge of life has enabled me to place my happiness beyond the reach

or contact of other men’s follies and passions, by avoiding all family connexions and all ambitious pursuits of profit, fame, or power.” On reading this passage I was anxious to ascertain its date; but this, on turning to the title-page, I found thus mysteriously expressed: “In the 7000th year of Astronomical History, and the first day of Intellectual Life or Moral World, from the æra of this work.” Another slight indication of craziness appeared in a notion which obstinately haunted his mind that all the kings and rulers of the earth would confederate in every age against his works, and would hunt them out for extermination as keenly as Herod did the innocents in Bethlehem. On this consideration, fearing that they might be intercepted by the long arms of these wicked princes before they could reach that remote Stewartian man or his precursor to whom they were mainly addressed, he recommended to all those who might be impressed with a sense of their importance to bury a copy or copies of each work properly secured from damp, &c. at a depth of seven or eight feet below the surface of the earth; and on their death-beds to communicate the knowledge of this fact to some confidential friends, who in their turn were to send down the tradition to some discreet persons of the next generation; and thus, if the truth was not to be dispersed for many ages, yet the knowledge that here and there the truth lay buried on this and that continent, in secret spots on Mount Caucasus—in the sands of Biledulgerid—and in hiding-places amongst the forests of America, and was to rise again in some distant age and to vegetate and fructify for the universal benefit of man,—this knowledge at least was to be whispered down from generation to generation; and, in defiance of a myriad of kings crusading against him, Walking Stewart was to stretch out the influence of his writings through a long series of *λαμπαδοφοροι* to that child of nature whom he saw dimly through a vista of many centuries.

\* In Bath he was surnamed “the Child of Nature;”—which arose from his contrasting on every occasion the existing man of our present experience with the ideal or Stewartian man that might be expected to emerge in some myriads of ages; to which latter man he gave the name of the Child of Nature.

to Mr. Wordsworth and myself every way worthy of a philosopher: but, from the way in which that subject was treated in the House of Commons, where it was at that time occasionally introduced, it was plain that his doctrine was not fitted for the luxurious and relaxed morals of the age. Like all men who think nobly of human nature, Walking Stewart thought of it hopefully. In some respects his hopes were wisely grounded; in others they rested too much upon certain metaphysical speculations which are untenable, and which satisfied himself only because his researches in that track had been purely self-originated and self-disciplined. He relied upon his own native strength of mind: but in questions, which the wisdom and philosophy of every age building successively upon each other have not been able to settle, no mind however strong is entitled to build wholly upon itself. In many things he shocked the religious sense—especially as it exists in unphilosophic minds: he held a sort of rude and unscientific Spinosism; and he expressed it coarsely and in the way most likely to give offence. And indeed there can be no stronger proof of the utter obscurity in which his works have slumbered than that they should all have escaped prosecution. He also allowed himself to look too lightly and indulgently on the afflicting spectacle of female prostitution as it exists in London and in all great cities. This was the only point on which I was disposed to quarrel with him; for I could not but view it as a greater reproach to human nature than the slave-trade or any sight of wretchedness that the sun looks down upon. I often told him so; and that I was at a loss to guess how a philosopher could allow himself to view it simply as part of the equipage of civil life, and as reasonably making part of the establishment and furniture of a great city as police-offices, lamp-lighting, or newspapers. Waiving however this one instance of something like compliance with the brutal spirit of the world, on all other subjects he was eminently unworldly, child-like, simple-minded, and upright. He would flatter no man: even when addressing nations, it is

almost laughable to see how invariably he prefaces his counsels with such plain truths uttered in a manner so offensive as must have defeated his purpose if it had otherwise any chance of being accomplished. For instance, in addressing America, he begins thus:—"People of America! since your separation from the mother-country your moral character has degenerated in the energy of thought and sense; produced by the absence of your association and intercourse with British officers and merchants: you have no moral discernment to distinguish between the protective power of England and the destructive power of France." And his letter to the Irish nation opens in this agreeable and conciliatory manner—"People of Ireland! I address you as a true philosopher of nature, foreseeing the perpetual misery your irreflective character and total absence of moral discernment are preparing for" &c. The second sentence begins thus—"You are sacrilegiously arresting the arm of your parent kingdom fighting the cause of man and nature, when the triumph of the fiend of French police-terror would be your own instant extirpation—." And the letter closes thus:—"I see but one awful alternative—that Ireland will be a perpetual moral volcano, threatening the destruction of the world, if the education and instruction of thought and sense shall not be able to generate the faculty of moral discernment among a very numerous class of the population, who detest the civic calm as sailors the natural calm—and make civic rights on which they cannot reason a pretext for feuds which they delight in." As he spoke freely and boldly to others, so he spoke loftily of himself: at p. 313, of "The Harp of Apollo," on making a comparison of himself with Socrates (in which he naturally gives the preference to himself) he styles "The Harp," &c. "this unparalleled work of human energy." At p. 315, he calls it "this stupendous work:" and lower down on the same page he says—"I was turned out of school at the age of fifteen for a dunce or blockhead, because I would not stuff into my memory all the nonsense of erudition and learning; and if future ages should discover the unparalleled



energies of genius in this work, it will prove my most important doctrine—that the powers of the human mind must be developed in the education of thought and sense in the study of moral opinion, not arts and science.” Again, at p. 225 of his *Sophiometer*, he says:—“The paramount thought that dwells in my mind incessantly is a question I put to myself—whether, in the event of my personal dissolution by death, I have communicated all the discoveries my unique mind possesses in the great master-science of man and nature.” In the next page he determines that he *has*, with the exception of one truth,—viz. “the latent energy, physical and moral, of human nature as existing in the British people.” But here he was surely accusing himself without ground: for to my knowledge he has not failed in any one of his numerous works to insist upon this theme at least a billion of times. Another instance of his magnificent self-estimation is—that in the title pages of several of his works he announces himself as “John Stewart, the only man of nature\* that ever appeared in the world.”

By this time I am afraid the reader begins to suspect that he was crazy: and certainly, when I consider every thing, he must have been crazy when the wind was at NNE: for who but Walking Stewart ever dated his books by a computation drawn—not from the creation, not from the flood, not from Nabonassar, or *ab urbe condita*, not from the Hegira—but from themselves, from their own day of publication, as constituting the one great æra in the history of man by the side of which all other æras were frivolous and impertinent? Thus, in a work of his given to me in 1812 and probably published in that year, I find him incidentally recording of himself that he was at that time “arrived at the age of sixty-three, with a firm state of health acquired by temperance, and a peace of mind almost independent of the vices of mankind—because my knowledge of life has enabled me to place my happiness beyond the reach

or contact of other men’s follies and passions, by avoiding all family connexions and all ambitious pursuits of profit, fame, or power.” On reading this passage I was anxious to ascertain its date; but this, on turning to the title-page, I found thus mysteriously expressed: “In the 7000th year of Astronomical History, and the first day of Intellectual Life or Moral World, from the æra of this work.” Another slight indication of craziness appeared in a notion which obstinately haunted his mind that all the kings and rulers of the earth would confederate in every age against his works, and would hunt them out for extermination as keenly as Herod did the innocents in Bethlehem. On this consideration, fearing that they might be intercepted by the long arms of these wicked princes before they could reach that remote Stewartian man or his precursor to whom they were mainly addressed, he recommended to all those who might be impressed with a sense of their importance to bury a copy or copies of each work properly secured from damp, &c. at a depth of seven or eight feet below the surface of the earth; and on their death-beds to communicate the knowledge of this fact to some confidential friends, who in their turn were to send down the tradition to some discreet persons of the next generation; and thus, if the truth was not to be dispersed for many ages, yet the knowledge that here and there the truth lay buried on this and that continent, in secret spots on Mount Caucasus—in the sands of Biledulgerid—and in hiding-places amongst the forests of America, and was to rise again in some distant age and to vegetate and fructify for the universal benefit of man,—this knowledge at least was to be whispered down from generation to generation; and, in defiance of a myriad of kings crusading against him, Walking Stewart was to stretch out the influence of his writings through a long series of *λαμπαδοφοροι* to that child of nature whom he saw dimly through a vista of many centuries.

\* In Bath he was surnamed “the Child of Nature;”—which arose from his contrasting on every occasion the existing man of our present experience with the ideal or Stewartian man that might be expected to emerge in some myriads of ages; to which latter man he gave the name of the Child of Nature.

If this were madness, it seemed to me a somewhat sublime madness: and I assured him of my co-operation against the kings, promising that I would bury "The Harp of Apollo" in my own orchard in Grasmere at the foot of Mount Fairfield; that I would bury "The Apocalypse of Nature" in one of the coves of Helvellyn, and several other works in several other places best known to myself. He accepted my offer with gratitude; but he then made known to me that he relied on my assistance for a still more important service—which was this: in the lapse of that vast number of ages which would probably intervene between the present period and the period at which his works would have reached their destination, he feared that the English language might itself have mouldered away. "No!" I said, "that was not probable: considering its extensive diffusion, and that it was now transplanted into all the continents of our planet, I would back the English language against any other on earth." His own persuasion however was that the Latin was destined to survive all other languages; it was to be the eternal as well as the universal language; and his desire was that I would translate his works, or some part of them, into that language.\* This I promised; and I seriously designed at some leisure hour to translate into Latin a selection of passages which should embody an abstract of his philosophy. This would have been doing a service to all those who might wish to see a digest of his peculiar opinions cleared from the perplexities of his peculiar diction and brought into a narrow compass from the great number of volumes through which they are at present dispersed. However, like many another plan of mine, it went unexecuted.

On the whole, if Walking Stewart were at all crazy, he was so in a way which did not affect his natural genius and eloquence—but rather exalted them. The old maxim, indeed, that "Great wits to madness sure are near allied," the maxim of Dryden and the popular maxim, I have heard disputed by Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth, who maintain that mad people are the dullest and most wearisome of all people. As a body, I believe they are so. But I must dissent from the authority of Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth so far as to distinguish. Where madness is connected, as it often is, with some miserable derangement of the stomach, liver, &c. and attacks the principle of pleasurable life, which is manifestly seated in the central organs of the body (i. e. in the stomach and the apparatus connected with it), there it cannot but lead to perpetual suffering and distraction of thought; and there the patient will be often tedious and incoherent. People who have not suffered from any great disturbance in those organs are little aware how indispensable to the process of thinking are the momentary influxes of pleasurable feeling from the regular goings on of life in its primary functions; in fact, until the pleasure is withdrawn or obscured, most people are not aware that they *have* any pleasure from the due action of the great central machinery of the system: proceeding in uninterrupted continuance, the pleasure as much escapes the consciousness as the act of respiration: a child, in the happiest state of its existence, does not *know* that it is happy. And generally whatsoever is the level state of the hourly feeling is never put down by the unthinking (i. e. by 99 out of 100) to the account of happiness: it is never put down with the positive

\* I was not aware until the moment of writing this passage that Walking Stewart had publicly made this request three years after making it to myself: opening the Harp of Apollo, I have just now accidentally stumbled on the following passage, "This stupendous work is destined, I fear, to meet a worse fate than the Aloe, which as soon as it blossoms loses its stalk. This first blossom of reason is threatened with the loss of both its stalk and its soil: for, if the revolutionary tyrant should triumph, he would destroy all the English books and energies of thought. I conjure my readers to translate this work into Latin, and to bury it in the ground, communicating on their death-beds only its place of concealment to men of nature."

From the title page of this work, by the way, I learn that "the 7000th year of Astronomical History" is taken from the Chinese tables, and coincides (as I had supposed) with the year 1812 of our computation.



sign, as equal to  $+x$ ; but simply as  $=0$ . And men first become aware that it *was* a positive quantity, when they have lost it (i. e. fallen into  $-x$ ). Meantime the genial pleasure from the vital processes, though not represented to the consciousness, is *immanent* in every act—impulse—motion—word—and thought: and a philosopher sees that the idiots are in a state of pleasure, though they cannot see it themselves. Now I say that, where this principle of pleasure is not attached, madness is often little more than an enthusiasm highly exalted; the animal spirits are exuberant and in excess; and the madman becomes, if he be otherwise a man of ability and information, all the better as a companion. I have met with several such madmen; and I appeal to my brilliant friend, Professor W——, who is not a man to tolerate dulness in any quarter and is himself the ideal of a delightful companion, whether he ever met a more amusing person than that madman who took a post-chaise with us from —— to Carlisle, long years ago, when he and I were hastening with the speed of fugitive felons to catch the Edinburgh mail. His fancy and his extravagance, and his furious attacks on Sir Isaac Newton, like Plato's suppers, refreshed us not only for that day but whenever they recurred to us; and we were both grieved when we heard some time afterwards from a Cambridge man that he had met our clever friend in a stage coach under the care of a brutal keeper.—Such a madness, if any, was the madness of Walking Stewart: his health was perfect; his spirits as light and ebullient as the spirits of a bird in spring-time; and his mind unagitated by painful thoughts, and at peace with itself. Hence, if he was not an amusing companion, it was because the philosophic direction of his thoughts made him something more. Of anecdotes and matters of fact he was not communicative: of all that he had seen in the vast compass of his travels he never availed himself in conversation. I do not remember at this moment that he ever once alluded to his own travels in his intercourse with me except for the purpose of weighing down by a statement grounded on his own great personal

experience an opposite statement of many hasty and misjudging travellers which he thought injurious to human nature: the statement was this, that in all his countless rencontres with uncivilized tribes, he had never met with any so ferocious and brutal as to attack an unarmed and defenceless man who was able to make them understand that he threw himself upon their hospitality and forbearance.

On the whole, Walking Stewart was a sublime visionary: he had seen and suffered much amongst men; yet not too much, so as to dull the genial tone of his sympathy with the sufferings of others. His mind was a mirror of the sentient universe.—The whole mighty vision that had fled before his eyes in this world,—the armies of Hyder-Ali and his son with oriental and barbaric pageantry,—the civic grandeur of England, the great deserts of Asia and America,—the vast capitals of Europe,—London with its eternal agitations, the ceaseless ebb and flow of its "mighty heart,"—Paris shaken by the fierce torments of revolutionary convulsions, the silence of Lapland, and the solitary forests of Canada, with the swarming life of the torrid zone, together with innumerable recollections of individual joy and sorrow, that he had participated by sympathy—lay like a map beneath him, as if eternally co-present to his view; so that, in the contemplation of the prodigious whole, he had no leisure to separate the parts, or occupy his mind with details. Hence came the monotony which the frivolous and the desultory would have found in his conversation. I however, who am perhaps the person best qualified to speak of him, must pronounce him to have been a man of great genius; and, with reference to his conversation, of great eloquence. That these were not better known and acknowledged was owing to two disadvantages; one grounded in his imperfect education, the other in the peculiar structure of his mind. The first was this: like the late Mr. Shelley he had a fine vague enthusiasm and lofty aspirations in connexion with human nature generally and its hopes; and like him he strove to give steadiness, a uniform direction, and an intelli-

gible purpose to these feelings, by fitting to them a scheme of philosophical opinions. But unfortunately the philosophic system of both was so far from supporting their own views and the cravings of their own enthusiasm, that, as in some points it was baseless, incoherent, or unintelligible, so in others it tended to moral results, from which, if they had foreseen them, they would have been themselves the first to shrink as contradictory to the very purposes in which their system had originated. Hence, in maintaining their own system they both found themselves painfully entangled at times with tenets pernicious and degrading to human nature. These were the inevitable consequences of the *πρωτον ψευδος* in their speculations; but were naturally charged upon them by those who looked carelessly into their books as opinions which not only for the sake of consistency they thought themselves bound to endure, but to which they gave the full weight of their sanction and patronage as to so many moving principles in their system. The other disadvantage under which Walking Stewart laboured, was this: he was a man of genius, but not a man of talents; at least his genius was out of all proportion to his talents, and wanted an organ as it were for manifesting itself; so that his most original thoughts were delivered in a crude state—imperfect,

obscure, half developed, and not producible to a popular audience. He was aware of this himself: and, though he claims everywhere the faculty of profound intuition into human nature, yet with equal candor he accuses himself of asinine stupidity, dulness, and want of talent. He was a disproportioned intellect, and so far a monster: and he must be added to the long list of original-minded men who have been looked down upon with pity and contempt by common-place men of talent, whose powers of mind—though a thousand times inferior—were yet more manageable, and ran in channels more suited to common uses and common understandings.

NB. About the year 1812 I remember seeing in many of the printshops a whole-length sketch in water-colours of Walking Stewart in his customary dress and attitude. This, as the only memorial (I presume) in that shape of a man whose memory I love, I should be very glad to possess; and therefore I take the liberty of publicly requesting as a particular favour from any reader of this article, who may chance to remember such a sketch in any collection of prints offered for sale, that he would cause it to be sent to the Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE, who will pay for it.

X. Y. Z.

## THE NUNS AND ALE OF CAVERSWELL.

### A SKETCH.

CAVERSWELL, ancient Caverswell, the residence of the Cradocks, renowned in romance, of Jervis, famous in maritime story, and esteemed over the east for thy delightful ale and thy beautiful women; I think of thee with reverence and awe. Can the lovers of romance forget that Cradock's lady alone, of all the dames of Arthur's court, wore, without suspicion or reproach, the charmed kirtle of chastity; which, by its shrivelling and curling like a November leaf, showed the lightness of Queen Gueniver and her ladies? Can the lovers of beauty forget, that in a

later day the lady of George Cradock brought him at a birth, if I read the legendary inscription in the church aright—"a pair-royal of incomparable daughters, Dorothy, Jane, and Mary;" and that, for her sake, the castle of Caverswell "was beautified even unto beauty," as the same singular authority bears? Or can we forget, that in Caverswell church kneels the devout Countess of old brave St. Vincent—praying in the ripeness of beauty and pride of youth—stamped off in the eternal grace and perpetual loveliness of art—her hands folded over her bosom, and her



head bowed down with such an expression of meekness and benevolence as would inspire a preacher—if preachers were not inspired, and keep from slumber a congregation, if the pleasant people of Caverswell ever slept at a sermon? But Caverswell, fair and ancient Caverswell, thou hast other attractions. Thy daughters are passing-fair, with nut-brown locks and hazel eyes; and thy sons love dancing, mirth, minstrelsy, and ale. If thy maidens are fair and excelling—so is thy ale, surpassing all other potations, whether dribbled through a distillery worm, or poured out free and foaming from the mysterious union of hops and barley. It is called ale by the dull and gross peasantry at festivals and bridals—but it is not ale—it is drink for the lesser divinities and mitred divines. The art of brewing it was no happy labour of man's brain—there is a mystery about the manner of its being communicated to earth; it was dropt in a receipt from the moon. It was Staffordshire ale that I once saw two bards drink out of an antique silver flagon—at each alternate quaff their eyes grew brighter, their faces became flushed with a ruddy light resembling a July morn—their forms seemed to dilate into what statuary call the heroic standard—at each glut of the divine beverage they had more and more the port of the demigods, and there they sat superior to the sons of little men—the dabblers in the blood-royal of the grape—and seemed

Possess beyond the Muse's painting.

Such is the true Caverswell nectar, known among men by the name of Staffordshire ale. I thirst afresh at the remembrance, and long to renew my intercourse with the frothing and foaming flagons which welcomed me into happy little Caverswell. Those who would view this village aright must not go in the company of the moon, as a poet somewhere recommends—let them trust to a less capricious influence than that of a planet—let them wipe the foam of their second flagon from their lips, and then go forth and look on its ladies and on its towers. Ale, like the fairy's eye-salve, will purge the sight of its grossness—things will come in

their true shape and native hue—nor will they be deceived by the magic of book or spell which can make

A cobweb on a dungeon wall  
Seem tapestry in lordly hall.

Those who admire beauty will love thy maidens; and those who love themselves will drink thy glorious ale, old Staffordshire!

But besides its ale, and its native maidens, Caverswell has other attractions to which it is indebted to Spain and France: there is a refuge for ladies whom unhappy love or devotion has stung, and driven to seclusion and penance. Beneath the church-yard wall, I observed a little plat of greensward, redeemed from a wood, and bestrewn by Nature's lavish and hasty hand with violets and daisies and other flowers of summer. I saw two long narrow ridges—one green and flourishing in its grass and flowers; the other appeared with its turf newly turned, and the flowers had begun to lift afresh their heads and revive. Small crosses of wood stood at the head of the nuns' graves—for such they were—on one the hand of some unbidden but not uninterested villager had written, "alas Julia,"—the other no writing had appropriated—it was a plain cross, white and pure. The old castle of Caverswell threw its shadow in the descending sun as far as these two solitary graves. I looked up and beheld many young and beautiful faces at the latticed windows—saw female forms gliding among the trees, and beheld a grave and staid lady looking on me with an eye less of benevolence than suspicion. I left the two graves; and seeking my way to a distant lawn, passed over part of the castle garden-ground. It skirted the margin of a fosse or lake, and was filled with fruit-trees and blossomed shrubs and flowers. Part of it was portioned out into small plots; and here the secluded daughters of devotion amused themselves in sowing and in planting, and sought, in the beauty of the flowers they nursed, some solace for their removal from the pleasant cares and gentle solitudes of domestic life. But the world is not so easily forgot—and a stung spirit is not so readily solaced. A shirt of hair—self-denial—rigid pe-

nance—the torture of daily confession—the presence of one who comes to teach suffering rather than pleasure—high walls and the curses of the church, all serve to bring to mind the joy and the gladness they have forsaken. To be a daughter of God—I say it with reverence—is less acceptable above and praiseworthy below, than to be the mother of man. To be carried away from a convent, may be the hope of many a sister; and I believe many a homely maiden has been stolen from the sanctity of a cloister, whose charms would never have obtained a husband in the common way of courtship. To overleap a high wall, to overreach the vigilance of the godly—to ascend to a turret window, and from that giddy height bear away a more giddy lady, is altogether very romantic. She can be no common spirit whom the love of relatives consigned to religion and the protection of the saints; and she can be no ordinary beauty for whom we would risk breaking our neck in this world, and the pains of punishment in the next.

While these reflections passed over my mind, I stood on the limit of the little domain within which religious jealousy had penned up so many fair faces and ardent spirits. I leaned over a little gate, and pondered more deeply on the hopes and the passions which were smothered and spell-bound in the cloister. Something as a shadow darkened the greensward beside me. I looked up, and a young lady—tall and slender—attired in black—seated on a small mule, appeared before me. I say appeared, because I almost imagined her a crea-

ture of fancy—her air was not of the ladies of this land—she seemed from a far country—for though a dark veil descended over her whole person, it could not conceal her elegant shape, nor lessen much the brightness of two large dark eyes, which from below a white forehead beamed full upon me. We stood for half a minute's space—I with my eyes half averted:—at length I thought to address her; but her looks were not on me—I am not sure she even saw me, though I could have caught her bridle. The gate commanded a fine view of groves, and lawns, and enclosures; it might resemble a place in her native land where she had loved to wander—perhaps to meet some one whose looks had influenced her youthful heart and continued to haunt her thoughts. Her mule, accustomed to bear her to this solitary place, stood motionless—she raised herself in her seat—and her mind, overleaping time and place, consecrated the homely groves and grassy lawns of old Caverswell, and made them into the scented pathway and the citron-grove of her native Spain. Her form seemed to dilate with joy; with both hands she raised her veil—and showed me such a face as Correggio saw in his inspirations—a countenance of light and beauty, beaming amid a cloud of sable drape. The enthusiasm lightened up her face for a moment's space or more—she gave a sigh—her hands dropt gently down—the mule turned slowly, and almost compassionately round, and the fair Nun of Caverswell vanished among the groves.

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## GREEK TRAGIC SCENES.

### ÆSCHYLUS.

#### FROM THE AGAMEMNON.

THE character of Clytemnestra is drawn with great vigour and discrimination. She is such a personage as Shakspeare would have delighted to paint; with mixed motives, and some tender and womanly qualities, overborne, however, and counteracted by unrestrained criminal passion. Her

treachery and savage barbarity are finely excused to herself by the resentment which she feels for the sacrifice of her daughter, and by a jealousy, affected, or at least exaggerated, of Agamemnon's virgin captive. These feelings seem to be not altogether insincere; but her conduct



appears to be chiefly prompted by the threatened detection and interruption of her intrigue with Ægisthus, and the necessity of providing for their mutual safety. Her boldness rises with the pressing nearness of the danger. Her subtlety is on the point of betraying itself by the eagerness with which she presses forward to the execution of her purpose, and by the excess of her flattery to her returned husband, which awakens his disgust. This breathless ferment of mind, and hurried overacting of conjugal fondness, as well as the haughty and constrained courtesy, yielding to fits of splenetic impatience, with which she invites the entrance of Cassandra into the palace where her death also is prepared, are

in admirable keeping. The manliness and modesty of Agamemnon, and his magnanimity superior to suspicion, are interestingly touched; and the fierce excitement of the murderess, when, casting off shame, she braves the indignant expostulations of the senate, avows the deed, defends it by exaggerating her wrongs, and boasts of the protection of her lover, are equally true to nature. There is great personal dignity, as well as poetic sublimity, in the inflexible silence which Cassandra maintains towards Clytemnestra; and her prophetic delirium is finely contrasted with her subsequent collected sorrow, her melancholy resignation, and her solemn final appeal to the sun. VIDA.

CLYTEMNESTRA, AGAMEMNON, CASSANDRA, and SENATORS OF ARGOS.

*Clytemnestra.* Elders of Argos! citizens! I need

No blushes, if I speak unto you all

The love I bear my husband. Such reserve

Must yield to time and circumstance. I ask

No help from others to describe the life

Of weariness I led when he was absent

Under Troy's walls. Nay—'tis a fearful thing

For a lone woman thus to sit at home,

Her husband far away, and listen ever

To harrowing rumours, while another comes,

And now another, bringing still worse news:

Yea—if her husband bore as many wounds

As foolish messengers would have her think,

He might be call'd a sieve; and were he dead

As thick reports would have him, he might boast

A triple suit of armour; Geryon he

On upper earth, (no monster of the shades)

In his three bodies dying thrice a death.

'Twas from such vexing rumours many a time

Have those my menials loosen'd from my neck

The noose that I for violence had knit:

Owing to these our son, the pledge of mine

And thy own troth, Orestes, is not here

To hail thee, as were meet: stand not amazed;

One bound to us in hospitality

Has him in kindly charge, Stropheus of Phocis:

For he forewarn'd me of ambiguous ills

And thy own danger under Ilium's walls,

Should the roused multitude's wild anarchy

O'erturn the council: such the brutish mind

Innate in mortals; they would trample on

Him who were fall'n from greatness. No deceit

Lurk'd in this warning; but the founts are dry

That gush'd with these lamentings, and no drop

Lingers within mine eyes. Yet are they dim

With weeping, and with watching for the torch,

Signal of thy return: and in my slumbers

At the slight rustlings of the twanging gnat

I started up awake, and saw more deaths

And slaughters of thee than my dreams had shown.  
 These have I suffer'd with deep sorrowing spirit :  
 Well may I then proclaim my lord return'd  
 As our fold's watch, our anchor, and our stay ;  
 Pillar of lofty roofs ; as only son  
 To a fond father ; land which beyond hope  
 Emerges to the mariner ; fair day  
 Breaking behind the storm ; or hidden spring  
 To traveller's thirsty lips. O sweet it is  
 Thus to escape from our appointed sufferings.  
 Then is he worthy of our great all-hail !  
 Take not my speech amiss, for many a pang  
 Of absence has been mine. O dearest life !  
 Come down then from thy chariot : but on earth  
 Set not thy foot ; that foot which trampled Troy.  
 Why linger ye, my damsels ? Ye whose task  
 It is to spread his path with tapestries ?  
 On purple be his passage to the house  
 That hoped not for him ; this his graced return.  
 I will not sleep till I the rest dispose—  
 Heaven willing—as beseems his destiny.

*Agamemnon.* Daughter of Leda ! guardian of my house !  
 What thou hast spoken does in truth befit  
 My tedious absence, for thy words are drawn  
 Somewhat at length. The praise which might become me  
 Is for the mouth of others, not for thine.  
 But more than all, seek not to trick me out  
 In this effeminate fashion, nor salute me  
 With dust-prostration and mouth-clamour thus  
 As I were some barbarian ; nor yet pave  
 My way with those invidious tapestries,  
 For so we honour Gods : not without risk  
 Of grave offence—if I may speak my mind—  
 You bid me, a poor mortal, tread upon  
 Embroider'd arras : honour me as man,  
 Not as a God. Fame's echo needs not these  
 Foot-cloths or vain embroideries. To be wise  
 In season is the greatest gift of heaven :  
 And we pronounce him happy who, serene  
 In his prosperity, so ends his life.  
 If such estate be mine, 'tis all I ask.

*Clytemnestra.* Nay—speak not to me what thy thoughts belie.

*Agamemnon.* Be well assured ; my mind is not debased.

*Clytemnestra.* Hast thou a vow, and dost thou act in this  
 Through terror of the Gods ?

*Agamemnon.* Of my own thought  
 I speak this thing.

*Clytemnestra.* But say, had Priam done  
 Such deeds as thine, how think'st thou would he act ?

*Agamemnon.* Priam, belike, would tread on pictured cloths.

*Clytemnestra.* The blame of men affrights thee ? fear it not.

*Agamemnon.* The popular voice is strong.

*Clytemnestra.* He is not great  
 Whom envy does not carp at.

*Agamemnon.* 'Tis not seemly  
 In woman to contend in words for mastery.

*Clytemnestra.* In mighty ones 'tis graceful to be vanquish'd.

*Agamemnon.* Well—an thou needs must have it so, let some one  
 Straight loose the buskins from my feet ; their print  
 Were sorry usage for thy gorgeous footing :  
 I blush to soil these coverings with my tread  
 And fray the texture of their costliness,



The price of silver. But of this enough :  
 Receive this stranger kindly. She who rules  
 With mildness has the eye of heaven upon her  
 Graciously bent : none willingly would bear  
 The yoke of slavery. She, a chosen flower,  
 From an exuberant spoil was th' army's gift,  
 And my companion homeward. Now then come—  
 Since I may not gainsay thee, let me enter  
 My house, and, if it must be so, on purple.

*Clytemnestra.* The sea is surely left us, (who shall dry it?)

And pays your silver with its darkling purple,  
 That dyes our twice-dipt vestures ; and our palace  
 Is queen of such, no less than are the Gods.  
 To have, or I mistake me, not to need,  
 This is our house's attribute from yore :  
 And I had vow'd that he should place his foot  
 On heapy carpets, when I offer'd up  
 Victims to bribe from heaven his wish'd return.  
 When the root flourishes, a screen of leaves  
 O'er-canopies the dwelling, and outspreads  
 Its shade against the dog-star's glare ; and thou  
 Return'd and visiting thy hearth and home  
 Ev'n in the winter art a cheering warmth :  
 And in the season when aerial Jove  
 Ferments the new wine in the acrid grape,  
 The house is coolness, if the husband dwell there.  
 Jove, Jove, all-perfect!—perfect what concerneth  
 Me and my vows ! accomplish thy own ends !

(*They enter the palace ; Cassandra remains.*)

*Chorus of Senators.*

Why does this sign and boding sense of ill,  
 O'er-mastering all within, controul  
 My too prophetic soul ?  
 It hovers round me still ;  
 The seer's presaging thought,  
 Unbidden and unbought,  
 Shapes the dim future in oracular lay,  
 Nor can bold faith disown  
 The dread and shake it from the bosom's throne,  
 Or bid it pass like wildering dreams away.  
 Long is it since the nautic host  
 Went up against the far-sought Ilian coast,  
 And did their sand-indenting galleys moor  
 With crash of cables, passing up the shore.  
 I know them now return'd again !  
 My own eyes witness their returning sail ;  
 But for the lyre's triumphant strain  
 Some fury lifts her dirge-like wail :  
 The mind, self-taught, feels hope depart,  
 And the bland confidence of faith is flown ;  
 Infallible these promptings of the heart,  
 These whirlpool thoughts, by which th' event is known :  
 But oh ! may falsehood lurk beneath my fear,  
 And far be that I deem already near !

The full-blown prime of health

Hastes to th' insatiate close of mortal things ;  
 Disease dwells ever nigh,  
 And slight the parting boundary :  
 Fate guides the helm of man with course serene,  
 Then strands him upon rocks unseen :

And coffer'd heaps of ancient wealth  
 Sloth scatters as from slings :  
 Yet with the weight of its calamity  
 Bows not the burthen'd house from high  
 Nor maketh shipwreck utterly :  
 For oft the boon of Providence has blest  
 The furrows of the field  
 That yearly fruitage yield,  
 Destroying from the earth the hunger-pining pest.

But when once the blackening blood  
 Before the feet of man has pour'd its flood  
 Upon the darken'd ground,  
 And death fast cometh as it leaves the wound,  
 What charmer's voice, what magic strain  
 Can lure it back again ?  
 Or why, if this might be, should Jove reprove  
 Th' all-knowing sage who raised the dead ?  
 Ah ! had not fate repress  
 The secrets heaving in my breast,  
 My heart had leap'd before th' events to come,  
 And pour'd it on my tongue in prophecies—  
 Now shuddering in its darkness it is dumb :  
 I have no hope to wind  
 The skein of timely enterprize,  
 Or blow the sparks that kindle in the mind.

CLYTEMNESTRA *re-enters.*

Enter thou also—I address Cassandra.  
 Since Jove relentingly has placed thee here  
 In this our house, chosen from many captives  
 To bear the sprinkling vase and stand beside  
 The prospering God's high altar, leave the car,  
 And be not scornful : for tradition tells  
 Alcmena's son, sold to captivity,  
 Was forced to bend him to the yoke. When thus  
 Necessity lays the hard fortune on thee,  
 Such masters, whose hereditary wealth  
 Descends to them from old, dispense free grace :  
 But they who beyond hope have heap'd abundance  
 Are cruel to their slaves, yea, beyond measure.  
 Thou hast my words—the comfort custom sanctions.

*Chorus.* She doth refrain from speech :  
 When thou shalt be anon  
 Within the fated net  
 Thou wilt obey, if that thou can'st obey,  
 Or strive in disobedience ; 'tis alike.

*Clytemnestra.* Unless her speech be barb'rous and unknown—  
 Some jargon like the swallow's—what I speak  
 Will carry to her inner mind persuasion.

*Chorus to CASSANDRA.*

Follow her : that she speaks  
 Is best in thy condition : rise  
 And leave the chariot-seat.

*Clytemnestra.* I have no leisure thus before the gates  
 To waste time with her : at my household altar  
 The sheep stand ready for the victim-slaughter  
 That soon shall feed the fire ; as due from those  
 Who gain a grace from heaven beyond all hope.  
 If thou wilt take a part, make no delay.  
 If, witless of my words, thou mark'st me not,  
 Speak with thy foreign gesture to my voice.



- Chorus.* The stranger seems to need  
Some wise interpreter:  
Her bearing too is wild,  
As of some beast of prey  
Caught in the recent snare.
- Clytemnestra.* She is insane, and looks distraught of mind;  
Like one just made a captive, who hath left  
Her native city. She is restive yet,  
And champs upon the bit, which she will bear  
When she has foam'd her bloody rage away.  
I'll waste my breath no more in chiding her.  
(*Goes into the palace.*)
- Chorus.* I cannot—for I feel  
Compassion towards her—speak to her in anger:  
Go, thou unhappy maid!  
Go, leave the car! become  
Familiar to the yoke;  
Yield to the force of fate.
- Cassandra.* Wo, wo is me!—Apollo! oh, Apollo!
- Chorus.* Why dost thou cry aloud  
Upon Apollo? he is not of those  
Who come, when voices lift themselves in weeping.
- Cassandra.* Wo, wo is me! Apollo, oh, Apollo!
- Chorus.* Again with evil omen  
She doth invoke the God  
Who comes not at the mourner's need.
- Cassandra.* Oh, guide Apollo! fatal guide to me!  
The second time my guide and my destroyer!
- Chorus.* She seems to prophecy her own misfortunes—  
Still in her mind, although a slave,  
The divine spirit rests, and lingers still.
- Cassandra.* Apollo, oh, Apollo! oh, my guide!  
Oh! whither hast thou led me? to what house?
- Chorus.* To the Atridæ's—if thou know'st it not,  
Hear it from me; thou wilt not find it falsehood.
- Cassandra.* A house, a house detested by the Gods;  
Domestic slaughters steam from these abodes;  
Death-cords are swung aloft; a victim's gore,  
A husband-victim's, floats the clotted floor.
- Chorus.* This stranger with the blood-hound's tact  
Hath traced the scent of murder hitherward.
- Cassandra.* Conviction flashes, as these signs appear—  
The weeping babes, the human shambles near—  
The father feasting on the flesh—
- Chorus.* Enough:  
Our ears, our ears have heard  
Thy prophet fame;  
We need no prophets now.
- Cassandra.* Oh heaven! oh heaven above! what planneth she  
Within this house? what new calamity  
Intolerable, incurable;—'tis done—  
For she has banish'd hence the manhood of the son.
- Chorus.* I read not these oracular strains: the first  
I knew; for with those deeds  
The city rings aloud.
- Cassandra.* Ah wretch! what, in the bath? he shared thy bed:  
Dost thou refresh to lay him with the dead?  
How name th' event?—'tis done—she takes her stand;  
Her hand outstretch'd is grasping at his hand.
- Chorus.* I nothing know: th' enigmas these  
Of prophecy; I stagger in the darkness.
- Cassandra.* Sweet heavens! what sight is this? the net of death?

She is herself his net, who drew sweet breath  
Upon his pillow, now his murderess-mate ;  
Howl, treason ! o'er this victim of his fate,  
One of the death-doom'd race, " fall'n from his high estate !"

*Chorus.* What fury dost thou bid  
To lift her voice aloud, that all the house  
Re-echoes to the sound ?  
Her speech does trouble me,  
The blood runs back upon my heart,  
A saffron paleness sits upon my cheek,  
As when the glimmering eyeballs fail in death.  
Some new misfortune is at hand.

*Cassandra.* Look, lo !  
Keep back the heifer from the bull ! wo, wo !  
She takes him in the snaring vesture's fold,  
And with her lifted engine smites : behold !  
He falls within the font : I tell to thee  
The font's deceit and slaughterous tragedy !

*Chorus.* I boast not to attain the height  
Of oracles, but liken them to evil.  
What speech of good from oracles  
Has ever reach'd the mortal ear ?  
From immemorial time  
The arts of prophets bear  
Dread and disaster to the mind.

*Cassandra.* Alas ! alas ! oh wretched, wretched fate !  
Mine—I deplore my own forlorn estate :  
Why hast thou led me hither, wretched maid !  
Why—but that I may be to death betray'd ?

*Chorus.* Thou art delirious : brainsick with the God  
That sets thy senses thus upon the whirl ;  
And from thy own imaginings  
Utterest the veering strain  
Ev'n as the tawny nightingale  
From her sad pity-loving soul  
With Itys, Itys, sobs away  
Her life, that blossoms but with miseries.

*Cassandra.* Ah me ! ah me ! the nightingale's sweet lot !  
A sweet existence that lamenteth not,  
A body clothed with plumes the Gods have given :—  
The two-edged falchion is my doom from heaven.

*Chorus.* Whence hast thou these thick fancies, rhapsodies,  
These airy slaughters, and with voice,  
Tuneful yet terrible,  
Chantest thy boding numbers high and shrill ?  
Whence hast thou thus the way  
Of evil-omen'd prophecy ?

*Cassandra.* Wedding of Paris ! wedding fraught with death !  
Scamander, where I drew my wretched breath  
And tasted infant's food !—alas for me !—  
Now on Cocytus' banks, methinks, I prophesy.

*Chorus.* Nay—this thy speech pertaineth not to seers :  
The babe new-born may hear and understand :  
But bloody terror smites me, while she wails  
Her hapless fortune and her many woes  
That rend my wounded ear.

• • • • •  
*Cassandra.* Oh heaven ! oh heavenly powers ; how fierce a flame !  
Help, Phœbus ! Lycian Phœbus !—thrills my frame !  
The biped lioness who makes her mate  
The wolf, the generous lion gone, shall wait



To slay me, wretched that I am ! the wife  
 Now drugs the posset that shall quench my life,  
 As payment of her hate : against her lord,  
 Who bore me with him, proud she whets the sword.  
 Why do I wear these mockeries still ? this rod,  
 And these neck-garlands of the prophet God ?  
 Thus ere I die I cast you from me : torn  
 And trampled, hence ! some other be your scorn !  
 Apollo's self has rent my robes aside :  
 Be witnesses, that foes and friends deride  
 The prophetess, in all her deck'd attire,  
 With mocks, how undeserved ! I bore the shame,  
 The vagrant witch, the beggar-maniac's name.  
 At length the prophet God conducts his seer,  
 To end her course in deadly fortunes, here.  
 Mine the same altar where my father bled,  
 My steaming blood, like his, a victim's shed,  
 Not unavenged of heaven !—he comes anon !  
 The mother-slaying, sire-avenging son,  
 A wandering banish'd man, returns to cheer  
 His friends, and higher heap this gory bier,  
 Revenging him unkindly prostrate here.  
 Yet wherefore as a native should I groan  
 For this land's ills, who saw the miseries of my own ?  
 And see the foes that scaled our Ilium's towers  
 Fall thus, by judgment of heaven's righteous powers ?  
 On, and endure !—heaven has my oath ; and now  
 Hear, Oh ye gates of hell ! accept my vow !  
 Let my life's blood ebb easily away,  
 And my closed eyes at once shut out the day !

*Chorus.* Oh most unhappy lady and too wise !  
 Thou draw'st thy words at length, when time seems pressing.  
 If thou indeed be conscious to thyself  
 Of thy own death approaching, wherefore thus  
 Rush, like a heaven-driven heifer, to the altar ?

*Cassandra.* Strangers ! I may no longer fly my fate.

*Chorus.* The latest time is best.

*Cassandra.* The day's at hand,  
 And flight were little gain.

*Chorus.* Thou art most surely  
 Wretched, thus daring with a desperate mind.

*Cassandra.* The ear that hears thee is not of the happy.

*Chorus.* Mortals are favour'd by a death of honour.

*Cassandra.* Alas, for thee and thy brave race, my father !

*Chorus.* What now ?—What terror makes thee thus recoil ?

*Cassandra.* Ah me ! ah me !

*Chorus.* Why shrink'st thou in abhorrence ?

*Cassandra.* This dwelling breathes of blood.

*Chorus.* Why doth the fume  
 Of hearth-slain victims thus affect thy sense ?

*Cassandra.* An odour issues forth as out of graves.

*Chorus.* No Syrian perfume this thou tell'st us of.

*Cassandra.* No—for I mourn, within that mansion, mine  
 And Agamemnon's death. Suffice it now

That I have lived. O strangers ! not from fear

Ye see me shrink, as the bird shuns the twig ;

But that ye may bear witness when I'm dead,

When for a woman dead a woman dies,

And a man falls for an ill-mated man,

About to die I thus repay'd your welcome.

*Chorus.* Poor maid ! I mourn thy prophesied decease.

*Cassandra.* Yet ere I go, receive my last bequest,  
And hear me chant my dirge: Oh Sun! oh Sun!  
Till thy last lingering light  
I call upon thee! I invoke thee, Sun!  
With others my avengers! that at once  
On these my hateful murderers ye avenge  
A captive maiden, slain with easy conquest.

Oh mutable affairs of men!  
Prosperous, a crossing shadow overturns  
Their pride of place;  
Adverse, a sponge obliterates their image:  
This more than all of human change,  
This utter desolation moves my pity.

*Chorus.* But the well-doer still  
Has praise from mortal men;  
On him who is the gaze of all the world  
For virtue, none forbidding shuts the door.  
Cross not the threshold with these boding ravings.

(*Cassandra goes in.*)

The blessed Gods have granted him to take  
The city of Priam; home-return'd he comes,  
Heaven-honour'd: but if now he is to rue  
The blood he shed before, and die himself  
For those who died, most heavy were th' atonement.  
Who, when he hears the tale, shall say that e'er  
A kindly genius bless'd the birth of man?

AGAMEMNON (*within*).

Oh me! I'm stricken: wounded to the death!

*Semi-chorus.* Peace!—who exclaims  
As wounded to the death?

*Agamemnon.* Oh me! again I'm wounded.

*Semi-chorus.* 'Tis the king:  
By that his cry death-deeds are busy with him.  
Let us consult with caution.

*Semi-chorus.* I would counsel  
To raise the city with our cries, and bring  
Aid to the palace.

*Semi-chorus.* Let us rather fall  
Upon the murderers, while the sword is reeking  
Within their hands, and thus detect the deed.

*Semi-chorus.* I think the same; that something should be done,  
And not the time let slip.

*Semi-chorus.* We must look to it:  
This is the prelude to a tyranny.

*Semi-chorus.* We waste the time. They, who would put in act  
Their purpose, seldom sleep.

*Semi-chorus.* I know not what  
To think or to advise. Who mean to act  
Must first deliberate.

*Semi-chorus.* But for action I:  
Our speeches cannot raise the dead to life.

*Semi-chorus.* Shall we, to stretch a vile existence, yield  
To chiefs like these, who stain their house with crimes?

*Semi-chorus.* This must not be endured: to die were better:  
Death can be better borne than tyranny.

*Semi-chorus.* Shall we regard those outcries as a proof  
That he is dead?

*Semi-chorus.* They may speak thus who know:  
To know and to surmise are not the same.

*Semi-chorus.* You shall o'er-rule me; let us in, and see  
With our own eyes how fares it with Atrides.



## CLYTEMNESTRA enters.

That which I spoke at large in fitting season,  
 I blush not to retract: who otherwise  
 Devising hostile practice against foes  
 That seem to be as friends, might safe contrive  
 Inextricable ruin, and o'erleap  
 The height of their success? For not to me  
 The struggle for this victory, plann'd long since,  
 Comes unpremeditated, though it come  
 Late; and I stood beside him where he fell  
 Into my deep-laid snares. I so contrived,  
 (For why should I deny it?) neither flight  
 From death, nor yet resistance stood him aught  
 In stead:—for like a fisher's net I threw  
 Th' indissoluble folds of his own robe  
 Around him, whose embroideries were his bane.  
 I struck him twice, and with two outcries dropp'd  
 His limbs unnerved; and prostrate as he lay  
 I dealt him a third wound, a grateful offering  
 To Hades under earth who keeps the dead.  
 He fell, and falling gasp'd away his soul;  
 And breathing out the life-blood at a gush  
 With the so sudden wound, he sprinkled me  
 With drops of crimson from a gory dew,  
 And I felt gladden'd as the freshen'd earth  
 With heaven's own moisture, when the flower-bud opens.  
 Ye have what has occur'd: then, reverend men  
 Of Greece! rejoice, if that rejoice ye may,  
 And such my wish: were it allow'd to pour  
 Libation for the dead, 'twere justly done;  
 So beyond measure had that man fill'd up  
 For this our house the cup of woes accurst,  
 From which at length return'd he suck'd the lees.

*Chorus.* We marvel that thy tongue  
 Rings such audacious larum of the breath  
 Blazoning thy husband's murder.

*Clytemnestra.* Ye pretend  
 To daunt me as a pusillanimous woman.  
 The heart I bear is fearless, and full well  
 I think ye know it. Blame me or approve  
 I heed not which. Here Agamemnon lies  
 Dead; ev'n my husband; dead, and by this hand.  
 I plann'd the deed in justice, and 'tis done.

*Chorus.* Oh woman! of what food  
 Or maddening beverage tasting  
 Which earth or the salt ocean yields,  
 Hast thou set forth a bloody sacrifice,  
 And drawn upon thy head the people's curses?  
 Thou hast wounded; thou hast slain;  
 The city casts thee out; the nation's horror.

*Clytemnestra.* So—ye can sentence me to banishment  
 Smit by the city's ban, the people's curse;  
 But have ye nothing 'gainst this man, who took  
 His flesh and blood, his daughter, like a lamb  
 Out of the grassy pasture, the dear child  
 Whom I had borne, and offer'd her t' appease  
 The blasts of Thrace? Had not this man well-earn'd  
 The wages of your banishment? But me  
 Ye sentence, and condemn this act of mine  
 Before well heard. Now let me speak in turn:—  
 I brave your malice: I am one prepared

For each event : if ye with like success  
Can triumph o'er me with a stronger arm,  
Ye shall be masters : if the God I serve  
Have otherwise decreed, ye shall, be sure,  
Learn wisdom, though the lesson may be late.

*Chorus.* Thou talk'st it bravely, and thy high disdain  
O'er-vaults itself. The mind within thee reels  
With slaughter-drunken fortune unto madness :  
Thine eyes stand out in fulness, but their beauty  
Is all suffused with blood :—thou shalt atone  
Blow for each blow, and every friend desert thee.

*Clytemnestra.* Then hear me while I swear :—By that revenge  
Ta'en for my murder'd daughter,—by those Furies  
To whom I offer'd him a reeking victim,  
I dream not e'er to walk my house in fear,  
While my Ægisthus stands beside its hearth  
To aid me, as before, with strength of counsel :  
My shield of dauntless confidence is he.  
Yes—he lies dead, who was a blasting mischief,  
While he had life, to me an injured woman ;  
The paramour of every light Chryseis  
Within Troy's city ; she too, his fair captive,  
Who babbled oracles and shared his bed ;  
His seer and concubine ; who plied her trade  
Before the mast and on the rower's bench,  
She too is dead : they died in all their glory :  
He, as ye have been told : she, like the swan,  
Warbling her own death-ditties to the last.  
Well—she is dead, this mistress ; and has brought  
A feast of pleasures to my bed of love.

*Chorus.* Alas ! what sudden fate  
With no preparing pains,  
No hand assiduous tending a sick bed,  
Has brought upon us an eternal sleep !  
The guardian of our kingdom, he is slain ;  
The most benign of men,  
Who for a woman's sake so much had suffer'd,  
And now has lost his life, and by a woman !

## FESTIVAL AT HAARLEM,

ON THE TENTH AND ELEVENTH OF JULY LAST,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

It was on one of summer's loveliest mornings, that the firing of cannon and the waving of a white flag,\* from the steeple of the great church at Haarlem, announced to the inhabitants of the city, and to crowds of strangers and foreigners collected from all parts, the commencement of a festival, designed to commemorate the Invention of Printing with movable types, the honour of which, so long and so warmly questioned by

the citizens of Mentz, is now proved, beyond dispute, to belong to Laurens Koster of Haarlem.

Four hundred years have elapsed since he sent the product of his genius to the world—and in that period what has it not effected? It has blunted the edge of persecution's sword—laid open to man his own heart—struck the sceptre from the hard hand of tyranny—and awakened from its inglorious slumbers a

\* On the flag was inscribed *Liquor. J. P. Costero.*



spirit of knowledge—civilization—liberty. It has gone forth like an angel, scattering blessings in its path—solacing the wounded mind—and silently pointing out the triumphs of morality and the truths of revelation to the gaze of those whom the want of precept or good example had debased, and whom ignorance had made sceptical. Yet of him, whose imagination conceived, and whose perseverance executed those wonder-working characters—those speaking miracles—the world has been a niggard in its praise, and slow in its approval, whilst her trumpet tongue has often exalted some privileged slayer of his fellow-man—some daring advocate of power, whose renown is purchased with the blood, and groans, and tears of thousands—to the very heaven of fame.

As soon as the reports of the cannon were heard, the different houses displayed leafy garlands and flags. At eight o'clock, the doors of the great church were opened, and, in less than an hour, the sitting-places were occupied by more than four thousand persons, of various ranks and degrees. In front of the celebrated organ, a convenient orchestra was erected, for one hundred and fifty musicians, among whom were between forty and fifty male and female singers, under the direction of the well-known A. Fodor. At half-past nine, a train, composed of the town and country magistrates, and the highest military, ecclesiastical, and literary characters, after having proceeded in grand procession from the senate-house, entered the church, where several pieces of music, and particularly a *cantata*, performed by Fodor, the words to which were written by the poet J. van Walré, afforded great delight. At the conclusion of the vocal and instrumental music, Professor van der Palm ascended the pulpit, and addressed his numerous auditors with much force and elegance. In the first part of his discourse, he defended, with his peculiar ingenuity, the honour of Koster's invention, and the truth of the account given by the learned Junius; awarding due praise to the scientific Meerman; but eulogizing, in particular, Mr. J. Koning, who was present, on the suc-

cessful means which he had employed to elucidate the important inquiry, and maintain, to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced persons, the reputation of Laurens Koster. In the second part he described, in a bold but just style, the influence of printing on the civilization of mankind, and alluded to the freedom of the press, as a medium to aid the progress of knowledge, which should, he said, ever remain unfettered; in conclusion he congratulated the nation, that this freedom, insured to them by the fundamental law of the country, existed under the government of a tolerant and beloved monarch.

Tollens, the justly popular poet, next rose, and, in impressive verse, paid homage to the festival. This composition was characterized by a happy choice of imagery, and of all that is good, and true, and beautiful in poetry. The amusements were diversified by J. P. Schuman, the organist, who gratified the company with appropriate music on the celebrated organ, which has for ninety years adorned the city. The *cantata* being concluded, they returned to the Senate-house; thence they proceeded to the *Achthoek* in the wood of Haarlem, under the escort of the militia, and of the infantry and cavalry composing the garrison. Slowly, and accompanied by music, went the stately train, through the streets of Haarlem; whilst the wood, as far as the procession reached, was moving like a sea with its living waves. Having arrived at the *Achthoek*, the train arranged itself around the monument, which was entirely covered with drapery. The presiding burgomaster (Mr. David Hoeufft) then delivered an address, and at an appointed signal, and amid discharges of artillery, the covering fell away, and the quadrangular monument became visible. It was planned by Zocher, the architect, and executed in Bentheim stone by D. Doeglas of Haarlem, and afforded an additional proof of the truth of one of Boerhaave's adages, that the characteristic of true beauty is simplicity. The monument is six feet in breadth and depth, and eleven feet high. The sides are united by columns, and bear the arms of the city and of Laurens Koster, with appropriate

inscriptions in Latin and Dutch;—the whole being provided with a cupola, on the projecting sides of which four emblems\* are carved. When the presiding burgomaster had distributed gold medals to Messrs. Van der Palm, Tollens, J. P. van Wickevoort Crommelin, President of the Dutch Scientific Society, and J. Koning, for his answer to the prize question—an answer which clearly demonstrated that its author had traced the art of printing to its source,—Mr. R. H. Arntzenius, the poet, recited an energetic lyric poem, written to consecrate the monument, and applicable to the entire festival. The train then went back, in the same order, and under the same escort, to the Senate-house, and there received impressions of the medal, with testimonials for each individual, describing in what capacity he had acted at the celebration of the festival.

One hundred invited guests, consisting of the whole magistracy of the town, and various civil and military authorities, banqueted at the pavilion, *Welgelegen*, where his Excellency, the governor of North Holland, commissioned by the King to show his Majesty's participation and interest in the festival, for a time held his residence. It was here that the governor presented a portrait of Laurens Koster, sent by the King to the magistrates of Haarlem, for the purpose of being hung up in the Senate-chamber.

On this occasion, Professor M. Siegenbeek, Rector Magnificus of the University of Leyden, delivered some apposite and beautiful lines.

At ten o'clock at night a splendid fire-work was exhibited, the last change of which represented an illuminated temple, with the name and bust of Laurens Koster, ornamented with variegated and brilliant fires. The wreath, which was composed of rockets, had an admirable effect. This concluded the first and principal day's festival. On the evening of the second day, two hundred children from the city schools, accompanied by the school commissioners, garlanded the

railing which enclosed the statue of Koster, and then took their way to the Bakenesser church, where the rest of the pupils, to the number of eight hundred, and a great concourse of other persons, were already assembled. The president of the commission (the Rev. J. S. van Staveren) then rose and spoke with much discrimination and feeling, and the Rev. H. Manger recited a poetical address, which was excellently adapted to the occasion. The poor of the parish received double allowances, and the different charitable institutions obtained additional gifts. We must not forget to mention, that on both days the remains of Laurens Koster's printing, particularly the *Donaten*, and his important edition of the *Spiegel onzer Behoudenis*,† in Dutch and Latin, were exhibited to the public in the Baptist church. At the same place were also shown an extremely old portrait of Koster, lately discovered by Mr. J. Koning, and a full-length painting of him by Kruseman, the youthful and ingenious artist of Haarlem.

The whole of the second day had been celebrated with rejoicings and various pastimes, and at night the city was brilliantly illuminated. The streets and canals were covered with people; but it was at the market-place, near the statue of Koster, where the printing-press was worked, and the produce of it distributed among the multitude, that the crowd was greatest.

There might be seen the sedate old city gentleman jostled against some young and handsome *Boerinnetje* from Vriesland, with her snowy cap and golden ornaments; the fopling from the Hague, with his courtier-airs and palace-phrases, impeded in his progress by some ancient dame from one of the northern districts, blest with wealth of flesh and garments manifold. At a little distance you might observe a young couple listening to the music, and ever and anon the fair-haired girl, with

Sweet eyes  
That shine celestial wonder,

\* A branch of beech, a winged A, a wreathed snake, and a lamp.

† This is the first book that was ever printed, and is, as may be expected, a very rude specimen of the art. The leaves are printed only on one side. The work also contains some wood-cuts, which are perfectly in character with the typographical part.



looking up in her lover's face as if she drew existence from it; and, on every side, joyous groups of all ranks and stations, gazing contentedly on the scene before them—passing their innocent jests, and

Paying unto Care no vassalage.

Thus ended, to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of the place,\* of innumerable strangers, and without the least disturbance or a single accident, this truly national festival—a

festival, the remembrance of which will not easily be obliterated from the minds of those who witnessed it; for the free of all countries will associate with it the very liberties they enjoy—the privileges they possess; and consider that the glorious art which Laurens Koster has bequeathed to us, is a legacy not intended for a few, but for all; not for Holland—but for the world.

\* The rejoicings were not confined to Haarlem; at Dordrecht on the 10th, and at Rotterdam on the 11th, the printers paraded the streets in grand procession.

### A THIRD LETTER TO THE DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

Another and another still succeeds.—Rowe.

GENTLEMEN,

There have been three successive, or as I may say, descending schools of our National Drama: the dramatic proper, the rhetoric, and the poetic pure. Observe: I use the words dramatic, rhetoric, poetic, as characterising three different sects of our dramatic writers, though every tragedy in blank verse may be considered as a poem, and though there is much true rhetoric in legitimate drama. But the *predominance* of dramatic, rhetoric or oratoric, and poetic language, in the three schools respectively, is sufficient wherefrom to denominate them. Note also, that I designate each school from the *language* chiefly employed in it. Our national drama may, however, (like *Omnis Gallia*) be “quartered into three halves,” or into a dozen, according to many other schemes of division. Thus it would be a very simple distribution of our consolidated fund of tragic reputation, into *good* and *bad*; whereof the former being appropriated by the writers of the Elizabethan era,—the monopoly of the latter would accrue to all the rest, amongst whom, you, Gentlemen, might very fairly claim a large dividend. But it is enough for my purpose that there have sprung up, at three different times of our history, three tragedistical sects, each of which was delivered of its inspiration in a peculiar and characteristic language, though all of them spoke in the same mother-tongue. What I

mean by dramatists of the same nation using a different language in their works, will be obvious to most of you, Gentlemen; lest however, there should be any *buzzards* among you, I will illustrate my meaning by a few apposite examples. These will likewise serve to show the buzzards that there has been such a schism in our national drama as I speak of, that it is divisible into three distinct schools or persuasions, and that I have characterised each sect by an appropriate name.

Take, for instance, this speech of King Lear, where he disclaims Cordelia for her deficiency in the qualification of hypocrisy:

Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dower:  
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
By all the operations of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And, as a stranger to my heart and me,  
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou my sometime daughter.

Act 1, Sc. 1.

This is the language of passion; it is also the language of action. It is the language of *active passion*, (if you will allow the verbal solecism); or it is the language of *passionate action*, (without a solecism). This is the general, characteristic language

of that school which I call the *dramatic proper*; and therefore I so call it, because it speaks in a language which involves both *action* and *passion*, the pillars and atlantean support of the dome of divine tragedy. I might have easily selected more prominent examples than the foregoing from the same play, but their very excellence has made them trite; it is sufficient to mention Lear's Imprecation and the Storm. It may be well, too, to remark that the dramatic spirit of this school displays itself more in the running dialogue, than in those parts where one speaker engrosses all the time of conversation, as in the above specimen. What can be more intense than the following dialogue, though so brief and compressed? What so spirit-stirring, though the speakers are supposed as still, and almost as hush as marble?

*Macbeth.* I have done the deed:—Did'st thou not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

(*Looking on his hands.*)

The breath seems to stop in one's throat whilst reading these lines; the vital principle is almost suspended, whilst the intellectual is in a state of preternatural excitement. Our anxiety is on tenterhooks; if a thunderbolt fell beside us, we should not start. Macbeth's *inexplicit* avowal of the murder; his guilty inquiry about the noise; the dreary, *silent* images raised by the mention of nocturnal and ill-boding cries; his starting off from his lady's question into the sudden exclamation—"Hark!" his forgetting her question, and only adverting to the blood upon his hands; all these circumstances fill the above short dialogue with more appalling sublimity and terrible interest, than the words seem sufficiently numerous to convey. There is something of a *superstitious* terror about it, which always drives a chill through my veins, and roughens the fell all over my body. I could lengthen this commentary to a Ger-

man account, but I know you will excuse me at present.

If we picture to our ears a number of pewterers plying their hammers in rotation, each for the space of from five to ten seconds, with equal zest and rapidity, we shall have a pretty accurate notion of the kind of dialogue which reigns in the second or rhetoric school of the drama. Every character, on every occasion, feels it a duty which he owes to God and his country, to make a regular speech of the same cut and dimensions (as near as he can guess) with the pattern which dropped from the lips of the last speaker. When he who first opens the case has concluded his statement, another holds forth for about the same length of duration; and this orator in his turn surrenders the tub to a third, who "takes up the wond'rous tale" on a similar condition. The dramatists of this school, I have no doubt, wrote by a *stop-watch*, and distributed their dialogue to the several personages by the table of *long measure*; that is to say, in or about five seconds of talking-time, or three barley-corns' length of paper, to each character, at every onset. *Inch of candle* was, I dare say, a favourite mode with them of getting off their rhetoric commodities. They also, with a truly laudable impartiality, cast both remark and rejoinder in one mould of thought and expression; the same *bore* of mouth is required to give vent to the several speeches; the sentiments discharged by the different characters at each other are exactly of the same mental calibre. All fire off their several rounds of declamation with equal adroitness and effect; so that, in point of elocution, it is impossible to say whether Alexander the Great or his valet de chambre has the best of the battle. These authors seem to have proposed to themselves a certain module of language, by the inviolable observation of which they accomplished the double purpose of rendering their dramas very nearly as classical and polite as they are dull and monotonous. A few "golden lines" from the Fair Penitent, will exemplify the preceding animadversions:

*Lothario.* Weep not, my fair; but let the god of love

Laugh in thy eyes and revel in thy heart,



Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,  
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought  
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;  
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,  
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

*Calista.* Seek not to soothe me with thy  
false endearments.

To charm me with thy softness; 'tis in vain:  
Thou can'st no more betray, nor I be  
ruined.

The hours of folly and of fond delight  
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain  
Are doom'd to anguish, weeping, and re-  
pentance.

I come to charge thee with a long account  
Of all the sorrows I have known already,  
And all I have to come; thou hast undone  
me.

*Loth.* Unjust *Calista*! dost thou call it  
ruin

To love as we have done; to melt, to lan-  
guish,

To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,  
And then be blest even to that wish's  
height?

To die with joy, and straight to live again;  
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous  
transport—

*Cal.* Oh, let me hear no more: I cannot  
bear it;

'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,  
That guilty night be blotted from the year;  
For 'twas the night that gave me up to  
shame,

To sorrow, to the false *Lothario*.

Act 4, Sc. 1.

This is such a *natural* kind of dia-  
logue to be kept up by a dramatis  
personæ for three hours and a half  
together! Yet it is a *very favourable*  
specimen of *Rowe's* general manner:  
full, rounded, polished, tame, empty,  
and artificial. Mark, too, how sedu-  
lous the speakers are to finish their  
harangues with a line of the regular  
heroic length. No alternate snapping  
up of each other in the middle of  
a pentameter, no breaking short with  
a contemptible hemistich, no infrac-  
tions on decorum, no single excla-  
mations; they are each determined to  
have their full complement of syllables,  
their quota of poetical numbers, in  
the last verse as well as the first.  
*Calista*, indeed, seems to be within  
an ace of committing a *faux pas* in  
the concluding line, but she has only  
to enounce it thus:

To sorrow, to the false *Lothario*—  
and all is right again.

But the grand bruit is reserved for  
the set speeches of some principal  
characters in the piece, where the  
whole park of rhetorical artillery is

brought to bear, point-blank, on the  
audience. Compared to these phra-  
seological fulminations, the running  
dialogue is mere pop-gunery. Here  
are the field-days for brazen-throated  
declaimers! Our ears are cannonaded  
with literal bullets for some fifteen or  
twenty rounds; the idle basses in the  
orchestra groan in spontaneous con-  
cert; and the very boards of the  
platform leap, split, and crack, whilst  
the unrelenting orator spits forth his  
words as if his mouth were a mortar.  
*Busiris* is a bombardier of this fashion.  
Hear what a volley of shells he  
throws into the pit!

Some when they die, die all; their mould-  
ering clay—

Is but an emblem of their memories:  
The space quite closes up through which  
they pass'd.

That I have lived, I leave a mark behind  
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar  
time,

And give it whole to late posterity.

My name is wrote in mighty characters,  
Triumphant columns and eternal domes,  
Whose splendour heightens our Egyptian  
day;

Whose strength shall laugh at time, till  
their great basis,

Old Earth itself, shall fail. In after ages,  
Who war or build, shall build or war from  
me,

Grow great in each, as my example fires:

'Tis I of art the future wonders raise;

I fight the future battles of the world.—

Great Jove, I come! Egypt, thou art for-  
saken: (*Sinks.*)

Asia's impoverish'd with my sinking glories,  
And the world lessens when *Busiris* falls.

(*Dies.*)

Act 5, Sc. last.

The reader will observe, that this  
contains but half the whole series of  
explosions, with which *Busiris* sa-  
lutes the audience in his final broad-  
side. To speak, however, without  
metaphor or hyperbole, in which I  
am not a little prone to indulge, this  
furious display of rhetoric is totally  
unfit for the stage. It may be very  
good as an exhibition on the rostrum,  
as a parliamentary cheer-snare, or as  
pulpit-oratory, but it is not the lan-  
guage of passion. It is not drama,  
it is declamation. It may be so-  
norous, but it is not sublime. We  
may be deafened by its clamour, but  
shall never be transported by its  
energy. A drum makes a great  
noise, but it is hollow within. A  
trumpet makes a very respectable

outcry, but it is empty of every thing but air. I never read a speech of Lee's (the Coryphæus of the declamatory school) but I repeat Shakspeare's bombastical lines :

Thou trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe :  
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek  
Outswell the cholic of puffed Aquilon :  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes  
spout blood—

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

Here is a sample of Nat Lee's speechification:

Away! begone! and give a whirlwind room,  
Or I will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!  
Madness but meanly represents my toil.  
Roxana and Statira, they are names  
That must for ever jar: Eternal discord,  
Fury, revenge, disdain, and indignation,  
Tear my sworn breast, make way for fire  
and tempest.  
My brain is burst, debate and reason  
quench'd,  
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart  
Splits with the rack, while passions like the  
winds  
Rise up to heav'n, and put out all the stars!  
*Rival Queens*, Act. 3, Sc. 1.

The cardinal blunder committed by this school, is the translation of the figures, flourishes, pomposity, and inflated language of the rhetorician's scaffold, to the public stage. The *Os rotundum* and the *Os sonans*, are perpetually mistaken for the *Os MAGNA sonans*, which is a very different thing from either; *they* regarding words alone; *this*, ideas and words together. The writers of the declamatory sect occasionally indeed talk *effrenato ore*, but their characteristic attribute is a certain full-mouthed phraseology, by which an actor, if he be tolerably well off in lungs and larynx, is enabled to "berattle the common stages," without the trouble of displaying either action, passion, feeling, or faculty of any kind whatsoever, but the mere extent and *bot-tom* (to use a Newmarket word) of his oral abilities. *Vox et preterea nihil* is the motto of this dramatic order of errantry.

Of the three schools into which I have distinguished our national drama, the first and second have little in common; the first and third—nothing. The second and third agree in many particulars; especially in

this vital one, scil. departure from the true language of the drama. But they differ, also, in that one substituted declamation, the other mere poetry, for the genuine, proper phraseology of the stage. Thus, if we cannot award the honours of dramatic triumph to the present, poetic, or third school, we must at least acknowledge that its disciples have exhibited considerable ingenuity:—they have invented a *new mode of error*: and their aberration deserves all the praise which extremity of divergence from the straight road to legitimate drama can possibly challenge. The faculty of choosing the worst method in any design is next in reputation to that of choosing the best. It was easy to confound drama with spoken rhetoric, dialogue with reciprocal declamation. It was an obvious error to make every buskineer, Busiris and beef-eater, speak in heroic from entrance to exit at the very top of his magnanimity, and traverse the proscenium in seven-league *cothurni* at the risk every moment of snapping his *tendo Achillis*; without ever lowering his voice beneath the pitch of a speaking-trumpet, or contracting his stride to the mortal measure of locomotion. There was little felicity of invention displayed in augmenting energy to rant, or swelling passion to bombast. The transition was easy, natural, and imperceptible, from the grandeur of Macbeth to the grandiloquence of Zanga. This was the deviation of the second, or rhetoric school; to wander from the stage to the hustings, to mistake verse purely rhetoric for tragic. The blank tragedy of this school was nothing more than *reboant* speechification; oratory emitted from different mouths in alternate snatches; heroic poetry of the first person, exclaimed by several sets of lips in succession. But such pitiful aberration deserves no applause. It had not the merit of originality, for drama is a species of brief and percussive oratory, not always or easily to be distinguished from it. Tragedy slides with spontaneous proclivity into declamation. Neither was it provocative of that interesting amazement with which we behold a display of mental eccentricity, where the magnificence of the irregularity almost disarms reprehension, by exciting a kind of insau-



admiration at the unruliness of that spirit which could err so abundantly.

It was reserved for the dramatists of the present age to invent a species of tragedy which should have no resemblance at all to the first, or dramatic proper. This feat of invention consists in applying a mode of language to the stage which is wholly inconsistent with dramatical effect; a mode, which no sober mind could think an author would be guilty of perverting to theatrical purposes, except for the mere pleasure of attempting to reconcile incongruities, or through the wild hope of making extravagance of design a stepping-stone to immortality. It is needless to repeat that the manner of phrase adopted by this third, last, and worst school, is pure, specific, soul-entrancing poetry; without any intermixture of diction approaching to the legitimate, effective, spirit-stirring dramatic. The serious dramas now gushing from the press are, if we would rightly denominate them, not tragedies, but—Amœbean Poems, in five cantos each.

I have elucidated my nomenclature in two instances out of the three, by examples of dialogue, and of monologue (i. e. protracted speech of one person, either alone or in presence of others). Similar specimens from the third school will, I think, demonstrate the applicability of the name, Poetic pure, to it, as a characteristic entitlement. Let me, however, apprise the reader, that in most of these quotations from the drama, I have endeavoured to select such as are intrinsically valuable, as well as illustrative of my individual positions. So that, if upon opening a modern tragedy, for instance, he unluckily happens to pitch upon an unpoetical passage, he must not thence conclude that the said passage is not “pure poetry,” as I have denominated it; but merely that it is *bad* poetry, *bad* pure poetry. In the same way, Lee’s plays are not the less rhetoric, because they are rhetoric “run mad;” and, on the other hand, Young’s tragedies are not the less undramatical, because they may be good declamation. I call the third school, the Poetic, not because it is always poetical, but because it always attempts to be so, or *nothing*; just as I call the second, the Rhetoric, because it

always attempts to be so; and as I call the first, the Dramatic, because it always succeeds in being so.—Now for a patch of dialogue from the modern drama. It is, by the bye, not a little difficult to pitch upon a patch eligible for our purposes. By the principles of this Poetic school, all verbal vivacity, all diction involving action, is excluded from the piece; and by the nature of running dialogue, poetical luxuriation is excluded. So that our unhappy dramatists are in a most awkward, two-stooled predicament, by this means; and their running dialogue (which is generally the heaviest and least graceful part of a tragedy) necessarily comes to the ground. They have no room to expatiate or diffuse themselves in poetical imagery, and there is a bull against exerting their active powers; consequently their running dialogue is, for the most part, only poetry *by courtesy*, i. e. prose with a capital letter beginning every eleventh or twelfth syllable. This description of it is really neither sarcasm, hyperbole, nor misrepresentation. I open WERNER, at random, and extract the following piece of metrical gossip:

*Gabor.* Where is your husband?

*Josephine.* Here, I thought: I left him Not long since in his chamber. But these rooms

Have many outlets, and he may be gone To accompany the intendant.

*Gab.* Baron Stralenheim

Put many questions to the intendant on The subject of your lord, and, to be plain, I have my doubts if he means well.

*Jos.* Alas! &c.—Act 1, Sc. 1.

And alas! say I, that such should be the standard dialogue of modern tragedy. Indeed, the noble author does not even *attempt* to disguise the prose here; but the printer does what he can to deceive us, with his gaudy capitals. O Shakspeare! Shakspeare! what would have tempted *you* to make Melpomene talk so like our grannum? O Swan of Avon! what would have tempted *you* to sing so like a sparrow? And mark! I beseech ye: these nine lines are intended for “gorgeous Tragedy!” She is to “sweep by,” with such waiting-maid parley as this in her mouth! These verses are given us by the writer as the—*Sophocleo digna cothurno*! These sentences, which a parrot ought to have its neck wrung

for abusing our patience with, are offered to us as Imperial Drama, by a man who implicitly designates Shakspeare a *barbarian*!

But let us take another patch from FAZIO, which, as far as my judgment reaches, is the most animated drama of the poetic school:

*Fazio.* Lady, there was a time when I did dream

Of playing the miser to another treasure,  
One not less stately than thy precious self.

*Aldabella.* O yes, my lord, O yes; the tale did run

That thou and I did love: so ran the tale.  
That thou and I should have been wed—the tale

Ran so, my lord.—O memory! memory! memory!

It is a bitter pleasure, but 'tis pleasure.

*Faz.* A pleasure! lady—why then cast me off

Like an indifferent weed?—with icy scorn  
Why choke the blossom that but woo'd thy sunshine?

*Ald.* Ay, what an easy robe is scorn to wear!

'Tis but to wrinkle up the level brow,  
To arch the pliant eyelash, and freeze up  
The passionless and placid orb within.—

Act 2, Sc. 2.

Perhaps there is more action in this piece of dialogue, than in any other extract of the same length which could be taken from a modern tragedy. Yet still there is a predominant *poeticity*, or attempt to be sweet and poetical, about it, which keeps, as it were, the head of energy under water,—drowns and suffocates the rising passions of the speakers. Compare it with a patch from Antony and Cleopatra, which the author of Fazio evidently had in his eye when he wrote the above:

*Cleopatra.* Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Antony.* You'll heat my blood; no more.

*Cleop.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now by my sword—

*Cleop.* And target.—Still he mends;  
But this is not the best: Look, prythee,  
Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleop.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it;

That you know well: Something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.—Act 1, Sc. 3.

There is scarcely a poetical image here, it is all action and passion.

A modern monologue is to one from the dramatic-proper school, what the sound of a humming-top is to a peal of thunder, or the drone of a beetle to the rushing of an eagle, or the ripple of a sleepy lake to the roar of an angry ocean. The difference between the monologue of the rhetoric and poetic schools, is something about that between "a sounding brass" and "a tinkling cymbal." Only be sure that the cymbal *tinkles*; if it happens to *clash*, my simile disappears like a ghost at cock-crow. The following effusion exhibits much of the beauty, more of the defects, and exactly the manner of the modern or poetic-pure school:

Let me peruse the face where loveliness  
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.  
Sphered in the stillness of those heav'n-blue eyes,

The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,

Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple,

Sacred to holy thinking! and those lips  
Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,  
They are so innocent.—Ah! thou art still  
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form

Virtue and beauty seem'd as if they tried  
Which should exceed the other. Thou hast got

That brightness all around thee, that appear'd

An emanation of the soul, that loved  
To adorn its habitation with itself,  
And in thy body was like light, that looks  
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud  
It lives in, in the evening.

*Evadne*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Why this is poetry!—not drama. There is no more *action* in it than a statue might exert, could it recite the speech. A man might speak it as well in a strait-waistcoat as in primitive *deshabille*; as well, were he pinioned like a fowl at an alderman's table, as if he were free to fling his arms like the sails of a windmill; as well, swathed like a mummy, as denuded like an ape or an opera-dancer. Why then, if this be the case, it is no more drama than a graven image is a tumbler, or the Green Man of Wellington-corner a fighting gladiator.



Yet this is the kind of merchandize in which all our dramatists speculate: this is the drug they all deal in. It may be very beautiful: who denies it? So is "Young Celadon and his Amelia."—But "Young Celadon and his Amelia" is not drama, though quite as like drama as this is. It is mere elegant volubility, mere music of the tongue, and nothing more. All our modern tragedists indulge in a similar liberal effusion of the talking-principle within them: the same indolent dicacity, the same proneness to disburse copious harangues and monotonous dissertations, characterize the poetical school of the drama in general. A verbal diarrhœa is the epidemic disease which afflicts the whole tribe. They also appear to write, universally, in a listless and relaxed state of their mind; when their energies are taking a *siesta*. Their soul seems to sprawl with a serpentine prolixity over acres of paper, and to lay out its limbs with all the languor of voluptuous debility, as if the air which it breathed had dissolved all its sinews to a jelly. In every point of view is this attenuated suaviloquence, this beautiful babble, unfit for the stage. The ideas it presents to the mind are almost all taken from inanimate or immovable objects; its furniture consists of a sort of *stilly imagery*, pictures of placidity and quiescent nature: such as, moonlight, sunset, sleeping babies, lakes, mirrors, heaven-blue depths, evening-stars, and marble-beauties. It seems to be forgotten—whilst the verse is thus "round a holy calm diffusing,"—that the end of tragedy is not to tranquillise, but to rouse; and that though in pure poetry these sedatives of the spirit may be very grateful to the patient, they should seldom be administered in the drama. We don't go to the theatre to hear interlocutory requiems, and with a half-open eye to see the players distilling Lethe, and "all the drowsy syrups of the world," in the shape of poetry, from their lips;—yet, was the College of Physicians to put its ingenuity on the rack, it could not possibly invent sleeping-draughts more efficacious than such discourses as the above. They are the veritable "oblivious antidotes," the true "opiates of the soul;" they all smack strong of the poppy: I mean

as stage-potions; in the closet, we quaff them at intervals, and with other enlivening intermixtures.

I have a great deal more to say upon the Poetical school of Drama; especially upon that sub-sect of it which cultivates the doctrine of *Prose-poetry*. We shall hereafter denominate this minor heresy, the *Byronian school of drama*; and as his lordship is, if not the introducer, at least the upholder and prime advocate of this enervate, Sybarite system of versification, the luminary from whose countenance all the inferior satellites catch their particular lustre, we shall dub his right honourable lordship,—Professor of *Prose-poetry*. If his lordship chooses to bestride a broken-back'd Pegasus, he must not think to ride over our minds, and trample our judgment; "the very stones" at this would "rise and mutiny." It is, however, too late in my diatribe to enlarge upon this very fertile subject; I must postpone it till my next letter. Beside, I have somewhat to add respecting the triple division with which I commenced this epistle.

When I trisected our National Drama, and distinguished each school by a family-name, I did not by any means pretend to assert, that every tragedy which has escaped from the pen of an English author, belonged exclusively to one or the other department. There may be non-descripts, for instance; such as that mad thing *BERTRAM*, which defies all the limits of classification. Again: we divide a rainbow into seven integrant zones of colour, yet the boundaries of each it is impossible to define; a streak may be selected, which it will puzzle the keenest optician to award to one annulus rather than its next-door neighbour. Thus it is with the varying hue of our national drama. It distinctly exhibits three different *layers* of tragedies; but there may be *laminæ* which lie in the intermediate confines and partake of two opposite dramatical natures. Some critic may for example ask me, and threaten to disprove my infallibility if I do not satisfy his fastidious malignity,—To which of the three schools do I assign *Venice Preserved*? With a cudgel thus singing about my ears, I should perhaps hesitate before I irrevocably condemned it to the rhetō-

ric. To push poor Otway from his dramatic school, and make him a bully in the Ordnance division, a gunner in the Engineer department of the drama, is an ungrateful office: But I cannot help it; I cannot give an opinion against the hair of my judgment. I am, however, ready to allow, that if he does march with this squad, he is the best cap and feather in the company. Indeed, were I to speak with my usual acumen and nice discrimination, I should say, that Venice Preserved was of the *dramatic-rhetoric* school: the link in the long chain of our national tragedies, which connects passion with declamation; the menstruum in which energy and pomposity mingle:—and, that its author was a mongrel descendant of Melpomene and a rhetorician. After all, the *chrononhotonthological* phrase, the *bow-wow* style, is predominant in this tragedy, as the following combination of dialogue and monologue will exemplify:

*Pierre.* What whining monk art thou?  
what holy cheat,  
That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears,  
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence: I know thee not.

*Jaffier.* Not know me, Pierre?

*Pier.* No, know thee not; what art thou?

*Jaf.* Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved, valued friend,  
Though now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.

*Pier.* Thou Jaffier! thou my once loved, valued friend!

By heavens, thou lie'st! the man so call'd, my friend,

Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,

Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,  
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart;

But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,

Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;

All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee;

Prythee avoid, no longer cling thus round me,

Like something baneful that my nature's chill'd at.

*Jaf.* I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears I have not,

But still am honest, true, and, hope too, valiant;

My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.

Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart

Detest me utterly: Oh! look upon me,  
Look back, and see my sad, sincere submission,

How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst my bosom,

Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee;  
What shall I do? what say to make thee hear me?

*Pier.* Hast thou not wrong'd me? darest thou call thyself

That once loved, valued friend of mine,  
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me?

Whence these chains?

Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment?

Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?—Act 4, Sc. 2.

What an illustrative epitome of the false passion and bellowing hollow-ness of the rhetoric school, is the line, Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee! Indeed, we have cotemporary testimony that Tom Otway was a born devil at heroics, a *boen agathos* gentleman. Yet Pierre's first speech (as given above) has much of the real energy and dramatic animation which distinguishes genuine tragedy.

Again: the *rhetoric-poetic* heresy has some proselytes. This medley of pomp and poeticality pushes forth Home as its champion. We see in his celebrated play, the gradual declination of elaborate magniloquence into pure poetry and romance,—dramatic spirit being, in the mean time, wholly neglected, as an attribute of tragedy quite unimportant and omisable at pleasure. Home's shoulders were the slipping-blocks over which the rhetoric man-of-war launched into the smooth ocean of poetry. The opening speech of the fifth act of Douglas is a fair specimen of this doubtful school:

This is the place, the centre of the grove;  
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.

How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way  
Through skies where I could count each little star.

The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves;

The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry can be in aught believed,  
Descending spirits have conversed with men,  
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

"My name is Norval on the Gram-pian hills"—is still more characteris-



tic of the rhetoric-poetic manner ; but every schoolboy sings it, and I suppose so does the reader, else my pen should have whistled it off upon paper as the model of *heroi-romantic* tragedy.

The conversation also which engages the dramatis personæ in this play, is of that mixed kind, where artificial grandeur of diction is perpetually struggling with downright poetry. Ex. gr.

*Enter Norval.*

*Glenalvon.* His port I love ; he's in a proper mood  
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.

*(Aside.)*

Has Norval seen the troops ?

*Norval.* The setting sun  
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale ;  
And as the warriors moved, each polish'd  
helm,

Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded  
beams :

The hill they climb'd, and halting at its  
top,

Of more than mortal size, tow'ring they  
seem'd

An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

*Glen.* Thou talk'st it well ; no leader of  
our host

In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

*Nor.* If I shall e'er acquire a leader's  
name,

My speech will be less ardent. Novelty  
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful ad-  
miration

Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine  
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Act 4.

Norval's first reply in the above is pure poetry ; his second, mere rhetoric, particularly to be seen in the sounding close of the last line. Glenalvon, indeed, sometimes favours us with a rush or two of dramatic torrent, but it quickly evaporates into declamatory froth, or subsides into limpid poesy.

But these two latter heretical sects of the drama, scil. the dramatic-rhetoric and the rhetoric-poetic, are scarcely to be enumerated as distinct schools ; they are rather the gradations by which the first school vanishes into the second, and the second into the third. The radically dissimilar systems of tragedism, are those into which I first divided our national drama, scil. the dramatic-proper, the rhetoric, and the poetic pure. In the course of this letter, I have illustrated, both by argument and example, the different principles of composition which governed these systems ; and if the reader ask me *cui bono* ?—I will answer the reader by desiring the reader to read my letter over again. God be with ye, Gentlemen.

JOHN LACY.

## SONNET

WRITTEN ON SEEING A GREEK AT VAUXHALL.

Still he beheld nor mingled with the throng,  
But view'd them not with misanthropic hate.  
*Childe Harold.*

THY soul is o'er the waters—there is not  
For scenes like these a sympathy within ;  
And thou dost turn thee from the restless din  
Of pleasure's many voices, to the spot  
Where all thy soul's affections are enshrined ;  
And gaze around thee with unquiet eye,  
As if the music and light revelry  
But stamp a deeper sadness in thy mind.  
Thou think'st of those firm hearts and trusty hands  
Which throb and strive for liberty and right,  
And every tranquil vale and giant height,  
Which lies or rises in that "land of lands,"  
Where the blue sky hangs smilingly above  
The rushing Hellespont, with looks of love.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

*Written by an Officer long resident in India, on his return to England.*

1.

I came, but they had pass'd away,—  
The fair in form, the pure in mind,—  
And like a stricken deer I stray,  
Where all are strange, and none are kind;  
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,  
That pants, that struggles for repose:  
O that my steps had reach'd the goal  
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

2.

Years have past o'er me like a dream,  
That leaves no trace on memory's page:  
I look around me, and I seem  
Some relic of a former age.  
Alone, as in a stranger-clime,  
Where stranger-voices mock my ear;  
I mark the lagging course of time,  
Without a wish,—a hope,—a fear!

3.

Yet I had hopes,—and they have fled;  
And I had fears were all too true:  
My wishes too!—but they are dead,  
And what have I with life to do!  
'Tis but to bear a weary load,  
I may not, dare not, cast away;  
To sigh for one small, still, abode,  
Where I may sleep as sweet as they:—

4.

As they, the loveliest of their race,  
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep;  
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,—  
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep;  
To weep beneath the silent moon,  
With none to chide, to hear, to see:  
Life can bestow no dearer boon  
On one whom death disdains to free.

5.

I leave a world that knows me not,  
To hold communion with the dead;  
And fancy consecrates the spot  
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.  
I see each shade, all silvery white,  
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;  
I turn to clasp those forms of light,  
And the pale morning chills my eye.

6.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,  
The lamp of life burns feebly now,—  
When stranger-hands shall close my eyes,  
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.  
Unknown I lived,—so let me die;  
Nor stone, nor monumental cross,  
Tell where his nameless ashes lie,  
Who sigh'd for gold, and found it dross.



## SIR HUGH HERON.

"And he went forth, him alone,  
And all vanquish'd came he home,  
In his chamber upon a night,  
Wounded sore and evil dight;  
His knife was tint,—his sheath was ta'en,  
The scabbard from his thigh was gane,  
He had more wounds with sword and knife  
Than ever man that had his life."

*Sir Graeme and Sir Gray Steil.*

WHEN I had gathered from many lips the scattered and varying portions of this little wild and simple story, I sat down, as has ever been my way, on the spot where it befel, and proceeded to compare tale and place together, for the purpose of making the present interpret the past, and aid me in telling a clear and consistent story. An old man, a kind of district historian, accompanied me, and it required no small persuasion to induce him to visit a place where he acknowledged he seldom willingly went. His looks saddened down by the way, and there was something of awe in the manner in which he stood on the summit of a steep hill, and holding out his hand towards a valley and lake at our feet,—said, "There—there is the home of the ancient name of Heron,—and there the deed was done, which made so many cheeks pale." We seated ourselves on the ground,—and it seemed his wish to allow me to look my fill on vale and lake, before he proceeded to violate the repose of a scene so full of loveliness, by touching on a tale of treachery and blood.

With treachery and with blood, no one who looked with me upon the place would have believed it associated. It was, indeed, a sweet and romantic nook,—such a one in which tradition says,—and tradition is sometimes malicious,—the priesthood of the Romish church loved to erect their altars, and set up their carved images, and collect the riches of the earth. The valley was a good arrow-flight across, the sides sloped up into hills covered with verdure as soft, and, by the nibbling of sheep, as short as the down of velvet;—here and there a stray garden flower,—and here and there, a plum or a wild apple tree contrived to struggle for existence,—and told with the return of spring the story of the an-

cient glory of the place. In the bosom lay a lake, deep, and cool, and so clear, that, without seeing the bottom, which the peasants placed at the distance of many a fathom, you might see the whole shaggy outline of the pastoral hills reflected quietly on its bosom. Many green shrubs bearing fruit or flower flourished along the water-edge,—and the chafing of the lake freaked its borders into innumerable little nooks and tongues, where the wild ducks, young—an orange tawny brood,—moved, half seen, half hid, among the water grass and the broad leaves of the lake lily. The flocks moved to and fro on the valley-side,—a stray deer looked timorously down from a woody shelf above,—while high o'erhead on the summit of a cliff, where the ancient gods of the land were once worshipped, sat a pair of black eagles pruning their wings, and meditating a flight to remote pastures for food for their young. Their shadows and mine lay scattered along the quiet and scarce moving waters.

Eastward, the vale expanded, and then, suddenly closing, allowed scarce room for a small clear stream to pour from the lake down a deep and woody ravine, from which it escaped into a beautiful bay, shaped out like a crescent from the mainland. Between two green and conical hills, covered half way to the summits with natural wood, which seemed never to have felt the axe, I saw the eastern sea, bright with the morning sun, and agitated by a gentle wind and the coming tide. The hills stood so close together that I could only see a long and narrow vista of ocean, with the waves leaping and rolling,—but I heard the chafing of the waters against cliff and promontory, and that kind of hollow and mournful sound which waves raise when they fall on a rocky and a caverned shore. Of

man's habitation, or handy work, I could see no trace; and I said to my companion, "Where is the hall of the Herons?—where is the chapel of our lady?—where is the tower of the lake?—I hear of them in tale and in song, and their foundations seem indeed to have had no securer resting place than what vagrant verse and varying story give."

"Alas!" said the old man, "to me the vale presents more vivid images of ancient glory,—and there are marks of the name and hand of Heron, which nothing may efface, though the winds and storms of many years have passed over them." And he arose, and, leaning on my arm, descended with slow and hesitating steps to a projecting ledge of rock which shot forward into the valley, and, pointing to a gray mass below, said,—*"That is the vaulted hall of the Herons."* I looked more intently, and saw the remains of a strong tower,—its roof of massy stone had resisted rain and storm, and men's spirit of destruction for centuries, and a thousand slender trees, and crawling shrubs, and blossoming flowers, streamed out from every joint, opening even from the top of the tower down to the water edge. "There," said my companion, "is the tower of Sir Hugh Heron;—to you it may seem nothing but a heap of rock and rubbish,—but to me every foot length of ground, and every piece of jointed stone, and every flower and fruit-tree, utter tale and history. My eyes are old;—but you may see the flight of broad steps descending from the tower gate to the lake,—they are covered almost with that bush of trailing bramble. From the foot of the stair a pavement of solid stone, not broader than for a man and boy to walk abreast, shot into the bosom of the lake, and led to the tower, which tradition says was a place of refuge in times of feudal commotion and open war. The tower of the lake has been gradually swallowed up by the waters. Over its cope stone many fathoms of water roll now, but I have heard my father say, that when he was a boy it was still visible above the lake;—now the flood has risen against the valley, and that castle, though once on a cliff where the eagle would have chosen to build, has now its very

threshold washed by the waves when the wind puts them in motion."

The old man again leaned upon me, and I was conducted along a kind of winding way to the summit of another rock, towards the eastern end of the valley. "There," said he, stands Hugh Heron's arm-chair;—a man cannot sit in it now without wetting his feet in the lake,—it once overlooked it as high as the top of yon ash tree,—below it lay the Cave of Repentance,—but ancient sanctity, and frequent prayers, and the presence of holy relics, could not save it from the changes of nature, and the lake fills it now, and will for ever. But here is an image which the rudest hind respects;" and he pointed out on the face of the perpendicular rock beside us, the shape of a cross cut deep and sharp in the stone,—while before it knelt the figure of an armed man,—his sword and helmet, in which seemed a heron plume, lay at his knees; his face was turned to the earth, and his hands were clasped in agony. Many wild flowers, and more particularly the honeysuckle, then forming for bloom, showered themselves down over the face of the crag, and crawled along the ground at our feet.

"That," said my companion, "is the figure of Hugh Heron, and here it is said he came forth before the sun, and continued on his knees till the hunter was on the hill. Now look down the valley,—ye may see the ruins among the wild plum-trees and briers yet,—there stood the chapel of our lady,—it was small,—but it was wondrous fair, and shaped by man's piety and perseverance out of the solid rock. Many pilgrims came and blessed it;—death-bed sorrows, and the remorse of old age, endowed it largely, and made it the richest shrine in all the north country. It was on the floor of that chapel that Hugh the Heron burnt a fire of cinnamon for seven years beside the body of the lady he loved, and our forefathers believed, that at the end of the seventh year the body was borne away,—and the breath of living life breathed over it, and that it became a ministering spirit." My old companion looked me stedfastly in the face, shook his head, and, after a short silence, said, "Ye may smile, for it is the fashion of the youth of this age to give cre-



dence to nothing,—and ye may call me superstitious,—which may be I am,—yet there's more matter for marvelling and sorrow about this place than for smiling and mirth." I assured my gray-headed friend that I had too deep a sympathy with all things which tradition embalmed,—and she never embalmed ought but the purest and the best,—to make them matters for mirth. It was my chief wish to tell the world the story of Hugh Heron in strict accordance with popular belief, and to reflect back to the people a distinct image of provincial history. For this purpose, I had composed in a rude manner the tale in my own mind; I would proceed to relate it to him, with the hope that where other men's memories had failed, his would be found perfect, and that his knowledge of all the varieties of the legend might enable me to infuse more of character and incident into the simple narrative. The old man smiled and shook his head,—and I proceeded at his request to whisper my version in his ear;—he seemed to have a dread of open speech in a place where to him every rock and stone breathed the history of the house of Heron:

"During the wars of the two roses,—for traditional story has ever imperfect dates, there lived a young knight, named Sir Hugh Heron, and his castle stood in a small valley which bore his family name. Before he was eighteen, personal beauty and deeds of arms made him talked of from Tweed to Trent. His father had perished in battle with the Scots when Lord Maxwell wasted Cumberland, and left him to the love of his mother, a daughter of the noble house of Dacre, who caused him to be trained to arms, and to all chivalrous exercises. He accompanied Lord Howard, and assisted in ravaging the frontier of Scotland; and when, on his return, he was drawn into an ambush by the Johnstones and Carlyles on the river Eden, he fought with such desperation, that the Laird of Lochwood returned to Scotland with but ten followers, and Hugh Heron made his way home with only seven."

"I have stood on the spot where that fierce skirmish happened," said my old friend, "and a sweet little

corner of border earth it is,—a place for the pastime of children and the sport of fairies. It is called the fighting fold to this very day, and one who has held the plough on the spot,—for graves, and fairy rings, and holy knolls, and all, are ploughed now,—told me that spear points, and spurs, and arrowheads, are turned up by the share."

"One of the seven companions of Hugh Heron in this adventure," I resumed, "was a youth of his own blood, and bearing his own name, several years older,—and neither so fair in person, nor so gifted in mind,—but bold and enterprising, a seeker of perils, and exceedingly skilful with the sword and bow. The peasantry who sought to distinguish the kinsmen by some descriptive to-name, called the latter Aymer the Black, and the former Hugh the Fair,—and some scrupled not to say that their hearts and minds corresponded with the colours which described their persons. If they were companions in the battle-field, they were also comrades in the chase,—and their hawks had the fairest and the boldest flight,—their dogs the fleetest feet and the surest mouth,—and their arrows flew more sharp and sure than any in Cumberland,—though it was the dwelling of the Howards, and Dacres, and Lowthers, and Graemes."

"Have you ever heard," said my old friend, "that they drew a bow or flew a hawk against one of the wild herons of their native lake? No, no; none that bore the name would ever do that;—they left the noble and beautiful birds to breed and bring forth by the borders of the lake;—there was a curse denounced against the house of Heron, if they rifled a nest or harmed but a feather of their namesake bird;—even the plumes of the heron, which waved above their helmets in battle, were those shed from the bird's wing,—and the merit of the plume was the more, if it happened to be shed when the fowl flew, and was caught before it reached the ground. I have seen myself the wild herons of the lake seated like a flock of doves on the ruins of that old castle, and they drooped their wings, and laid their bills on their breasts, and sat so grey and motionless, that ye would have thought

"they were stricken into stone,—I have heard that such things have been."

"There is a wild tale told," I said, "of the ancestor of the house of Heron, who was left a child by rovers on a lonely island on the Scottish coast, where he was fed and nursed by a pair of wild herons. The scarlet mantle in which he was wrapt, and the gems and chains of gold and pearl which lay beside him, were commonly shown when a bridal happened in the house of Heron, and the story of his nursing formed one of our early and popular romances. All that I can gather is that the herons covered him with their wings by night, and sought him food by day, till he grew up a fair and graceful child, and rose to great renown, and took the name of his strange protectors. He is mentioned in old charters by the name of Eustace de Heron. The romance went on to say that his feathered benefactors never forsook him;—in the battle they hovered over his head,—in the tournament they came down with a scream, and sought to annoy his enemy,—and they sat like watchers on the top of his castle by night, and built their nest, and brought forth their young on the summit of one of the towers. A minstrel curse,—and the more weighty wrath of heaven are denounced against all those who shall touch but a heron's wing, or rob a heron's nest."

"Romance do you call it?" said my companion, "it is as true to the truth as the light is to the morning, and Skiddaw to the Solway side. I have heard the ballad of Eustace the Heron a thousand times in bower and hall; and if it is a romance, what call ye Chevy Chase, and William of Cloudeslie? That herd never lucks who herries a heron's nest, and that hunter never prospers who shoots one of these noble birds. There was Dick Dobson of Soltra-side, and young Wat Foster of Derwent, and Adam Ridderford of Ridentown, and Percie Redmain of Hernshaw, what got they by scorning old sayes and minstrel curses I would fain know? crippled limbs and a broken neck-bone."

"It happened one night," I continued, "that some lawless sea rovers sailed into the bay;—they had

heard perchance of the rich shrine of our lady, and resolved to spoil it. They had coasted along Scotland, and, though repulsed in various attempts, they succeeded in others, and pillaged several villages, and took some small places of strength, which they plundered and burnt. Now it befel that Midsummer eve was ever a time of festivity with the house of Heron, and, as they were a devout as well as a valiant race, they concluded their evenings of mirth in humility and prayer. The two Herons, the fair and the black, with several of their comrades, had been tilting with the spear, and proving each other's skill with the sword, and, armed thus, were humbling themselves on the floor of our lady's chapel when the rovers arrived. The pirates lingered for a moment, for a hymn was then singing in honour of our lady,—the pious minstrel had recorded the riches of the shrine,—the munificence of the pilgrims,—and the generosity of the gallant house of Heron,—nor were the Howards, and Dacres, and other valiant names of old Cumberland, forgotten. 'This is long pious inventory, my lads,' said the leader of the pirates, 'of riches and relics which we shall enjoy. The gold we can spend ashore; and as for the relics, why, we are exposed to storms by sea and onslaughts by land, and we may as well have such trinkets near us when the wind is high. And now I think on't, couldn't we as well capsize a handy companion of a monk,—who might patter a bit of prayer for us, handle a partizan or boarding pike on a pinch, and drink a stoup of wine or mead, and sing us a merry ballad when we come back from a cruize. I think we might make room for such like gear. But by the deep sea, and the trade wind, I think this inventory is a right long one. Why, the old chaunter makes too many tacks as he sails down the current of the story. I must cut this poetic yarn short,—so follow me, my merry men all, and whip out your boarding tools;—now, by your leave, my pious masters.' And with a blow of his foot he made the chapel door ring against the wall, and in he burst, followed by a score or more of his comrades. But instead of shrieking nuns and trembling priests, they saw a



sight which daunted the boldest. There knelt young Hugh Heron at the head of his friends and vassals, and the gleaming of their armour filled all the chapel with light. In a moment they were on their feet,—their swords out,—and well they proved their love to the shrine of our lady that night,—for blow, and shout, and hurried feet, and the groans of wounded men, filled all the vale downward to the sea side.”

“I have heard old dame Eden,” said my companion, “tell the story of the attack on our lady’s chapel, but neither shield, nor sword, nor burnished mail, nor battle-shout, were in all her tale,—and it was a curious tale enough. The blessed relics, she said, found defenders in a flood of marvellous light which rushed out of the chapel door, and smote the rovers sore, and pursued and destroyed them,—and the groans of the mariners were heard afar off. And the wondrous light flashed on the waters, and smote the vessel, and away she sailed along the ocean, and was doomed to float for a season in flames, to be a witter and a warning to all workers of evil. I cannot say that I wholly credit the tale, though I sometimes see strange wild lights shining along the waters, and we know evil men have been smitten, and afflicted, and set up as a world’s wonder.”

“Foremost and fiercest of all,” I said, “went Sir Hugh Heron,—through the gorge of the valley,—over the wild sea shore,—mid-thigh deep into the waters, he followed and fought,—whoever he hit went down, and none could stand before him. The leader of the rovers attempted to escape with a few of the bravest of his followers, and had reached the deck of his shallop, and had given the word to move, when Sir Hugh stood on the deck beside him. The combat between them was fierce and brief, and as he struck the rover down, a slender girl richly dressed, who was sleeping among a heap of furs and embroidered mantles, sprung up, uttered a wild cry, and clasping him around the knees, looked up with streaming and imploring eyes for protection and mercy. There stood the youth, his bloody sword in his hand, his eyes burning with the agitation and fury of the fight, and

around him lay the bodies of his enemies, their limbs yet quivering with departing life, and their blood floating all the deck. With his left hand he shed back a fleece of dark and disordered locks from the lady’s brow, and gazed upon her till the storm subsided in his soul, and mercy and kindness returned again to his looks. He never gazed upon a fairer face. His kinsman came to his side. ‘What ails you,’ he said,—‘even now I saw you with flushed brow, and flashing eyes, and a frame which seemed expanded beyond that of a mortal, smiting down and sparing not,—and now the red blood has left your face, and your eyes can look on nothing but this young lady, as if they were under the influence of sorcery.’ Sir Hugh heeded not the words of his kinsman, but replying rather to the looks of the captive, said, ‘Arise, lady, against all will I protect thee;’ and he kissed her white forehead with the awe of one who offers salutation to some precious relic.

“The young lady arose trembling, and with her eyes cast down, and clinging to his arm as if she clung for her life. ‘I will carry you, lady,’ he said, ‘to my mother’s tower,—for I see you are not of the kin of those wild and lawless rovers, and with her you may remain till your kindred learn what hath befallen you.’ And bearing her ashore he left his kinsman and retainers to spoil the rovers’ shallop—and gold, and jewels, and rich dresses, and suits of armour, and the best tempered weapons, were found in great store. Some were offered up at the shrine of our lady, and the remainder were carried to Heron tower. When lady Heron saw her son bearing so young and so beautiful a creature in his arms, she came and supported her into her chamber, and comforted her, and told her she had fallen into honourable hands, and questioned her of her country and her kindred. And the young maiden answered in a voice low and sweet, and in the gentle Doric of the North Country, that she was the daughter of the knight of Corehead, and her maiden name was Beatrice. Her brother had marched with the Lord of Lochwood against the forayers of the border,—her father had loosed his dogs at the foot of Annanwater,

and hunted to the river head,—for so far went the ancient rights of the house of Halliday, while she was left bird-alone in her father's hunting tower, and into that tower had the rovers entered at midnight, and mastered the guards, and carried her to sea, with all the riches, and arms, and splendid dresses, which pertained to her race.

"Alas for the young lady of Core-head," said the old man, "for the descendants of her house are a kind and a gentle race. I believe the tale, though I have heard a far different story told; it has been said that she was no daughter of this earth, but an evil spirit let loose in the world to bring to the dust the noble house of Heron,—but it cannot be,—and yet I have heard it said as truth, that on Midsummer eve she has been seen with flashing eyes and flowing hair, sailing along the bosom of the lake, and raising a wail so piercing and so dolorous, that all the wild herons started on the wing with a shriek and a scream. I have heard such things, and as a Christian I may not credit them, though few people in this land would laugh at me for the belief."

"When the mother of Sir Hugh Heron heard the story of the young maiden, she called her attendants, and they bathed her in milk, and clothed her in satin, and put a chain of gold around her neck, and a string of pearls among her hair, and they all stood and marvelled at her beauty. But the one who was most moved by her sweetness and beauty was Sir Hugh Heron,—he said little,—but his eyes followed her wheresoever she went,—and having gazed his fill, he went and disarmed himself, and mused long on her story, and on her beauty. And his kinsman came and rallied him about his love,—and uttered old saws, and quoted old romances, and said, 'Who shall interpret between thee and the lady who speaks with a strange tongue?' And Sir Hugh Heron smiled, and said not a word, but, full of thought, and his mind bearing the maiden's image, he went into the tower in the lake, and, sitting on its summit, he saw a fearful vision, or he dreamed a dreary dream. He lay and dreamed,—for I shall imagine he was in slumber,—that he sat upon the summit of the Eagle cliff, and

looked on sea and land. He heard on a sudden the sound of flute and pipe, and minstrels' song, and saw a crowd of dames in bridal dresses moving from his mother's tower towards the chapel of our lady. And girls ran before and strewed the way with flowers, and men shouted and cried, 'Joy to the noble house of Heron.' And amid them all he saw the lady whom he had saved from the rovers, dressed like a bride, but with a pale face, and eyes shining with tears, led to the shrine by one of her kinsmen. And he looked again, and he saw the bridegroom,—tall he seemed, and handsome, but he saw not his face, for it was turned away from him, and he thought his step was like that of his own kinsman, Sir Aymer. But before the procession reached the altar, the air began to darken,—a cloud covered the bay, and out of the cloud there came a human form, and in his hand there was a sword. And the form followed the bridal throng into the shrine of our lady, and there arose a scream, and the sound of men in strife, and the groan as of one smote down in battle was heard, and the marble floor ran with blood. And he awoke with a start.

"On the morrow his mother saw that his face had lost its usual joy, and she took him into her chamber, and laying her hand on his fair hair said, 'My sweet son, you have ever been a dutiful child to me, and the name of Heron has lost nought of its high fame since the death of thy father. The wild Scots have heard thy name with fear; and with such a name, and such a form and face, you may look up to the noblest of the land. Now hearken my words: I love to see a free young heart lavish out its affections; but there is an hour, my son,—even when you step out of the stripling into the man,—when the heart is warm, the hopes high, and the judgment unripe, which is full of good and evil to future life. In that time of trial you now stand, and it behoves you to look on beauty with caution, and keep your heart free, though fancy wanders at will. I have looked on this young lady,—her eyes and her words are full of sweetness and modesty, and though extremely young, she has a sense and a spirit far be-



yond her years. I see your blood mount to your brow, my son, while I say this, and I love you the more, because you feel the influence of youth and of beauty. But keep your heart yet for a while,—you will then see with other eyes,—the daughters of thy native land are as lovely as those of the Scot, and to wed a daughter of your enemies is to war against your own fame. Thy Scottish wife's love will blunt the edge of thy sword, and take away the sharpness of thine arrows. The house of Corehead is a gallant house, and has given warriors to Scotland since the crusade of Richard the Lion,—but never let it give a wife to the heir of thy father's fame and name.'

"And she sat silent for a little space,—then removing her hand from his head, she arose and said, 'When thy father was thy age, I had not then seen him; but his fame came home before him, and many of the noblest and fairest of the land went to welcome him ashore. I will not say how proud I was to win him, and how strong our love was,—stronger than that which unites common minds. But in many a battle he fought, and in many a tournament he was victor, before he led me to the altar:—go, therefore, my son, and do as thy father did. A fair army is about to sail for Normandy,—and when some strong castle is stormed, and some glorious battle won, let me hear that the foremost and the bravest was my own son Hugh Heron.' And he bowed his head, and his mother blessed him.

"He now became a changed and an altered man. He roamed, it is true, among the hills and along the sea shore, and with hawk and with hound pursued the deer and the heathcock. But when he returned at night he came no longer with a smile and a hasty step to his mother's feet, and laid before her the fruits of the chase. He approached her with reverence, and asked her blessing with modest lips,—but he was wan and thoughtful, and the buoyancy of youth, and alacrity of early spirit, seemed to have forsaken him. His dogs, as he sat on the hill top and looked towards the ocean, came and looked in his face, and gambolled before him, and whined to obtain his notice and his caresses,—he laid his

hands upon their heads,—it was only to still them, for his thoughts were elsewhere."

"I could show you," said my companion, "a seat of stone, commanding the whole bay, in which Sir Hugh Heron used to sit with his chase dogs at his feet, and gaze till night came upon the water. To this place maidens in my young days went on the first morning of May, and strewed flowers, and sung songs in honour of constant love. I will take you to the place,—I love to sit there and look on the wide ocean."

"The Scottish lady, when she saw him, ever turned her eyes away;—she prepared the choicest dishes, and placed them before him,—she fed his hawks, and caressed his hounds,—she set the plume aright in his helmet, and hung his sword and banner fair on the wall,—and she wrought on a pennon of silk many a fair device; and while she traced them out in silver and in gold, she sung songs which she had learned in her own country, and her gentle tongue gave them a sweetness which sent them to the hearts of all who heard them. And Sir Hugh Heron listened, and gazed upon the beautiful stranger, and as he saw the tears drop glistening beneath her long dark eye-lashes, and saw her bosom heaving with a sigh as she thought on her native land, he thought he never saw aught so fair.

"One morning a knight came spurring to the gate, and while he winded the horn which hung by the castle wall, a fleet filled all the bay, and the decks were shining with shields and spears, and the broad banner of England was unfurled in their van. The knight bore a message from the king to the Lady of Heron tower, commanding that her son and an hundred of her retainers should follow to the French wars. And his mother fell on his neck, and wept aloud, and all his father's companions in the wars gathered around him and shouted,—and his kinsman took down his helmet and penon, and said, 'Now woe to the dames of France,' and the young Scottish lady came near him, and stood with a downcast eye, and a bosom ill at rest.

"And Sir Hugh Heron led his kinsman to the top of the tower;

and said, 'I go to a far land, and where danger is there shall I be found. Now hearken to my words, I love the lady whom I saved from the rovers, and we have each of us vowed a vow of constancy and truth. This vow with me shall never be broken,—and whosoever seeks to win my love from me by evil report, or by dishonourable wiles, seeks his own destruction, and shall surely find it. I am never the first who offers insult and wrong,—and I never forgive it to those who offer it. To you, my kinsman, the keeping of my tower is given, and as you use your power so shall you be rewarded. That sea shall flow where yon mountain top is, if I live and perfidy goes unpunished. Remember, the Scottish lady is thy kinsman's love.' And he waited no reply, but raised his banner, spread his sails, and moved swiftly away; while the eyes of his mother and Beatrice gazed till they grew weary at the receding ships and the diminishing sails.

"A whole year passed, and news of cities stormed, and battles won, from time to time reached England: and crowds of fiery and impetuous spirits followed,—some to fall nameless in some petty skirmish, and others, more fortunate, and perhaps less brave, to share in the glory which has ever pertained to successful warriors. But from Sir Hugh Heron nothing was heard,—nor letter, nor message, nor token, reached his native place,—rumour gave him indeed honour enough, and the foreign minstrels ranked him with the Richards and Edwards, and the Howards and Percys. His mother marvelled at the silence of her son, and Beatrice would sit for hours on the turret top, looking upon the sea, and watching every sail, and singing all the while some of the wild and sorrowful ballads of her native land. One faithful hound of her lover's was her constant companion; it followed her wherever she went,—it walked by her side, lay at her feet, and when she went to rest, kept watch at her chamber door. She caressed the noble creature, fed him with her own hand, tied a garland round his neck, and when no one was near she would speak to him of his master, and weep. He seemed to know what she said, and whined, and fawned, and, when

any one offered to come close, his eyes glared and he uttered a fierce growl.

"In the meantime wars were waged on the borders with the people of Scotland, and every week Sir Aymer brought tidings of skirmishes, and battles, and invasions. Though the tower stood remote from scenes of strife, it was the practice of those warlike times to keep watch and ward, and maintain all the vigilance necessary to prevent surprize by night or attack by day. It is true that the new captain kept a strict discipline, that he questioned all comers, that he received all letters and messages, and acted with a care and vigilance which to many seemed over-scrupulous. The minstrels,—then a privileged order,—wandering from tower to hall, singing the actions of the living as well as of the dead, turned with a poetic curse from the jealous wicket and the closed gate, and sung of the generosity and bravery of other names. Other ladies had tokens from their sons, their loves, or their husbands, but no such tokens came to those of Heron tower,—Beatrice sighed, Lady Heron wept, and Sir Aymer made lamentation with them both, and so one whole year passed by.

"It happened about the beginning of summer that Beatrice had walked out by the sea-side, and was seated on a little rock; past the base of which a footpath winded along the shore. The faithful dog of her lover lay by her side, a small banner of silk was in her hand, on which she was working a heron in flight;—her eyes were often turned towards the water,—and she watched the motion of every ship with the anxiety of one whose heart is at sea. While she sat in that place a maimed soldier stood before her, and holding out the reliques of a leathern head-piece bordered with steel, asked alms, in the name of our Lady, for one who had gone far and seen much,—had fought in seventeen battles, and twenty-four sieges, besides skirmishes and encounters which he had neglected to number. She took a piece of silver in her hand; and 'Where have ye fought?' she said, 'on the border or abroad?'—'On the border, lady?' said the soldier, 'nay, nay,—I never bent my bow



against the crest of a Scot;—nay, nay, —I was abroad, lady, I was abroad, among the French, and sore strokes were given, some of which, and sad ones too, fell to my share. Seven sword wounds, and thirteen lance wounds, all in the front, lady, never to speak of arrow shot;—the shafts flew as thick as goose-down at Christmas,—sharp and unsonsie, as ye say in the north country. God defend ye from war, lady, and may no one that ye love ever go where the lances are levelled, and the cross-bows are strained,—a perilous trade, lady—a perilous trade,—perilous work, and poor pay.

“When the old soldier named the French wars, Beatrice coloured deeply and trembled a little, and changing the silver into gold, said, ‘Soldier,—among the English, who is the gallantest knight,—and who do the ladies of France love, and the minstrels laud?’—‘Ah,’ said the soldier, ‘is it easy to say which of the stars of the sky are the fairest,—and which of the flowers of the field are the loveliest? when there are Howards, and Dacres, and Percys, there will be gallant knights, and noble deeds of arms. But in my poor mind, the gallantest soldier, and the one whom minstrels laud and ladies love, is one who sleeps on the grass with his mantle over him,—eats coarse food, drinks only water, and has a black hound ever by his side. He is meek of speech, and lisps a little. I fought under his banner, and need hath he to bear him bravely who follows him, for he is ever with the foremost, and wherever the shout of a “Heron, a Heron,” arises, there are gory spurs, and bloody lances, and many a brave one in the dust.’ He looked on the gold as she laid it in his hand, and with many a bow, and ‘God save you, lady,’ he went halting along;—it was the first news she had heard of Sir Hugh Heron, and blithely went she home, and many a face was glad.

“Several weeks passed, and the lady was again seated on the same stone, and with her dog at her foot looked out upon the sea. Sir Aymer came and sat down by her; and looked with her upon the waters. ‘The wind which moves the sea, lady,’ he said, ‘comes from the French shore,

and has not many minutes ago been fanning the hot brows and nodding plumes of Sir Hugh Heron and his chivalry.’ And while he spoke, a boat came swiftly along the coast,—pushed into a little creek; a man in the garb of a soldier leaped lightly out, and advancing towards their seat, said, ‘Who can show me the way to Heron tower, and take me to Beatrice Halliday?’ ‘There stands the tower,’ said Sir Aymer, ‘and here sits Beatrice Halliday;—fellow, saw ye ever a fairer?’ The soldier stood and looked on the lady for a moment or two,—‘Aye, Sir Knight, fair enough for a Scottish woman,—but be she of the north or of the south, or fair or foul, I am the bearer of a message to her if she knows aught of Sir Hugh Heron.’ Her bosom fluttered and her colour changed. Sir Aymer started up,—‘Fellow, fellow,’ he said, ‘if ye have aught evil to relate, let it be in my ear alone.’—‘Shame fall me, then,’ said the messenger, ‘and may frequent hunger, and hard battles, and bad billets, be my luck in life, if I deliver my message to another ear than the lady’s own. But it’s soon said,—it’s soon said;—at the siege of Caen Sir Hugh Heron was sore wounded with an arrow in a sortie, and was taken by the French. Nay, nay, lady, never weep for that,—for he’s well now,—ye shall hear it all. A fair dame,—a duke’s daughter, no less,—took the arrow barb from the wound, and cured him with a lily white hand, and a kindly tongue. A wily dame and a dainty one, she needs must be, if all tales be true. I take St. George to witness that no soft hand salved my wounds,—luck’s all,—war rains hard knocks to some and good fortune to others:—when Mary Grubson’s son was winning knocks on the poll, Sir Hugh Heron was winning a duke’s daughter,—luck’s all, say I.’

“While the soldier ran on with this rude discourse, the young lady looked on the messenger, and then on Sir Aymer, and moving a little apart from them, she said, ‘That Sir Hugh Heron is wounded, and prisoner, is the chance of battle,—but that he is faithless is a falsehood;—and untrue to his country too?—I wonder, Sir Aymer, you break not the false messenger’s head.

If all men were to swear it,—if all the birds of heaven were to sing it,—and the winds to find a tongue, and do nothing but cry Sir Hugh Heron is disloyal,—I would not credit it. No, his heart is pure, and his mind is noble, and what he says is stronger than other men's oaths, and were this dame queen of the west instead of a duke's daughter,—were she as beautiful as Eve was when she came fresh from heaven's hand, with the marks of the divine artist upon her,—and every look a charm, and every word a spell, she would not win the heart of Sir Hugh Heron.—‘I am pleased to hear thy faith is so strong in my cousin's loyalty,’ said Sir Aymer, ‘and he puts the like faith in the lady, for sorely has he tried thy love by his long silence.’ ‘Sir Aymer,’ said the lady, ‘your words are ungentle and unkind, and with her to whom you utter them they weigh not,’—and she waved her hand, and said,—‘Soldier, begone,—and if you wish not for stripes that are not numbered, and a dwelling where daylight never comes, name not falsehood and Hugh Heron together again.’ And the soldier went muttering away, and was heard of no more.

“The tale which he told spread far and wide;—it was told with many a strange embellishment, and all the people mourned for the wound and captivity of Sir Hugh Heron. To no one it seemed to bring sincerer sorrow than to his kinsman, Sir Aymer; he demeaned himself with all the humility of grief; and though at times he affected to reckon the soldier's tale an idle fiction, and declared that the faith of a Heron was unchangeable, he nevertheless frequently alluded to the dangers of battle, and mutable faith of man. He ever sought opportunities of being near Beatrice;—sometimes he would ask her with a smile, ‘if she dreamed of the French lady, and how she thought the Lily and the Thistle would quarter on her lover's shield?’ And then he said it was a pity such a stain should come upon an old and gallant name. Beatrice listened to all that was said, but her faith in her lover's vows remained unshaken. The mother of Sir Hugh was deeply moved by the story; wounds she cared little for,—young

wounds soon healed;—captivity she regarded not, for gold would mend that,—but what could cure the hurts of faith and loyalty? In love with a French lady! was ever the like heard of?—it was true, our kings wedded the daughters of France,—but they married not out of love but of policy, for the general good and aggrandisement of the nation. She would disinherit her son, and give the lands and tower to his kinsman Aymer.—And yet she said love was an o'ermastering passion, and it would be a pity to disinherit a brave youth because he fell in love with a fair face. Beatrice was alone unmoved among them all, and never for a moment coupled dishonour with her lover's name.

“It happened one evening that a minstrel came to the gate; and sought to overcome the churlishness of the porter by singing one of the old predatory ballads of the border, but the porter listened to his favourite minstrelsy, and shook his head, and bade him begone. The old man, for he was very old, and with locks like snow, said, ‘The gate of Heron tower had never been shut against music and poetry,—he had been with the great lords in the wars in Normandy, and could sing many a song of gallant deeds;—fair fall the kind heart that cheered the minstrel,—and foul fall the churlish hand that bolted the jealous gate.’ Beatrice, who was seated at her window, heard him pleading earnestly for admission, and she desired Sir Aymer to be kind,—and remember that all good and gallant knights were lovers of historic song. ‘To please thee, lady,’ said Sir Aymer, ‘I will admit this idle ballad-maker for a single night;—he is one of a lying race,—who exalt the low, and depress the noble,—and for a paltry piece of gold stain high and heroic names. I am no lover of the race,—but your wish is enough.’—And he arose, and conducted the minstrel to the presence chamber.

“He was an old man and of low stature,—had been a harper from his youth, and a warrior from his cradle, and he belonged to that district of long-contested ground called the debatable land of the border. Sometimes he followed the Scottish, and sometimes the English army, and,



like many loftier personages of that period, was alternately a robber and defender of his country.—He came and made a low obeisance, and was questioned by Beatrice of the wars in Normandy, and of the deeds of arms. He said, of the achievements of the army he knew little,—it was the valour and the heroism of single warriors of which he sung,—he left the deeds of the multitude to the historian. Many songs he had framed of joy for the victor, and lament for the vanquished, and of sorrow for those who fell in battle. But the days of his singing were well nigh done,—and it mattered not,—for wicked and politic men had made use of the gentle craft for base and unworthy purposes, and the long reign of historic poesie was drawing to a close. And he sat silent, and seemed unwilling to give any proof of his skill, and Beatrice came near him, and spoke of the poetry of her country,—of the rude but graphic strains of chivalry and romance; and repeated some of the tenderer passages with a grace and felicity which charmed all present, save the minstrel himself.—‘I too,’ said the old harper, ‘can sing a Scottish song to the harp,—and in my youth my

songs of joy and mirth were famed far and wide,—but of late all my love for mirth is fled, and my strains are now of a sadder and more solemn kind;—therefore press me not, lady, for I wish not to make so fair a face sad.’ And he drew his aged hands over the harpstrings, which emitted a low and melancholy sound, like the prelude to a funeral dirge.—‘I would have thee to sing us some sad story,’ said Beatrice,—‘but let it be no idle fiction,—for idle fictions are abroad;—let truth honour thy harpstrings,—the songs of my native land are all songs of truth.’ And the minstrel turned his face away, and said,—‘I shall sing thee a song of truth,—my last and my saddest,—and when I have sung it I care not if I die,—for the scene which inspired it will be ever before me, asleep or awake. I saw him lying with his sword in his hand, lady, and I heard his words, and there is nothing of the song mine but the rude melody and rhyme—what he said I have sung, and many an eye it has wet with tears, and it may wet thine. Listen to the song, lady, and let the owner of this tower listen,—I come to sing a song of truth.’

#### HUGH HERON.

All by the lake Hugh Heron lay  
 ‘Mong rushes long and green,  
 The sword around was soak’d with blood,  
 For there fierce strife had been;  
 From his fair hair he moved the helm,  
 And wiped his bloody brow,  
 “Oh shining helm and shady plume,  
 What brow shall bear ye now?  
 I’ve worn ye where shafts fell like snow,  
 And swords were sharp and sheer,  
 And waved ye when men raised the shout  
 Of victory in mine ear.”

All by the lake Hugh Heron lay,  
 With dying hand he drew  
 His bright blade like a sun-beam, out,—  
 “O sword, oft tried and true,  
 Through snowy Scotland, sunny Spain,  
 In glory hast thou swept,  
 And pass’d o’er France’s palmy plains,  
 And all her ladies wept.  
 Men knew by cloven shields and helms,  
 And life’s blood on the grass,  
 And shudderings of the strongest hearts,  
 Where my good weapon was.

"O, never more amid the ranks  
Of warriors shalt thou gleam,  
Or shine with me on Tweed's green banks,  
Or Eske's romantic stream.  
What now shall shield the hoary head,  
When war comes with a sweep,  
Or save the mothers when they clasp  
Their tender ones and weep?  
Oft have I prayed, nigh to the close  
Of some victorious day,  
Thus to lie with thee in my hand,  
And see light fade away."

All by the lake Hugh Heron lay,  
Where moved the waters blue;  
"Ah little thought my mother dear,  
When her sweet breast I drew,—  
Ah little thought my own true love,  
When, with a trembling hand,  
She bound my plumed basnet on,  
And girded fast my brand;  
And blest me with her sweet Scotch tongue,  
And follow'd with her eye,  
That I should fall in a far land,  
With none who loved me nigh.

"And yet it is more meet," he said,  
"My good sword in my hand,  
My plumed basnet on my brow,  
To fall in a far land,  
When earth yet shakes with rushing steeds,  
And rocks ring with the cry  
Of warriors in the shock, and all  
Man's spirits mounted high,  
Than where my true love wrings her hands,  
And sobbing side by side  
Sheds out her soft soul at her eyes;"—  
And so Hugh Heron died.

"When the song was done, Beatrice arose, laid a string of pearls on the minstrel's harp,—and moved out of the chamber, her bosom heaving till the lace which covered it seemed like to burst. She reached her chamber door, when a sob and groan were heard, and she dropt on the threshold. Lady Heron came, and watched over her like a mother. The peasants missed her at morn, and noon, and twilight, sitting looking seaward from the castle-top for eight whole days; with the ninth she re-appeared again, and the sound of her voice and her lute was heard once more coming from the latticed window of her little chamber.

"This was in summer, and the middle of harvest came, yet brought no certain tidings of Sir Hugh Heron. Of rumours there were many, but all so contradictory,

and strange, and romantic, as to exceed all ordinary belief,—yet they filled the mind of Beatrice with doubt and apprehension. The song of the minstrel she esteemed only as one of those fictions in which poets take the advantage of a wound or lost battle, to raise the wail and the lament, and call the attention of the world to the object of their esteem. But if she retained her outward show of spirit and resolution, a secret trouble was visible in her eye, and a change had come to the bloom of her cheek. Sir Aymer was duteous and respectful,—anxious for the safety of the castle, and withal so strict and jealous, that he permitted no one to speak to the ladies till he had conversed with them privately;—it was rumoured that many a message, and present, and letter, came from Normandy, which never found their way as the



sender wished; — and menials and peasants whispered that he loved the fair young lady, and coveted the broad lands of Sir Hugh Heron.

“Of all this no suspicion seemed to be entertained in the tower, of which Sir Aymer had sole charge and trust. Lady Heron seldom left her chamber, save for devotion in the chapel, where she continued often till a late hour. Beatrice was her constant companion, and to a meek and gentle nature added much tenderness of heart, and a mind ardent and enthusiastic. The lady loved her as her own child, and wished for her son from the wars, that she might lay her hand on his head, and bless him, and go to the altar with Beatrice and him. But the love of Beatrice, and the affection of Sir Hugh, and the wishes of Lady Heron, were not to be fulfilled without peril and blood.

“It is said, that during the French wars, the strange vision which had appeared to Sir Hugh Heron in England, continued to haunt him, — and his knowledge of his kinsman’s nature filled his mind with mistrust and forebodings. The utter silence of his mother and his mistress to all the presents and messages he sent them, would have brought him from the uttermost ends of the earth, had not the heroic duties to which his country had called him demanded heart and hand. That his home, and his mother, and his mistress, were ever present to his mind, was proved at the memorable storming of Caen, when, amid the carnage and the outcry, he burst into the chamber of a Norman necromancer, and, with his sword unwiped and bloody, told his name, and demanded to see in the magician’s mirror his native tower, his mother, and his love. The magician gazed on this young and armed apparition, and said, ‘Look there, my child.’ And he looked in the mirror, and there his native valley lay in summer beauty, — herons sat by the quiet lake, — the gates of his tower were closed, — his mother sat numbering the days and hours he had been absent, and Beatrice was in her chamber pressing to her bosom a token which he had given her of his love. And he smiled, and said, ‘I will place two warriors from that little valley at thy chamber door, father, and woe to those who seek to

molest thy gray hairs.’ And the old man looked mournfully upon him, and said, ‘You have seen the present, my child, behold the future, — and know that to a determined heart wings are given, — your fate is in your own hand.’ And he looked in the magic mirror again, and the blood rushed burning to his temples; — he stood for a little space, and then exclaimed, — ‘Eternal villain!’ — and smote the mirror with his sword till he cleft the steel frame in two, — and out of the chamber and over the rent and battered walls he went, like one who bends his heart to do a desperate deed.

“It had long been a custom with the house of Heron to go once every third year round the marches of their grounds, — the first in blood walked at the head of the procession, with banners displayed, and with music playing. On the renewal of this pageant, much care had been taken to render it striking and gorgeous. Horses richly caparisoned, — pennons of all hues, and banners won in battle, were mixed with the retainers, who were all completely armed, — and mirth, and minstrelsy, and wine, abounded. The way was rough and mountainous, the vales were deep and bushy, and the streamlets many, and rocky, and turbulent, so that they marched but a little way by noon, and the sun was nigh the setting when they reached the sea side.

The scene before them was beautiful, and the natural splendour of rock and wave was increased by a number of barges covered with flags and streamers, to convey the procession along the maritime boundary of the land. Lady Heron, and one or two of the intendant matrons of her household, and several of her armed retainers, were placed in the first barge, and at the sound of a trumpet it darted from the shore, and the music which came from its crowded decks rung mellow along the bosom of the sea. Other barges followed, and last of all, and a bowshot behind, came the barge of Sir Aymer, — manned by his own friends, — men lured by the love of rich dresses and good pay from the wild and licentious border, — with dauntless hearts, and strong hands, marvellously slender systems of morality. A minstrel was there, — but he seemed more of a

warrior than a bard, and the music was all of a rough and martial kind.

It was with a heart free of all suspicion that Beatrice gave her hand to Sir Aymer, and was placed on the prow of his barge on a cushion of velvet, and under a canopy of silk. Her lover's stag hound, the faithful companion of all her journeys, was at her side; and she sat and looked on the darkening waters and the receding shore with a heart ill at rest. More visible cause for alarm soon came. Since mid-day the distant clouds had begun to gather themselves together over the bosom of the sea;—a dark cloud had descended among the neighbouring mountains, and as the procession moved, the cloud moved, and hung dark and vast over a line of steep and lofty rocks at a little distance. The sun, which seemed with its fervent light to keep the clouds of sea and land asunder, now sunk fairly down, the gloom of twilight came, the clouds increased and came rolling together, and when they met, the wind rose with a rush, the lightning flashed, and the sea swelled and heaved,—and there was a thick darkness, in which no man could see a lance's length. The mirth of the minstrel, and the merry songs of the mariners, were drowned in the gusts of wind, and in the chafing of the waves on beach and cliff. The coast along which they sailed was dangerous and rocky,—with sharp headlands, and wild caverns, in which the storm moaned and roved by fits,—still the sea itself was not violently agitated, and they moved away with oar and with sail. All at once, however, the tempest stooped down to the water, and heaved it midmast high,—and the big and thick-descending drops of rain made the decks reek as if the barge had been on fire. The death-shrieks of creatures drowning were heard for a moment above the noise of the storm,—and Sir Aymer directed his barge to the shelter of a little bay, scooped out of the rocks, overhung with trees, and terminating in a wild and beautiful cavern.

“It was with an involuntary shudder that Beatrice submitted to be borne into this lonely and beautiful cavern; cushions were placed in one of the recesses for her accommodation, and the rude followers of Sir Aymer busied themselves to render

the place pleasant and agreeable. Torches were kindled, and placed within the entrance, and beside them the mariners and soldiers stood, expecting the storm to subside, and uttering profane jests, and singing licentious songs. Beatrice sat at a considerable distance from this rude grouse,—a small torch burned beside her, and before her stood Sir Aymer, silent and thoughtful,—a dark flush was on his face,—he seemed forming some evil resolution. She watched his looks;—he was ever a man of few words, and now his power of speech seemed o'ermastered by some internal commotion. ‘Sir Aymer,’ said she, ‘this fearful storm, and the perils to which Lady Heron is exposed, trouble you sore; look out on the night, and tell me if the tempest is likely soon to abate.’ ‘Ho there, Stephen,’ said Sir Aymer, ‘look to sea and sky, and say what further they bode.’ A step was heard, and a hoarse voice answered, ‘The sky is black as hell, and the sea seethes like a cauldron of pitch,—can't say when the storm may slacken.’ Sir Aymer strode a pace or two, and said, ‘By the might of heaven, lady, love for you troubles me more than a thousand storms;—I have loved you fondly, and I have loved you long.’—‘Sir Knight,’ said Beatrice, ‘have you forgot your vows of honour and arms,—and have you forgot Sir Hugh Heron? But you wish to be pleasant of speech in this dreary hour;—I am glad to hear you speak, and if you will describe one of your well-fought battles, you will find me a patient listener,—but talk not of love.’ ‘Lady,’ said he, ‘I have ever lost the love of my bosom for lack of honeyed words,—and I must plead my cause in the way that fortune wills;—those arms,—and he held out his hands towards her,—can fold ye and guard ye against all who either love or hate you.’ And he seized her suddenly by the mantle. In a moment the stag hound which lay at her feet sprung at his throat, and had not a thick hunting dress of buff, ornamented with chains of steel and gold, which reached high up his neck, protected him, the bite had been deadly. He seized the stag hound with one hand,—uttered a deep imprecation, and with the other drawing his sword, cleft it in two, and flung it on the floor of the cavern.



‘And now, fair mistress,’ he said, ‘will I show you how Sir Aymer wooes,—I remember your words of jest and scorn,—your mockery at the bluntness of my speech,—at my insensibility of the melody of verse, and the harmony of music, when you danced so gaily with the Dacres and the Selbys, and the hall rung with laughter at me.’ And sheathing his sword he stepped close to where she stood, and offered to take her in his arms.

“With dilated eyes, and hair which seemed moving with horror, and with a shuddering frame, Beatrice gazed upon him for a moment. ‘Villain,’ she said, ‘ye know not the might of woman’s heroic hate,—ye have never learned to look on her with reverence or with awe,—but learn it now,—in the weakest virgin of my father’s house there is a courage that scorns ye and defies ye. Dare but to touch me,—and if heaven’s fire, which now makes this cavern as bright as noon, strikes ye not to the earth,—a hand ye dread not shall work God’s work.’ And she put her hand in her bosom, and drawing out a dagger, said, ‘Sir Aymer, see,—this lay in my bosom when I was among pirates;—with this the weak is mighty, and woman is equal with man. Another step, and time has done with one of us.’ Sir Aymer laughed, and looked on her for a moment,—his frame shook, and his brow darkened,—but grim as his looks grew, he still smiled,—and he sprung towards her like a beast of prey springing on a deer. ‘Minion,’ he said, ‘ye have drawn blood;—my revenge shall be but a harmless kiss.’ And the dagger, as he threw it away, rung against the side of the cavern. She called on God and she called on her love,—her cries of deep and terrible despair were not uttered in vain.

“The storm had now subsided,—the moon streamed out from among the departing clouds, and the plash of the thunder-rain, and the howling of the wind, had ceased. A boat pushed suddenly ashore,—hasty words, and heavy blows, and death-groans were heard,—and with the rapidity of light an armed figure came,—a heron plume was in his helmet,—a sword was gleaming in his hand,—and that light which he-

roism and a sense of deep wrong kindle, was burning in his eyes. It was Sir Hugh Heron. He struck Sir Aymer with the side of his sword, and said, ‘Turn, thou only faithless knight of my name,—turn and draw, else I strike ye dead where ye stand.’ And Sir Aymer drew his sword, and said, ‘I have longed to wet my sword with thee in this quarrel,—and I will wet it in thy heart,’ and he made a blow, and there was a sore strife between them. When Beatrice beheld her lover, she fell on her knees, and held up her hands in prayer;—she knelt so near, that the blood which the sword drew was sprinkled on her white hands, and on her pale cheeks. She closed her eyes,—and heard for a space the sound of swords, and the moving to and fro of hurried feet;—they were a moment mute, and then the combat grew more fierce than ever. At length Sir Aymer fell pierced through and through, and while he lay in the agonies of death, Beatrice threw herself in her lover’s bosom, and sobbed out his name. He sheathed his sword and kissed her forehead and her lips, and said, ‘My love—my love, I learned thy danger in a far land, and the first voice I heard when the storm drove our boat into this little lovely bay, was thine calling on God and Hugh Heron.’”

I made a pause in my narrative, and my companion, who had maintained silence much longer than I expected, looked on me and exclaimed, “Call ye that the Tale of Hugh Heron? The best of the story is to come, and will ye stop when the danger is over, and the mirth, and the minstrels, and the bridal lights, are coming? Ye have not said how his mother came and fell on the neck of her son,—how the body of Sir Aymer was borne into the shrine of our lady, that the vision which Sir Hugh saw might be fulfilled,—the stains of his blood are in the marble floor to this day. And if ye scorn bridal mirth, will ye not tell how many masses were daily said for the repose of the slain man’s soul,—and how many stately sons and fair daughters blessed the marriage of Hugh Heron and the fair maid of Moffatdale? Never try to tell a story more.”

NALLA.

## BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLLENS.

RESTLESS Time! who ne'er abidest,  
 Driver! who life's chariot guidest  
 O'er dark hills and vales that smile,  
 Let me, let me breathe awhile:  
 Whither dost thou hasten? say!—  
 Driver, but an instant stay.

What a viewless distance thou,  
 Still untired, hast travell'd now;  
 Never tarrying—rest unheeding—  
 Over thorns and roses speeding,  
 Through lone places unforeseen—  
 Cliff and vast abyss between.

Five and twenty years thou'st pass'd,  
 Thundering on uncheck'd and fast,  
 And, though tempests burst around,  
 Stall nor stay thy coursers found:  
 I am dizzy—faint—oppress'd—  
 Driver! for one moment rest.

Swifter than the lightning flies  
 All things vanish from my eyes;  
 All that rose so brightly o'er me  
 Like pale mist-wreaths fade before me;  
 Every spot my glance can find  
 Thy impatience leaves behind.

Yesterday thy wild steeds flew  
 O'er a spot where roses grew;  
 These I sought to gather blindly,  
 But thou hurried'st on unkindly:  
 Fairest buds I trampled, lorn,  
 And but grasp'd the naked thorn.

Driver, turn thee quickly back  
 On the self-same beaten track:  
 I, of late, so much neglected,  
 Lost—forgot—contemn'd—rejected—  
 That I still each scene would trace:—  
 Slacken thy bewildering pace!

Dost thou thus impetuous drive,  
 That thou sooner may'st arrive  
 Safe within the hallow'd fences  
 Where delight—where rest commences?  
 Where then dost thou respite crave?—  
 All makes answer: "At the Grave."

There, alas! and only there,  
 Through the storms that rend the air,  
 Doth the rugged pathway bend:  
 There all pains and sorrows end;  
 There repose's goal is won—  
 Driver! ride, in God's name, on.

V. D.



## CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

## EARLY FRENCH POETS.

It is now (in 1823) but a few years since the first publication of some French poems, written at the beginning of the fifteenth century, which not only excel any other of that time that we are acquainted with, but might at any time be regarded as patterns of natural ease and elegance. What makes this long neglect the more difficult to account for, is, that the author of them was a prince, grandson to one of the French kings, father to another, and uncle to a third; the first, (Charles V.) renowned for his wisdom; the next, (Louis XII.) for his paternal care of his subjects; and the third, (Francis I.) for his courtesy, and his love of letters. When we are told that the writings of a person thus distinguished had been so long suffered to remain in darkness, it is natural to suspect that some imposition may have been practised on the public respecting them. But there is no ground for such suspicion. They have not been discovered by some apprentice boy, in an old church coffer, like the poems of Rowley, nor by the son of a prime minister, in some other out of

the way place, like the Castle of Otranto. The manuscript, which contains them, was noticed in the Royal Library at Paris, near a century back, by the Abbé Sallier, who inserted three papers on the subject, in the Memoirs of the Academie des Inscriptions: \* Another, from which the publication was made, is in the public library at Grenoble; and, to put the matter out of doubt, a third, of singular splendour, is to be seen in our own national library of the British Museum. The last of these was once the property of Henry VII. of England, whose daughter Mary was married to the son of the poet himself, the above-mentioned Louis XII.

The Abbé Sallier remarks, that if Boileau had seen these productions, he would not have called Villon the restorer of the French Parnassus. I am not sure of this. The palate of Boileau required something more poignant. In these there is as much simplicity as in some of Wordsworth's minor pieces. The chief difference is that these are almost all love verses.

En songe, souhaid et penser,  
Vous voye chacun jour de sepmaine,  
Combien qu'estes de moy loingtaine,  
Belle très loyaument amée.

Pour ce qu'estes la mieulx parée,  
De toute plaisance mondaine :

En songe, souhaid et pensée,  
Vous voye chacun jour de sepmaine.  
Du tout vous ay m'amour donnée,  
Vous en povez estre certaine :  
Ma seule Dame souveraine,  
De mon las cueur moult désirée,  
En songe, souhaid et pensée.

In dream, and wish, and thought, my Love,  
I see thee every day;  
So doth my heart to meet thee move,  
When thou art far away.

For that all worldly joys above  
Thou shinest in thy array;  
In dream, and wish, and thought, my Love,  
I see thee every day.

\* Tome xiii. p. 580. Tome xv. p. 795, and Tome xvii. Mars. 1742. In the first of the Abbé's papers here referred to, the manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris is thus described. It had belonged to Catherine of Medicis. The arms of Charles, Duke of Orleans, impressed on the first leaf, together with those of Valentina, of Milan, his mother, showed that Catherine had got it from the library of her husband, Henry II. It contained 131 songs, about 400 rondels; and, lastly, a discourse pronounced before Charles VII. in favour of John II. Duke of Alençon.

No care, no hope, no aim I prove,  
That is not thine to sway :  
O ! trust me, while on earth I rove,  
Thy motions I obey,  
In dream, and wish, and thought, my Love.

(*Poesies de Charles d'Orléans*, p. 208.  
*Paris, small 8vo. 1809.*)

J'ay fait l'obsequie de Madame  
Dedans le moustier amoureux ;  
Et le service pour son ame  
A chanté penser doloireux :  
Maint cierges, de soupirs piteux  
Ont esté en son luminaire :  
Aussy j'ay fait la tombe faire,  
De regrets tous de larmes paints ;  
Et tout en tour moult richement  
Est escript : Cy gist \* vraiment  
Le trésor de tous biens mondains.

Dessus elle gist une lame  
Paiste d'or et de saffirs bleux :  
Car saffir est nommé la jame  
De Loyauté et l'or cureux :  
Bien luy appartiennent ces deux ;  
Car Eure et Loyauté pourtraire  
Voulu en la très-débonnaire,  
Dieu qui la fist de ses deux mains

Et forma merveilleusement ;  
C'estoit a parler plainement  
Le trésor de tous biens mondains.  
N'en parlons plus, mon cueur se pame,  
Quant il oyt les fais vertueux  
D'elle qui estoit sans nul blame,  
Comme jurent celles et ceulx  
Qui congnoissoient ses consaulx.  
Si croy que Dieu l'a voulu traire  
Vers luy, pour parer son repaire  
De paradis, où sont les saints :  
Car c'est d'elle bel parement,  
Que l'on nommoit communément  
Le trésor de tous biens mondains.  
De rien ne servent pleurs ne plains ;  
Tous mourrons tart ou brièvement,  
Nul ne peust garder longuement  
Le trésor de tous biens mondains.

(P. 237.)

To make my lady's obsequies  
My love a minster wrought,  
And in the chantry, service there  
Was sung by doleful thought ;  
The tapers were of burning sighs,  
That light and odour gave ;  
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,  
Enlumined her grave ;  
And round about, in quaintest guise,  
Was carved : " Within this tomb there lies  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb  
Of gold and sapphires blue ;  
The gold doth show her blessedness,  
The sapphires mark her true :  
For blessedness and truth in her  
Were livelily portray'd,  
When gracious God with both his hands  
Her goodly substance made :  
He framed her in such wond'rous wise,  
She was, to speak without disguise,  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more : my heart doth faint  
When I the life recal  
Of her, who lived so free from taint,  
So virtuous deem'd by all :  
That in herself was so complete,  
I think that she was ta'en  
By God to deck his paradise,  
And with his saints to reign ;  
For well she doth become the skies,  
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

\* In the MS. of the British Museum, it is, *Cy gist bravement*, which is a better reading.



But nought our tears avail, or cries :  
All soon or late in death shall sleep :  
Nor living wight long time may keep  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

En la forest d'ennuieuse tristesse,  
Un jour m'avint qu'à par moy chemi-  
noye ;

Je rencontray l'amoureuse déesse,  
Qui m'appella, demandant où j'aloie.  
Je respondy, que par Fortune estoie  
Mis en exil, en ce bois long-temps a ;  
Et qu'à bon droit appeller me pouoit,  
L'homme esgaré qui ne scet où il va.

En souriant par sa très-grant humblesse  
My respondy : amy se je sçavoie  
Pourquoy tu es mis en ceste destresse ;  
A mon pouvoir volentiers t'aideroye :  
Car ja pieça je mis ton cuer en voye,  
De tout plaisir, ne sçay qui l'en osta :

Or me desplaît qu'à présent je te voye,  
L'homme esgaré qui ne scet où il va.

Hélas ! dis-je, souveraine princesse,  
Mon fait sçavez ; pourquoy le vous diroye ?  
C'est par la mort qui fait à tous rudesse,  
Qui m'a tollu celle que tant amoye ;  
En qui estoit tout l'espoir que j'avoye ;  
Qui me guidoit si bien, m'accompagna  
En son vivant ; que point ne me trouvoye,  
L'homme esgaré qui ne scet où il va.

Aveugle suy, ne sçay où aller doye :  
De mon baston afin que ne forvoye  
Je vay tastant mon chemin çà et là :  
C'est grant pitié qu'il convient que je soye  
L'homme esgaré qui ne scet où il va.

(P. 230.)

One day it chanced that in the gloomy grove  
Of sorrow, all alone my steps I bent ;  
So met I there the mother queen of love,  
Who call'd me, asking whitherward I went.  
Fortune, quoth I, in exile hath me sent  
Within this wood long time to weep my woes :  
Well mayst thou name a wight so sorely shent,  
The wilder'd man that wots not where he goes.

She smiled, and answer'd in her lowliness :  
Friend, if I knew why thou dost hither stray,  
Thee would I gladly help in thy distress,  
In the best manner that in sooth I may :  
For erst I put thy heart in pleasure's way ;  
Nor aught I ken from whence thy grief arose.  
It irketh me to see thee here to-day,  
The wilder'd man that wots not where he goes.

Alas, quoth I, my sovran lady dear,  
Thou knowst my hap : what need I tell it thee ?  
Death, that doth reave us of all treasures here,  
Hath taken her who was a joy to me,  
Who was my guide, and held my company,  
In whom I did my only hope repose,  
Long as she lived ; not fated then to be  
The wilder'd man that wots not where he goes.

I am a blind man now, fain to explore,  
With staff outstretch'd this way and that before,  
Feeling the path that none unto me shows.  
Great pity 'tis I must be evermore  
The wilder'd man that wots not where he goes.

Le temps a laissé son menteau  
De vent de froidure et de pluye,  
Et s'est vestu de broderie,  
De soleil riant, cler et beau.

Il n'y a beste, ne oyseau,  
Qui en son jargon ne chante et crye ;  
Le temps a laissé son menteau  
De vent, de froidure et de pluye.

Riviere, fontaine et ruisseau  
Portent en livrée jolie,  
Gouttes d'argent d'orfèvrerie ;  
Chascun s'abille de nouveau,  
Le temps a laissé son menteau.

(P. 257.)

The Time hath laid his mantle by  
Of wind and rain and icy chill,  
And dons a rich embroidery  
Of sun-light pour'd on lake and hill.

No beast or bird in earth or sky  
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,  
For Time hath laid his mantle by  
Of wind and rain and icy chill.

River and fountain, brook and rill,  
Bespangled o'er with livery gay  
Of silver droplets, wind their way:  
So all their new apparel vie;  
The Time hath laid his mantle by.

En regardant ces belles fleurs,  
Que le temps nouveau d'amours prie;  
Chascune d'elle s'ajolie  
Et farde de plaisants couleurs.

Quant embasmées sont d'odeurs,  
Qu'il n'est cuer qui ne rajeunie,  
En regardant les belles fleurs  
Que le temps nouveau d'amours prie.

Les oyseaulx deviennent danseurs  
Dessus mainte branche fleurie,  
Et font joyeuse chanterie  
De contres, de chants et teneurs  
En regardant ces belles fleurs.

(P. 258.)

In blinking at the bonny flowers,  
When April them to love doth wooe,  
And all shine brighter in the bowers,  
And all are deck'd with colours new;

No heart there is but youth restores  
Amid their breath of balmy dew,  
In blinking at the bonny flowers,  
When April them to love doth wooe.

The birds are dancing in their glee  
Upon the twigs mid blosmy showers;  
There sing they loud in their chauntrie  
Counter and tenor merrily,  
In blinking at the bonny flowers.

The life of Charles, Duke of Orleans, might furnish the materials for a romance, or rather for several romances. He was born on the 26th of May, 1391. His father, Louis Duke of Orleans, the second son of Charles V. was married in 1389 to Valentina, daughter of the Duke of Milan. After the death of Charles, France was distracted by factions. The minority of his son, Charles VI. made it necessary that a regency should be appointed. His four uncles contended for this distinction. The King had not been long of age, when the frequent fits of lunacy, to which he was liable, again made him incapable of ruling except only at intervals. His brother Louis now put in his claim to a share in the government, and in the disputes which ensued between him and two of the uncles, the Dukes of Berri and Bur-

gundy, Louis was assassinated by the orders of the latter in the Rue Bar-bette at Paris, on the 23d of November, 1407. A formal and feigned reconciliation took place at Chartres in a year or two after between the families of the murderer and the murdered; but Valentina died of grief at seeing the death of her husband unrevenged. A tissue of odious intrigues is entangled with these horrors. The Duke of Burgundy was supposed to be partly instigated by jealousy of his wife to the commission of his crime, for which there was the less excuse as that very wife was the favourite of the King, as he himself was the paramour of the Queen, the infamous Isabel.

At the age of sixteen, Charles of Orleans had married a daughter of this King and Queen, of the same name with her mother, and widow of



Richard II. of England. In three years after (1409) his consort died. Thus before the age of twenty, he found himself not only an orphan but a widower. A second marriage with Bonne, daughter of the Count of Armagnac, involved him in new troubles. The Count had put himself at the head of a faction opposed to the Duke of Burgundy, and from him called the Armagnacs. A short truce for a while suspended these differences; till the Count de Saint Pol, who was governor of Paris, determined on driving out of the capital all those who were not in the interest of the Duke of Burgundy, and for that purpose united a band of 500 braves who were called the *Cabochiens*, from Caboche, a butcher, one of the principal amongst them. In an evil hour, either Charles of Orleans or his father-in-law sought assistance from the English.\* The consequence of this ill-advised measure was the battle of Agincourt, in which it so happened that the Duke himself fell into the hands of the invaders; for the King of France had, in the meantime, declared against the Duke of Burgundy, and Charles was therefore now fighting on the side of the King against those very enemies whom he had himself invited. In the field of Agincourt he was found lying amongst a heap of slain with some signs of life in him, by a valiant soldier of the name of Richard Waller, who brought him to Henry V. Waller being desired by that monarch to take charge of his prisoner, on their return to England, confined him in his own mansion at Groombridge, near Tunbridge, in Kent. This misfortune did not come alone, for at the same time he lost his second wife, Bonne of Armagnac. How long he remained in Waller's custody is not known; but he had time enough to rebuild the house that was assigned for his habitation. His piety also led him to contribute to the repairs of the neighbouring church of Speldhurst, over the porch of which we are told by the historians of the county that the

arms of the Duke carved in stone are still to be seen.† From John, the second son of this Richard Waller, were descended the Wallers of Beconsfield, of whom I conclude the poet Edmund to have been one.

Before the eighth year of Henry VI. as Hasted, in his History of Kent informs us, the Duke had been committed to other custody; for it was that year enacted in Parliament that the Duke of Orleans, the King's cousin, then in the keeping of Sir Thomas Chamberworth, Knight, should be delivered to Sir John Cornwall, Knight, to be by him safely kept. There is even some doubt as to the time which his captivity in this country lasted; but the best accounts, I think, make it twenty-five years in all. During this time he acquired such a taste for our language as to compose some verses in it. The Abbé Sallier mentions his having written only two short pieces in English; but in the manuscript of his poems in the British Museum I have found three. They are as follows. I give them not as being particularly good, but because any verses written in our language by a foreigner at so early a time, that is, very soon after the death of Chaucer, may be regarded as a curiosity.

Go forth, my hert, with my lady :  
 Loke that ye spar no bysines  
 To serve her with such lollyness,  
 That ye gette her oftyme prively  
 That she kepe truly her promes.  
 Go forth, &c.

I must, as a helis body,  
 Abyde alone in hevynes;  
 And ye shal dwell with your mastris  
 In plaisaunce glad and mery.  
 Go forth, &c.

By *helis body*, I suppose is meant one deprived of health or happiness. The word occurs in Chaucer, but with a difference in the spelling and quantity.

— A wight in torment and in drede  
 And healelesse.

*Troilus and Creside,*  
 Book v. fol. 180, Ed. 1602.

\* In the paper by the Abbé Sallier, inserted in the *Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, tom. xv. p. 795, are some curious particulars of an embassy by Jacques le Grant into England, sent by the Orleans or Armagnac party.

† See Harris's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 292, and Hasted's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 431.

My hertly love is in your governauns,  
 And ever shal whill that I live may.  
 I pray to God I may see that day  
 That ye be knyght with trouthful alyans.  
 Ye shal not fynd feynynge or variaunce  
 As in my part; that wyl I truly say.  
 My hertly, &c.

Bewere, my trewe innocent hert,  
 How ye hold with her aliauns,  
 That somtym with word of plesūns  
 Resceyved you under covert.  
 Thynke how the stroke of love comsmert\*  
 Without warnynge or deffiauns.  
 Bewere my, &c.

And ye shall pryvely† or appert  
 See her by me in loves dauns,  
 With her faire femenyng contenauns  
 Ye shall never fro her astert.‡  
 Bewere my, &c.

From these strains, it would appear as if the young widower had been smitten by some English lady, during his long abode amongst us. Soon after his release, he married Mary, Princess of Cleves, by whom he had one son, Louis XII. of France, and two daughters, Mary, the wife of Jean de Foix Vicomte de Narbonne, and Joan, Abbess of Fontevrault. He had another daughter by his first wife, who was also named Joan, and was married to the Duke of Alençon. Among those who most joyfully welcomed his return to his native country, was his illegitimate brother,

John, the brave Count of Dunois, by whom the English were expelled from Normandy.

On the death of Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, (in 1447) Charles made an ineffectual attempt to recover that inheritance in right of his mother, who was sister to the Duke.

At the accession of Louis XI. to the crown of France, he was so mortified by the dissimulation of that monarch, that he retired in disgust from the court. He died on the first of January, 1466, in his 75th year.

Besides his poems, and the speech delivered in favour of the Duke of Alençon, there are remaining some of his letters, addressed to the "good cities" of France, or to the king. They are dated from Gergeau sur Loire, July 14, 1411, and are thus described by Juvenal des Ursins, who refers to them in the History of Charles VI. "Lettres longues et assez prolixes, et faites en bel et doux langage."§

The writer of a memoir, prefixed to his poems, adds that his tomb, which was in a chapel of the Celestines, at Paris, has escaped the ravages of time and of the revolution, and is to be found in the depository of French monuments, in the Rue des Petits Augustins.

\* Query, for *can smart*, or *comes smart*.

† *Prive and apert* is in Chaucer, Cant. T. 6696. *In private and in public*. Tyrwhitt's Glossary.

‡ *Astert*. Chaucer Cant. T. 1597, 6550. *To escape*, Tyrwhitt's Glossary.

§ See the paper by the Abbé Sallier. *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, t. xvii. Mars. 1742.

## THE DOOMED MAN.

THE only passenger besides myself on board the *Susannah*, was a Miss Maria B——, of Port Glasgow, who, on the recent loss of her only parent, was going out to her sister, the wife of a wealthy planter, in Barbadoes. She was a good looking girl, and enjoyed a great flow of animal spirits, which made her at times very amusing; but, having been much spoiled with over-indulgence, she was somewhat pettish and self-willed. Captain Gilkison, (the master of the vessel,) was a quiet, unobtrusive man, mild in his manners and address, with a singu-

larly melancholy expression of countenance altogether unusual in a sailor: he seemed to have been much in foreign countries, and was the best informed and most intelligent seaman I ever happened to meet with in the merchant service. To the monotony and confinement of a voyage every thing affords an agreeable diversity. Miss B——, whose musical attainments were of a very superior order, sang charmingly, and accompanied herself on the guitar with great taste and sweetness. The captain also played the flute with more skill than is the wont



of nautical people in general, so that with these resources, and the aid of books and conversation, we made the time pass pleasantly away, when the weather would not admit of our being on deck.

On the eighteenth day after our ship had left the tail of the bank, and had got into the warmer latitudes, it came to blow pretty fresh at nine P.M. with a long stretch of a swell from the SW.—I had gone to bed, and had fallen into a sound sleep, when I was awakened about midnight with the noise of feet traversing the deck, the violent beating with a handspike at the steerage hatchway, and the rough voice of the boatswain turning out the middle watch with, "All hands ho! tumble up, tumble up, ye lubbers!" I immediately sprang out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and made the best of my way up the companion-ladder, knowing there was something more than usual to do when the whole crew were called up at once. A good deal of bustle prevailed on deck. It had turned out what sailors call a coarse, dirty night, blowing very hard, and dark and dismal all round, except when a flash of lightning shewed us the billows boiling and tumbling about us. The ship was labouring hard in a heavy sea-way, sending bows in over head and ears, and washing the fore-castle at every pitch. The captain was standing a-breast of the binnacle, and through a speaking trumpet was issuing his orders to take canvas off the foremast and ease the vessel by the head. I walked up to his side, and observed by the binnacle-light that his countenance was much agitated. Aware of the dislike seamen have, in cases of peril, to be interrogated and obstructed in their movements by passengers, I passed without accosting him; and, to be as much as possible out of the men's way, retreated to the hen-coops at the stern, and, with considerable anxiety, observed his motions. More than half an hour elapsed, but still he kept his station; occasionally walking a few paces to and fro, then examining the compass, to give directions to the man at the wheel, and now and then throwing a glance over the lee-quarter. A shrill, whistling sound through the rigging—the clattering of blocks and slack-

ened ropes—the creaking at the doubling of the masts, and the yards at the slings, now warned us that another squall was coming.

The captain hastily stepped to the light and examined his time-piece; I glanced my eyes over it also, and could distinguish that the hands pointed to one o'clock. I saw his lips slightly quiver, and heard him mutter as he put it up—"The hour is come now!" I felt a chillness strike to my heart at these words—I thought our last hour was come—that the captain, conscious of the vessel's inability to hold together through the squall, had given us up for lost. I fancied even that the violence of the ship's motion had increased fearfully. My heart beat with a convulsive fluttering, as if I was in the act of flying, each time the vessel, left by an exhausted wave, paused—rose straining and quivering on the ridge of the succeeding one, and again with the rapidity of an arrow made a tremendous plunge into the hollow beneath. I tried to rush forward and learn the worst at once, but my limbs refused to do their office. I endeavoured to make myself heard, but my voice had forsaken me, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could not have moved had we been going to the bottom, and my only chance of escape lying in my own exertions. The squall had now reached us in all its wrath, and was hurrying us on with inconceivable velocity, when a flash of lightning, or rather a succession of flashes, like a sheet of fire, illumined the whole waste of waters around us. The captain was now standing within a few feet of me by the gallery-railings, gazing intently to leeward; when all at once he clasped his hands forcibly together, and with a groan of despair, and in a suppressed voice of agony, exclaimed, "My God! there he is again for the last time!" He remained a few seconds, as if regarding something possessed of horrible interest, then struck his open palms over his eyes, and wildly rushed down the companion-way. In vain I had followed the direction of his look, nothing met my sight but long lines of white waves, pursuing us with their deafening roar, and threatening every instant to break on

board and engulf the vessel.— Having got the better of my own fears, I waited for some time in expectation of his re-appearance, trying to conjecture the cause of such strange conduct, till, at length, unable to endure longer suspense, I got a lantern lighted at the binnacle, and descended to the cabin. I found him on the after-lockers, with his face hidden in his hands: he raised it at my entrance, and I saw it was exceedingly wan, and that a slight shivering ran through his frame. “In the name of heaven, captain,” said I, “what is the matter that you shake so, are you taken suddenly ill?” “Thank you, thank you, Sir,” he answered, “I am well—in perfect health—but I have a feeling here,” and he pressed his hand to his heart, “which you cannot understand, and the cause of which you would only laugh at, were I to tell it you.” “I do not think I should,” returned I: “this is no time for merriment; if the ship is in hazard, our danger is mutual, and I see nothing laughable in the idea of our going to the bottom.” “No,” he replied, “you mistake me, there is no fear of that, and if there were a risk, our danger is *not* mutual. The gale will now take off, and as far as timber and iron goes we have as staunch a sea-boat under us as ever stemmed salt-water; she will make better weather in a gale of wind than any seventy-four in the navy; she is well found above and below, and my crew are every one of them as true bred seamen as ever rove reef points through grimits. We are as safe as hearts of oak, in every sense of the phrase, can make us. No, Sir, that is not what troubles me. I now know but too well that I am a doomed man—I feel that my fate is sealed, and it is that fearful certainty which, with a weight like our best bower-anchor, presses on my soul, paralyzes all my faculties, and renders existence a curse instead of a blessing. I see that you think me raving under the influence of a distempered imagination. At one period of my life I was as incredulous as you, but woeful experience has since taught me otherwise. I will explain myself more at large; but I must now go on deck till these squalls blow over, for nothing encourages seamen so

much as seeing their commander vigilant in his duty; besides, were I known to be a doomed man, not a single hand would trust himself in the ship with me. I must, therefore, beware of giving them further cause to conjecture the reason of my abrupt retreat.”

So saying, he left me: and, finding all desire for sleep completely banished, I sat ruminating on the perversity of human nature—on the various means man falls on to embitter the brief tenure of his life, bringing imaginary evils and miseries in aid of those which we all too truly experience as the concomitants of our existence.

After a while the captain came below again; the gale had abated, and there was no immediate necessity for his remaining on deck. “And now, Sir,” said he, “if you feel no inclination for bed, and are willing to lend me your attention, I will recount a few of the leading incidents of my life, which will show you that a mariner’s superstition has nought to do with the affair:”

I was sent to sea at an early age, and bound cabin-boy to a barque belonging to S—, a small seaport village in Ayrshire. I had for my fellow-apprentice a boy nearly of my own age, and my most intimate companion, called George Cuthbertson. Our parents were next door neighbours, and in habits of great friendship. We had been at school together—shared in the same amusements—had fought each others battles—and now felt happy that we were to acquire our nautical knowledge unseparated. We served our time faithfully; and when it expired, made several voyages to different ports of America and the West-Indies. I was shortly afterwards made mate of the vessel, and we were on our passage to Smyrna, when we were captured by a French privateer off the Land’s end, and carried into Port Louis. Unfortunately for us, this happened at the period when Buonaparte permitted no exchange of prisoners between the two nations: we were, therefore, marched far into the interior along with several ships’ companies, and confined in the fortress of Breal. I will not take up your attention by a recital of the hardships



we endured during the five years of our imprisonment. Our treatment was more like that of brutes than of one Christian nation towards another; but Cuthbertson and I weathered through it, and that was more than hundreds of our fellow-captives did. Twice we made our escape, but were recaptured both times, treated with additional rigour, and threatened with instant death if we made the attempt again. Nevertheless, we tried it once more, with the resolution either to regain our freedom or perish. After months of cautious and unremitting labour, we succeeded in undermining the corner of our stone floor, and bored a passage through the wall at the bottom of the building. This outlet took us clear of the centinels, but still we had a descent of more than twenty feet over the face of the rock to overcome. There were eleven of us confined in the same dungeon, and most part of these were our own crew. We set all hands to work; soon cut up our blankets into stripes, and formed a sort of rope by which we were to lower ourselves down. We all landed safe except our captain, who was a heavy man, and on that account agreed to be the last; he was not so fortunate. He had hardly descended half way, when his weight proved too great for the frail tackling; it broke, and he was precipitated to the bottom. No time was now to be lost—the noise of his fall would probably alarm the soldier on duty, and the guard would be down on us in the turning of a capstan-bar. We all, therefore, separated; each taking a different course, the better to elude pursuit, and every one shifting for himself the best way he could. George and I were just darting off, when the faint voice of Green the captain arrested our steps. “Jack,” said he, “and you Cuthbertson, will ye both sheer off like land-lubbers, and leave your old master and townsman aground here without ever lending a-hand to tow him off a lee-shore?” We were not proof against this appeal. Both of us esteemed him; and though we were in a manner giving up our only chance for escape, we had not the heart to leave him to die, without contributing what we could to his assistance. We tried to raise him on his feet, but in vain—he

had broken his right leg below the knee, and could not move a step. What was now to be done?—every moment was precious—there was nothing for it but to get him on my back, which we did, and I fled as fast as the weight of my burden would allow me. Taking spell and spell about, we travelled till day-breaking warned us to seek some place of concealment. We accordingly lay down in the middle of a large turnip field, and covered ourselves with the leaves as much as possible. When twilight came on, we again took up our charge, marched all night, and in the morning, found ourselves in a lonely little dell, over arched with trees and bushes, and with a small stream of water flowing through the midst.

I now found that our poor Captain had not much longer to endure his sufferings—his limb had swelled to a fearful size, with the bone protruding several inches; it was prodigiously inflamed, and mortification had already taken place. “God bless you both, my good lads!” he murmured, as we laid him in a sort of recess under the bank, “God in heaven bless you! you have acted the part of sons towards me, and what I would have done by you had you been stranded in a strange land. I feel that my last yarn’s spun out, and my glass run down—only I should have liked better to have been laid under hatches in my own country, and along-side of my own kith and kin. But there’s no help for it! The old hull must break up somewhere, and it’s all one whether she lies stranded ashore, or founders under the deep-sea waves. Tell them all about my mishap at home, if ever you reach it; and bid Will be kind to his poor mother and the little ones—and now give me a drop of that pure water to quench my burning thirst—fare ye well once more, and the blessing of heaven go with you!” He died in the course of the afternoon; in the evening we dug his grave by the margin of the stream—laid him in—and departed on our way. We travelled eight nights in the same manner, avoiding every habitation, and living on such wild berries and field roots as we could gather, till the ninth, when we reached St. Malo just as day was beginning

to dawn. We proceeded directly for the harbour, where seeing a fishing-boat lying afloat with her nets on board, we jumped in—sang a French sea-song to deceive the sentinel while we pulled past the batteries—trimmed our sails to the wind, and stood out to sea.

Our good fortune still accompanied us; the wind held fair, and the next day we were picked up by the *Huntingdon* West Indiaman, bound for Savannah-la-mer; the Captain of which purchased our boat, and gladly received us on board.

On our arrival at port, we found the bloody flux raging with such violence, that, during the time we were discharging the vessel, we buried the mate and two thirds of our crew. Upon this the Captain offered me the berth, with orders to carry the ship round to Mondego-bay, and take in the produce of two estates there belonging to the owners. Cuthbertson had also got charge of a schooner for Clyde, which had lost her master, and he accompanied me round, as she was lying there too. The evening previous to his sailing, he came on board the *Huntingdon*, that we might spend one night together before we separated. It was one of the loveliest evenings I ever beheld. The sun had set behind the Blue Mountains, but the reflection of his parting rays still tinged with purple and gold the edges of the few light clouds which floated round their summit. A gentle land-breeze had sprung up, insufficient to ripple the smooth surface of the water, but capable of diffusing a refreshing coolness through our frames, wearied and exhausted by the day's labour. All our hands were ashore at one of the plantations, for the ship was anchored up a narrow creek; and the balmy fragrance of plants and flowers uniting with the solitude of the scene, shed a soothing influence over us. Insensibly I fell into a train of melancholy musing. My mind wandered to the home I had been so long absent from. The dear friends I had left there—were they still in existence, and did they recal thoughts of their wandering sailor? We talked over our early days—of our scattered school-fellows—of our boyish adventures—of our more recent perils—and now of our parting.

"I wish I could persuade you, Jack," said my companion, "to give up your birth here, and go home with me. One of your late crew told me that this ship would never see Old England again, for all the rats had forsaken her; and you know as well as any of us, that it is a sure sign the ending of the vessel is not far distant when they leave her." "Well, let them go," returned I, "and a fair wind to their tails! I care not though I never see a whisker of them again, we shall get the more beef and biscuit for ourselves in that case. I know it's a common superstition among seamen, but do you think I am such a swab as to believe that a parcel of vermin can foretell a vessel's fate? No, no, I have engaged to go the voyage, and, if that's all, I'll—" "Aye, but hearken to me," interrupted he, "that's not all." Many years ago, this ship left Nata, in the bay of Panama, with a quantity of specie for the merchants in London. They had not been long at sea when the mate and crew agreed to kill the captain, share the money, and turn pirates. He was accordingly attacked when he came on deck, but being a stout man he resisted, until, weakened by loss of blood, he retreated to the bows, where he was overpowered, murdered, and thrown overboard. The villains kept these seas in terror for some time; but at last, decoyed by a disguised sloop of war, which they mistook for a merchantman, they were captured, and the mate and five men run up to the fore-yard arm. Ever since that, the captain's ghost haunts the vessel, but is never seen except to foretell some disaster, either to the ship or crew. The sailor who told me saw him that night we arrived at Savannah; and has not the prediction been fulfilled in the death of our men?" I could not forbear laughing at the conclusion of this story, to his great annoyance, for he gave implicit credit to such tales. I declared my total unbelief of supernatural appearances, and tried to argue him out of his faith in them, but to no purpose; he remained firm and fast. We had much discussion on the subject, by which neither of us was convinced; so, getting fairly tired of the topic, I proposed taking supper and turning in. I do not know how



long I had slept, when I was roused by Cuthbertson shaking me violently, and exclaiming, "Rise, Jack, for God sake, rise, I have seen him!" I immediately started up; "Seen what," inquired I, "what have you seen?" but the poor fellow was in no condition to reply—he had become insensible. I lifted him up, and carried him on deck, where, by the application of a little water, he soon recovered.

"After turning in," said he, "I lay thinking on what we had been conversing about, till I worked myself up to such a state that I could not fall asleep. I tried repeatedly to banish it from my mind, but in spite of all my efforts to get rid of it, it still recurred. After tossing about for some hours, I got so heated that I could lie no longer, so I thought I would rise, and take a turn fore and aft to cool myself, and see how the night looked. The moon was dim and hazy, and her light much obscured by clouds driving with great swiftness across her surface. The wind was all a-peak—for the fly of the vane at the mast-head was motionless and drooping. Not a leaf rustled on the trees; and I almost fancied I heard the rushing of the clouds as they hurried over my head. I never felt myself so impressed with the awful stillness of nature. I walked a good while to and fro, and then stopt and leaned over the bulwarks at the waist to watch the progress of the carries, wondering why they flew so rapidly above, when it was such a dead calm below. While thus engaged I chanced to turn my head, and thought I saw something white standing behind me. I started, and rubbed my eyes to ascertain if I saw distinctly, for I had walked the length of the deck only a few minutes before, and knew that our men had not yet returned. The story of the captain haunting the vessel now flashed across my mind, and the idea that I stood in the presence of an unearthly being created a feeling I cannot describe—my heart leaped to my mouth at the conviction, and a cold shivering thrilled through my body. I tried to shut out the vision, but my eyes were fascinated by some spell against which I had no power of resistance. As I continued to gaze it gradually became

brighter and more defined, until I distinguished a human face, wan and ghastly—its eyes, lustreless and fixed, as those in the sockets of a dead man; and gore streaming from a wound over its temple. I shuddered with horror at the sight, my knees bent beneath me, and I was on the point of sinking down, when, rallying all my fortitude, with an effort of desperation I threw myself forward and attempted to seize it—but nothing met my grasp. Panting and breathless, a cold perspiration bursting through every pore, and with a feeling as if the scalp of my head was shrinking to nothing, I stopt and again looked on it. It stood without motion with its dull and lifeless eyes still riveted upon me. I could endure their gaze no longer—I felt my brain maddening with terror: driven to frenzy, I again darted forward, and tried to grapple with it; but without any sensible motion it receded as I advanced, and, the moon suddenly becoming obscure, it vanished from my sight on the fore-castle. A faintness came over me—I thought the ship whirling round—I staggered to the companion, but how I got down to the cabin I know not." He ceased, and the agitation of his frame showed how deeply he was impressed with the reality of the apparition. I again ridiculed the notion of its having been a spirit, but rather some phantasy of the brain—a form conjured up by the force of an over-wrought imagination; and, perhaps, a particular reflection of moonlight might perfect the delusion: and I ended by swearing I would not trust the evidence of my senses, although my father should rise from the grave and present himself before me. "Well, Jack," he returned, "I'll argue the matter no more. I don't pretend to guess at the purport of its visit—no trifle would occasion its becoming visible to human eyes; but this I know, that all the powers on earth cannot shake my conviction of its reality, or prove it a mere delusion of sight. We are now about to part, perhaps for ever; and if so, and I am permitted, I promise to be thrice visible to you before your death, if you are left in this world behind me." I laughed, and swore I should be glad to see him—that I should deem myself se-

cure till the last visit; and moreover, that I did not value all the rats and ghosts on earth a rotten rope-yarn. Here we ended. The boats came off with our men, we all went to help the schooner into the bay, bade him farewell as he got under-way, and returned to our ship.

A few weeks afterwards we loaded, and left Savannah; and falling in with a Halifax brig, we were informed that war had been declared against the United States, whose privateers were swarming in all directions. One morning at day break we discovered a small cutter to windward; she was on the contrary tack, but in place of holding on her straight course, she kept yawing, and sheering, and gradually bearing down on us under English colours, and her foresail unset. Our men pronounced her to be American built, and seemingly a Charleston pilot-boat; but the Captain, on the contrary, thought her one of the mail-carriers which ply between the islands, and shortened sail to send a boat on board to get the news. The jolly-boat was therefore prepared; but by way of precaution we cast loose our guns and prepared for engaging. As she neared us we could see but few men on board, which, with their manner of manœuvring, gave her such a suspicious appearance, that I proposed to fire a gun and bring her to: for at arm's length I knew our heavy metal was capable of blowing her out of the water; but if she got under our guns she might easily carry us by boarding. The Captain still hesitated, and desired me to have patience, but he had scarcely pronounced the words when a gust of wind blew aside the corner of the foresail, and disclosed the muzzle of a long swivel pointing out. There was no room for hesitation now—so I seized a trumpet, and desired them to haul their wind, or else we would fire into them. "Fire, and be damned," was the reply.

The sail was cast off, and the contents of the swivel, with a shower of small arms, poured on us. We returned the broadside; but it was now too late to do any service, for she was so close, and so much under us, that our shot went clean over them. We had not time to exchange another ere she was laid athwart our bows,

and boarding us by the bowsprit. I now left the gun I had been working, and called out for our men to stand fast; but instead of obeying, they ran below for safety, with the Captain at their head, leaving me alone on deck, and the colours flying. I saw there was nothing more to be done, so throwing away my cutlass, I was following their example, and had my back to the companion in the act of descending, when I was surrounded, and ordered to stand. I cried out, that surely they wouldn't kill an unarmed man. "Then, why don't you haul down your colours?" replied one of the fellows, and fired his pistol right in my face. I gave my head a sudden jerk to one side, by which means the ball only grazed my teeth and went through my cheek, while both eyes were scorched and driven full of powder from the closeness of the discharge. I was knocked over, and fairly thought I was shot through the head; but in a little time I recovered, and finding the blood flowing from my mouth and cheek, I groped my way down the ladder, where, getting hold of a sail, I scraped off some tow, thrust it into the wound, and bound it round with a handkerchief. I next extended my search for my chest, out of which I took all my money, hid it about me, and lay down in my bed.

I remained undisturbed for an hour, brooding over the disasters such a short time had brought about, when I heard some one enter the cabin, and recognized the voice of the Captain. "We have run ourselves into a fine mess, Gilkison," said he; "instead of our captors being Americans, I mistake much if they don't turn out a set of sea-sharks. They have been overhauling my papers above, and swear that there is money on board, and they threaten to make us walk the plank if it's not instantly delivered up. God only knows what I am to do! I brought out some gold privately on account of my owners, which I left at Savannah, but, like a cursed idiot, I neglected to burn my private instructions. They have lost two men by our fire, and that makes them like so many devils, which, upon my soul, I believe they are, for I never saw such a set of cut-throat looking villains of all colours between the gunnels of a vessel." "You may



thank yourself for the loss of your ship," returned I; "but I can guess, if she had'nt been fully covered she would'nt have been given up so easily. However, you know your own course best—as for me, I am done for already; and it's all one whether I'm hove overboard a few hours sooner or later." We were here cut short by a rough voice ordering us on deck. Knowing there was no use in refusing, I rose, groped my way up, and stood holding by the companion-door.

"Well, my lads," said the same person whom I supposed to be the Captain of the pirates, "have you agreed to find the Spanish for us, or must we knock about for it ourselves?" "I told you before," replied the Captain, "that there was no gold on board, we left it—" "None of your infernal lies!" interrupted the other; "do not your own papers tell us to the contrary, and do you take us for such cursed fools, as to be gulled, like a parcel of land swabs, with a long-spun yarn? No, no, the devil a skulking I'll allow of in this ship!—It doesn't signify arguing the flash of a flint,—overhaul your secret stowing holes and bowse out the dust, or, by —, I'll make you walk the plank in the turning of an hour-glass." "I know I am completely in your power," returned the Captain, "to do with me as you will; but again I declare my utter inability to comply with your demands, since, to my knowledge, there is no gold on board; but I am willing to give you a bill to any reasonable amount on the house in Savannah, for the ransom of the ship and cargo." "And how the hell is it to be paid?" rejoined the pirate; "do you think we'll let you go ashore to send a cruiser on us? or land and be kidnapped ourselves? Never think of that!—The devil a ransom you would offer to pay, if there was nothing in her; so, once for all, either bear a hand and turn out the clink, or take yourself over the side. What! you won't start then? we'll soon try that—hallo! Martinique, run out that plank there over the lee-gunnel, and balance it fair." The command was speedily executed, and the Captain was again desired to go forward, but instead of so doing the poor man supplicated the more earnestly for

his life. But he appealed to wretches devoid of feeling. Some of the pirates then laid hold of him to drag him to the plank. A trampling of feet ensued—a struggling and shuffling along the deck as if he was violently forced on, while he strove, with all the strength of desperation to retard the fulfilment of his doom; all the time praying for his life in a voice of agony I shall never forget. "Stop the cowardly fellow's muzzle with the end of that marlin-spike, and belay his jaw!" roared out the commander,—“sink me but you are a parcel of useless, good-for-nothing niggers, without the pith of a louse, to let him hold on by those mainshrouds so long!—By — I believe he'll master every soul of ye—take him over the fingers with a cutlass, and make him let go that clutch of his—that's it—there now, run him out on the plank—that's sea—away with him!"

A heavy splash in the water told me that the unhappy man was indeed overboard. One long and piercing shriek, uttered as the stern of the vessel passed him when he rose to the surface, thrilled through every nerve of my heart. The ship was going fast through the water—his cries waxed fainter and fainter on the breeze—and at length ceased altogether.

Knowing it to be my turn next, I braced up my heart as well as I could, and prepared for my fate.

"Well, my young spark," said the pirate, addressing me, "what say you to it? are you going to be reasonable, and give up the gold; or are you ready to take a trip to Davy Jones's locker in the wake of your Captain? You see there is no use in shamming here." "You forget," said another voice, "that he didn't see the fun at all. I doused his glims with the flash of my cracker, when I thought I had sent the slugs through his lubberly brains. I can do that yet!—But in the mean time, since I've darkened his daylights, it is but fair I set them to rights again. Hand here that cutlass of yours, Martinique, and I'll give him a touch of it over the lids; I'll be bound I'll soon let in the light, and doctor him to his heart's content." With a shudder, I stood expecting to feel the sharp edge of the weapon

drawn across my eyes, when their Captain interfered. "Avast a bit, Derrick! let the poor devil's blinkers alone while he tells us where the shiners are to be got." I now related the circumstance of my having been picked up at sea; that I had been made mate in Savannah, and could know nothing about the gold. I tried to convince them that only a madman would risk his life to secrete property from which he could reap no benefit. But I might have saved my pains; I was no more believed than the Captain had been. "It's all a fair-weather story," said the pirate, "all blarney—but it won't go down! I see we are to get nothing by listening to your palavers. Walking the plank's a d——d deal too good—we'll have to go on another tack with you, my spanker, to bring you by the wind. Here, Cuba, and you, Juan, cast a single hitch round his head with that line, make one end fast to the mast, and heave the other tight with the capstan; we'll soon give him a close-fitting cap to make a clear breast in!" The negroes accordingly approached and laid hands on me to lead me forward, when just at that critical juncture, the man at the mast-head sang out, "A sail to leeward!" I was released and ordered below again, the crew were dispersed to rig out the studding-sails and clear for action, and in a short time I felt from the motion of the ship that she was flying under a press of canvas.

In a state of no small anxiety, hoping that the chase might prove a cruiser, I waited for hours, listening to every thing that could indicate what was going on. The bustle above had subsided, from which I inferred that the men were at their quarters; and I heard nothing but the steps of their commander as he paced fore and aft, conning to the steersman. At length a bow-chaser was fired: after a brief interval it was again repeated, and quickly answered with three cheers and a broadside. How my heart beat with joy at the sound! All was now bustle and confusion. Broadside after broadside was exchanged with fatal effect among the pirates; the closeness and precision of whose fire by no means equalled that of their adversaries. But to me the groans of

their wounded was delightful music; and the crush of the balls, as they tore through the side of the vessel, filled me with ecstasy. The conflict continued with unabated fury; for the pirates, aware of their fate if taken, fought with all the desperate resolution of men reckless of death, till, receiving a tremendous broadside that made the ship almost heel gunnel-in, a terrible crash took place above, and the cheering of her opponent made me suppose that one of our masts was carried away. Our firing now became slack, and soon ceased altogether. Still, however, the uproar continued on deck—the hurried tramp of feet running here and there—the clamour of tongues—the bawling forth of commands which seemed unheeded, intermingled with horrible oaths and imprecations. At length, all this disturbance ceased at once, and I heard the stroke of oars alongside.

I now supposed that the pirates had surrendered, and that the other party were taking possession. I waited for some time, surprised that no person came below, till I thought I felt the cabin filling with smoke. All at once a horrible suspicion rushed across me, that the ship was on fire, and deserted by the crew; and that I was left, alone and helpless, to be devoured by the flames. Overcome with the utter hopelessness of my situation, I staggered against the side—my brain quite bewildered, and my heart swelling almost to suffocation. In a few minutes I again became capable of reflection—a hope that I might yet be perceived, and rescued by the other vessel, darted like a ray of light through my mind. I started up, and hurried on deck as fast as my blindness would permit—I inquired aloud if any person was on board—but the groans of some dying wretch alone answered to my demand. I tried to run forward to the main-deck, but the wreck of the fallen masts completely blocked up the way. I therefore retraced my steps, climbed to the highest part of the prostrate spar—waved a small fragment of a sail over my head by way of a signal, and shouted with my whole force. Again and again I repeated my cry, listening between whiles with breath-



less attention for the blessed sound of a human voice returning my cheer ; but all was silence, save the audible pulsation of my own heart—the fearful roaring and crackling of the flames—and the sputtering, hissing sound of the blazing tar. The ship had now swung round with her head to the wind, and the excessive heat of the smoke warned me that the fire had gained the quarter-deck and was swiftly approaching : to retain my situation was no longer practicable—nothing remained for me but to trust myself to the waves before it reached the powder-room. Without reflecting that I was only avoiding death for a few moments longer, and had no chance of ultimately escaping, I jumped down on deck—searched for a rope—tied it round a hen-coop, and lowered it into the water. I then slid down on the top of it—undid the line, and with my breast on the raft, and my legs in the water, propelled it from the vessel. In this half-swimming fashion I urged it forward with all my might for a considerable time, till I heard the ship blow up. I now stopped to take breath, for my overwrought strength began to fail me. Several times I lost the coop, which I regained, after much labour and swimming about, only to be washed from it again. These repeated plunges were fast diminishing my little remaining strength—my grasp was becoming more and more feeble. The instinctive desire for preserving life which had led me to make such powerful exertions was now leaving me. I grew indifferent as to my fate—I cared not whether I lived or died. A languor, a listlessness, took possession of both mind and body. A sensation of drowsiness gently stole over me—I felt no pain—my only desire was to obtain sleep, and I was on the point of resigning myself to its influence, when the halloo of voices smote on my ear. Like a touch of electricity I felt a renewed vigour shoot through every nerve ; again I strove, and clung more firmly to the coop, and returned the shout with all my remaining voice. But the momentary ebullition was gone—nature was totally exhausted—I could bear up no longer—I ceased to struggle. Again the waters flowed

round my mouth—gurgled in my throat—closed over my head—I was conscious of gradually going down—when, all of a sudden, something grasped me by the hair, and gave me a violent pull to the surface.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself surrounded by several people, who informed me that I was on board his Majesty's gun-brig, *Snarler*, whose boats had captured the pirates after their desertion of the ship, and on their return had observed and picked me up. Under the hands of their surgeon I soon recovered my sight, and, by the time we arrived at Halifax, I was as well as ever.

On my return home, I found Cuthbertson had sailed just before I arrived, and though we had both of us Clyde ships, we never had the fortune to be in at the same time ; so we never met again.

It will now be eight years this season, since I got command of the *Severn*. I joined convoy at Cork, for North America, and sailed in company with a large fleet. We had baffling head-winds the whole passage, but we beat on till within a few days' sail of Cape Breton, when it came on to blow the hardest gale I ever reefed canvas in. The fleet was all scattered here and there, like a flock of wild geese, making the best they could of it. It was a fearful night—as black as pitch, and rendered more appalling by tremendous flashes of lightning at short intervals. I have weathered many a storm, but lightning so vivid and lengthened I never witnessed. The mate and half of the crew had turned-in for the second watch ; I had, therefore, the charge on deck, and was scudding the ship under a close-reefed foresail, keeping a look-out on a light shown by some vessel close under our lee-bow, when, all at once, it gave a deep lurch to larboard, and disappeared. Whatever she was, I instantly knew that she must have broached-to, capsized, and was probably foundering ; I therefore called to the man at the helm to haul his wind on the starboard tack, and keep clear of the wreck. This we had hardly accomplished, when a sheet of fire showed me a ship on her beam-ends, right under our lee-quarter. Every thing had been

washed off her decks, with the exception of one solitary figure who stood holding on by the weather rails. He looked up to our stern lantern, as we rushed past him, almost to touching. The light fell, full and strong, on his upraised face, and uncovered head, and, to my grief and horror, I recognized the countenance of poor George Cuthbertson. Instinctively I threw myself half over the quarter-gallery—stretched forth my hands to snatch him from his perilous situation, and loudly called out his name. I make no doubt that he heard, and knew the voice of his old friend, for he gave a faint reply; too faint, indeed, for me to distinguish the words; but as a token of his recognition he opened his arms, as if to embrace me, waved his hand, and pointed homeward. I understood the signal—I essayed to countersign, but the vessel was again sweeping before the wind—and we left him to his fate. One minute afterwards, another flash showed me her main topmast-head disappearing amidst the foam of a tremendous breaker.

It was now that his last promise in Mondego Bay, so long forgot, recurred to my recollection. I pondered it over in my mind, and tried, as I had done then, to slight and laugh it past. I fancied I had reasoned myself out of my apprehensions, but a lurking tremor at bottom made me fear that the calm was only on the surface.

The whole fleet, after the gale, made their destination in safety, but the old Lion of Port Glasgow never cast up.

Time passed on, till that very day twelvemonth—when in such another gale, and at the self same hour, I again saw the Lion founder. But the vision was only disclosed to my eyes. That voyage I lost the *Severn*; she sprang a leak at sea, we left her with seven feet water in her hold, and just cleared her before she went down. I saw the same vision again, after the lapse of three years, and I was then wrecked on the coast of Holland. Now, for the last time, I have seen it this night.

I have long felt the withering touch of the finger of fate, but now the whole weight of its hand is on me. My existence has drawn to its

final close, for I dare no longer disbelieve the warning. And better it is to die at once, than live thus in the continual fear of death. That which to others is enjoyment of life, is to me only a source of misery: surrounded by their families and kindred, they look through the vista of future years, and only see happiness waving them forward on their journey—but, sleeping or waking, in light or darkness, the vision of the foundering ship has never been from before my eyes. Oh, Sir! pray that you may never feel the curse of being a doomed man—to have the book of fate, as it were, laid open to you. From the careless, light-hearted, rattling sailor, what a miserable transition to the gloomy, melancholy, wretched being that I now am. And yet at times I have roused myself to shake off these feelings, and, with the rich man in the parable, have said “Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;” but the response rang in mine ear, with a voice like thunder, “Thou fool, this very night shall thy soul be required of thee!”

Here we were interrupted by the boatswain piping up the morning watch. The captain started to his feet, and went on deck to relieve the mate, while I again retreated to bed, and fell asleep, musing over the strangeness of the narrative.

When I ascended the deck next morning, I found a ship lying becalmed at a little distance from us, and Miss B— examining her, with great delight, through a spyglass, full of conjectures as to her name and destination. The wind had died quite away, the sea was like a vast mirror all round us, and nothing remained to indicate the preceding night's storm. The vivifying influence of the morning sun and clear atmosphere raised all our spirits, and Gilkison even appeared in some degree cheerful. While we loitered about, giving our several opinions of the strangers, we saw them lower their boat, row for our ship, and, in a short time, come along side. They proved acquaintances of the captain, and of Miss B—, homeward bound, and we welcomed them on board with pleasure. In the course of conversation, they expressed their re-



gret at not knowing us sooner, or they would have brought a present of half a turtle to the cabin, and some fruit for Miss B——; but by way of making up for our loss, they proposed our accompanying them back to the John Campbell, to dine with their female passengers, and return in the evening. Miss B—— was all joy at the proposal; she had never eat turtle—and it was long since she had tasted West India fruits; besides, it would be such a delightful novelty to pay a dinner visit in the middle of the ocean. I declined the invitation, and went below to write letters home. On my return with my packet, I found the captain trying to persuade her to give up the thoughts of going, as it was dangerous to be in a small boat on the western ocean, if the wind or sea suddenly rose. But the lady could see none in the calmness and serenity of the day; she had crossed over to Roseneath many times when the sea was rough, without alarm, and never met with an accident. In short, her heart was set upon it, and go she would, even though it were in the stranger's boat, if he was so much afraid. This was out of the question—she had been particularly recommended to his care, and, seeing her so positive, he gave up farther opposition. The jolly-boat was lowered and manned—Miss B—— handed down—the captain took his seat at the helm, and the

bow-*oar* pushing off, they pulled from the vessel.

During the day the ships had drifted to a considerable distance from each other, but as the evening set in, a smart breeze sprung up, accompanied with a haze; however, we could distinguish our boat leave the John Campbell, who fired a parting salute, and then setting all her canvas, bore away before the wind. We also got under-way, and with easy sail stood on in the direction of the boat. The time passed in which we expected to fall in with her, but still she did not make her appearance. Becoming rather uneasy, I proposed to heave the vessel to, lest we should pass them in the dark, and to show lights; for the fog had become so dense that we could not see the length of the ship before us.

This was instantly done; and guns fired to direct them in case they might not perceive our lights. Hour after hour we passed in this manner, in a state of terrible anxiety and alarm. Daylight at length began to break—the fog had cleared away, and the mate ran up to the topmast-head with the glass, to have a better survey all round. The ship was also got under-way again, and we cruized about the whole day in all directions. But our search was fruitless. In due time the *Susannah* arrived safe at Barbadoes—but the boat and her crew were never more heard of.

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#### REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE season is at last over. The professors (who can afford it) are flying to disport themselves at watering places, or to the Continent, to gather the novelties of science, and prepare for the drain of another winter. Mr. Moscheles makes the tour of the great cities of Germany. Mr. Kalkbrenner is gone to his annual *sejour* in France, and Madame Camporese has left England, and the profession probably for ever, to enjoy the solace, and superintend the education, of her children in Rome. May every good go with her, for she is a fine gentlewoman, as well as a fine singer,—a model of fine taste; and

she is now to enjoy the reward of a life of industry. Catalani, on the contrary, has again taken to her triumphal car, which is to convey her through the provincial meetings, after her return from Dublin, where she is at present. One hundred guineas for each morning or evening performance, are the easy terms at which this empress of the vocal tribe, it is said, assists at these grand assemblages of talent. At Birmingham she certainly sings, and at York, and should she arrive in time she will be at Gloucester. The Liverpool committee have not yet announced their decision. It is believed

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Madame Catalani will remain in England some time. Nothing, it is to be presumed, but herself would exclude her from the King's Theatre.

We have now, therefore, leisure to look back, and though we trust our reports have conveyed an adequate idea of the progress of music, in the details we have given from time to time to the public, still it may not be superfluous to bring into one comprehensive view the general and permanent effects of the progression. That there will ever be continual changes in the channels through which art diffuses itself, is assured to us by the rise of genius in different countries, and by the revolutions in opinions and manners which these possessors of extraordinary talents effectuate. The very excess of cultivation leads to new modifications, for where art is brought to high perfection, taste becomes fastidious, the world refuses to lend its attention to any but the finest models and the finest productions, and hence a degree of natural organic endowment and of enthusiasm and labour in acquirement is implied, which few enjoy, and which few can sustain. Hence too the remuneration required by those who do reach the point of adequate excellence becomes so exorbitantly great, as to be capable of satisfaction only from the united contributions of large numbers; and here again we perceive how perfection carries in itself the seeds of its own disorder if not dissolution. All these phenomena are, as it seems to us, visibly apparent in the progress music has made and is making in England, though it is very difficult, not to say impossible, to say how the elements will resolve or combine themselves.

The art at present appears to be spreading, at least as much through private enjoyment as through public demonstrations of its power, which we attribute to the vast abilities required to sustain the public profession operating through expense to diminish the earnestness of people in general to attend public concerts, at the same time that the vast rewards which some artists enjoy are continually encouraging new competitors to engage in the contest for affluence and fame. To these causes we trace the fall of established periodical con-

certs, and the rise of the numberless benefits which occupy the months from April to August inclusive. This year has witnessed the abandonment of the Vocal (since 1793 the most fashionable of all concerts) and the suspension of the City Amateur Concerts, while the benefits of individuals were never so frequent. Indeed, the nights have not been many enough, for some of the profession were obliged to occupy the mornings with music. Now as gratuitous admissions to the single concerts are much more easily obtained, from the necessity every one feels of having at all events a full room and making connections (often the principal object of a benefit), it follows that there will be numbers who prefer risking the chance of procuring access upon such terms, to the certain and heavy expense of subscribing to a set. Presuming a family of four persons to subscribe to six concerts, it must entail an expense of at least from 15*l.* to 20*l.*, a consideration too heavy, with a great proportion of those who love music, to be expended by any considerable numbers. Indeed this operates even more forcibly upon those whom we may term the floating or disengaged body of amateurs, when it is recollected that the Ancient and the Philharmonic Concerts, which are supported *ex necessitate rei*, as it were, by the nobility on the one hand and the profession on the other, carry off from one thousand to thirteen hundred subscribers. The oratorios, therefore, and the single concerts, both from the abundance of gratuitous tickets distributed, and from the opportunities of an expenditure adjusted at the pleasure and according to the occasions of the individual, are become, strictly speaking, the most frequent and general musical resorts of the public at large.

The Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts have both been sustained as usual. The one is almost literally unchangeable in every part of its organization. The same directors, the same conductors, the same band, the same music, and the same audience from year to year. The only wonder is, that all this sameness does not weary the fashionable world, whom novelty alone commonly attracts. But the truth is, that many of the subscribers have grown old in



their attendance upon the rehearsal and the concerts at Hanover-square, which, like the Baron Thunder-tronkth's castle to his household, is with them the best of all possible concerts, and they lead their children along in the same path; added to which, no objection can be raised against the performances, but this single word *sameness*. The Philharmonic has relaxed a good deal from its pristine regulation, the performance of instrumental music. In this respect, though the institution was founded upon the very principle, the directors fear the effect of want of variety, and more vocal music is introduced, as a necessary relief. In other respects, the concert retains its extraordinary perfection.\*

The rapid growth of foreign music, and the universal reception and ascendancy of foreign professors in England, have at length originated a very earnest desire on the part of our native musicians to make some stand against the inroads of these polished and powerful invaders. The King himself has shown his desire to encourage the domestic cultivation of art, by giving concerts at which the entire performance was English music by English singers. The Concertos Society, as we have before related, began a series of three concerts for the promotion of the same object. In the infancy of such an undertaking much ought not to be expected—the plan of the British Concerts was exceedingly limited, and, we regret to say, the enterprize was scarcely conducted with that zeal which ought to have characterized its proceedings. Sufficient encouragement was nevertheless afforded to induce the society to announce the continuation of their efforts next year. At the oratorios M. Bochsa, the proprietor, yielded to the growing feeling, by abridging the quantity of foreign selection and the number of foreigners engaged—thus acknowledging the tendency in the public mind towards the hope of giving birth to a national school worthy of the country. These facts are indications of a sense of shame as to the supremacy of our continental competitors, or rather instructors;

and although at present the effects are inconsiderable, there is yet something done in having awakened the emulation to engage in the defence of national character. If the object be patiently pursued, and patiently supported, there is sufficient proof in the records of eminent English talent that it will not be pursued in vain. In spite of all that has been said concerning the effects of climate and national aptitude, England has produced, under all discouragements, both singers and instrumentalists, quite equal to any of Continental growth. In the mean while, the establishment of a national academy ought to lay the foundation of a national school, and it will do so if it be properly conducted. Of this, indeed, there is at present no great hope; but the noble committee may possibly be taught to correct their manifest and manifold errors, by the neglect into which the institution must otherwise fall, and which they already, as it appears by their report, begin to anticipate. Nothing can be more absurd than the delegation of so much power to foreigners and so little to the English profession, whose efforts must uphold, and whose interests are so materially affected by, the establishment of the Royal Academy.

The Italian opera has this season seemed rather to stagnate, under its board of noble managers, in every thing except the access of company, which interest and fashion the most effectually promote. The new proprietorship is now said to be settled, and Signor Benelli, the ostensible manager, has set off for the Continent to make fresh engagements. It wants some new impulsion. Neither have the English theatres made any advance. The state of English opera is most disgraceful. Nothing can be more repugnant to true musical feeling, or to dramatic taste, than the miserable jargon of dialogue and singing that now disgraces our theatres. An attempt, however, is making through the periodical literature to awaken the country to a sense of its degradation in this particular. And here we may take occasion to notice the growing connexion between literature and the

\* The directors for next year are Messrs. F. Craner, Attwood, Neate, Dance, Mori, H. Smart and Welch.

arts, which promises well for the increasing intellectual polish of the profession. This we hold to be a most important feature in the character of the times, for nothing will so certainly remove the objections which have hitherto been brought, perhaps with too much reason, against the cultivation of music, founded on the disgraceful ignorance of too many of the profession: that stain is in a fair way to be removed, by the example of its eminent members, by the general cultivation of letters amongst men of all sciences, by the necessity for knowledge which the progress of society itself demands, and, lastly, by the direction of literary talent expressly to the development of the philosophy of musical art.

How far the range of musical composition in England keeps pace with the expectations that may reasonably be formed from the universal cultivation of the science, our readers will have had ample opportunity of judging from our reviews. It strikes us that reasonable expectation is not fulfilled—which we account for by the exhaustion of the hitherto favourite and principal object of English writers, the oratorio and glee—by the degraded state of opera—and by the demand for arrangements of foreign works diffused through the Italian opera, and for variations, in preference to original pieces of a higher stamp; together with the supremacy of great foreign players, like Kalkbrenner and Moscheles, and of the popular elegance of Latour. The quantity of music published is, however, prodigious. Nor do performers rise up in such a succession as the vast sums expended upon public and private music would seem to imply. Bartleman is yet without a successor, and there is no tenor likely to occupy Braham's place in the theatre, or Vaughan's in the orchestra. Mr. Sapio is a man of considerable talent, claiming, as it were, a middle station between these two great singers, but wanting the absolutely fixed style and perfection that should entitle him to succeed to the honours of either, though perhaps with as much popularity as any singer now enjoys. Neither has Miss Stephens nor Mrs. Salmon a rival, though the

theatres are well supplied by Miss M. Tree, Miss Paton, and Miss Povey.

If then we are able to note any striking fact—any indication of change—it is the struggle between the English and the foreign artists; and so long as that struggle is honestly and generously maintained, we rejoice in it. We would have the English musician emulate, not exclude his powerful adversaries, and if he can beat them, we shall like our country and our countrymen so much the better.

#### NEW MUSIC.

Mr. Kalkbrenner has two new publications, *Gage d'Amitié*, *Grand Rondo pour le pianoforte avec orchestre (ad libitum)*, Op. 66, and a *Rondo Villageois*, Op. 67. The first is dedicated to Mr. Moscheles, and its merit proves that Mr. Kalkbrenner has taxed his strength to make the offering worthy of himself and his friend. It is, indeed, a work of genius, combining a perfect knowledge of the powers of the instrument with sound taste, science, and judgment in the application of those powers: added to which every passage exhibits a fancy and originality we have rarely seen equalled in the best works of this highly gifted master. The *Rondo Villageois* is a piece of much less elaboration; it is light, elegant, and interesting, and somewhat in the style of Mr. Kalkbrenner's *Rondo Pastorale*, but more simple. Both compositions are entitled to very high commendation.

*A favourite Dutch song with variations for the pianoforte*, by J. N. Hummel. The subject is rather singular, but it has nothing very striking or agreeable in its melody. The variations are constructed with superior ingenuity and contrivance, and demand neat and delicate execution. Var. 8 is a *Larghetto* of beautiful expression, imagined with great elegance. The whole composition bespeaks the mind and hand of a master.

Messrs. Clementi, and Co. have published three compositions of Beethoven: *A Grand Sonata*, op. 111. *Sonata*, op. 90, and a collection of eleven little pieces in various styles, under the title of *Trifles for the pianoforte*. The first Sonata is a piece of great elaboration and difficulty. The second is less complicated, and consequently less difficult, but is full of beautiful ideas, finely and scientifically elicited. The third-named publication will, perhaps, enable the learner to form a better idea of the composer's style, than even his more celebrated works; they resemble the sketches of a painter, inasmuch as they exhibit the first ideas, and the rough outlines of more complete and more finished productions.



We are happy to perceive amongst the new music, a second and improved edition of Mr. Clementi's *variations on the Irish air, "the Sprig of Shillelah."* We never meet with any modern music which so completely unites the grandeur and beauty of simplicity with all the resources of musical learning in such perfection as do the works of this great composer. *Introduction and brilliant Rondo for two performers on the pianoforte, by J. Moscheles, op. 54.* A spirited and beautiful composition full of melody, expression, and animation.

*Grand march, with an Introduction and Rondo for the pianoforte, by J. S. Peile,* is an agreeable lesson, having much pleasing melody and variety.

Mr. Holst has printed a series of four lessons, consisting of airs with the variations. The themes are, *the Tyrolean air—Scots wha hae—Sul margine d'un rio—*and, *Le Vaillant Troubadour.* They are intended for beginners, and are of course in the easiest style.

Mr. Nicholson has published an *Introduction and six Variations for the flute on the Fall of Paris, with an ad libitum*

*accompaniment for the pianoforte.* The piece was played by the author at the Philharmonic concerts. It is calculated for performers of great execution, but Mr. Nicholson has very judiciously added a second stave, more adapted to acquirements of a lower rank than those for which he is himself so justly celebrated.

The arrangements are, *Selection 3, of Mr. Bochsa's arrangement of Pietro l'Eremita. Book I of the airs from Ricciardo and Zoraide, arranged for the pianoforte, with an accompaniment for the flute, by Mr. Latour, and Six select airs from la Donna del Lago, for the pianoforte and flute, by Mr. Sola.* The flute part is here made rather more important than in any of the selections which we have yet seen from this opera. The following airs have been selected from Rossini's operas, and arranged for the pianoforte, by Camille Pleyel, in an easy style. *All' idea di qual metallo—Una voce poco fa—Ecco ridente il cielo,* all from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia,* and part of *Amor possente nome,* from his *Armida.*

## THE DRAMA.

### THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS little theatre has been *court-*ing the public with *Sweethearts and Wives* for the last three or four weeks pretty successfully; and Liston, who generally finds "his old clothes sit easier than his new," has worn the habit of Billy Lackaday till it fits him to a T. All the points, and imperfections, and incoherencies of the character are now worn away, and Liston is as easy as an old glove in his hobby-de-hoyish sentimentality. He is not, as he always is at the commencement of a new piece, sharing himself with the public before the scenes and the prompter behind them;—but custom, having worked the matter into his memory, has given him leisure to taste the luxury of woe. And never, surely, did an alderman gloat over the verdant fat of turtle, as he cloys himself with fat sighs and unctuous tears. The latter you can fancy trickling down his cheeks, like "that old sherry of yours" down the glass;—and his sighs come up heavily laden from his heart, as though they were wound up, and lifted out by the cranes of his neck. He hangs over his book more weeping-willowish

than ever;—and when he turns that extremely full and plaintive moon of his visage—sad, yet of a harvest-hue,—it is most strangely moving! The comedy of *Sweethearts and Wives* must have been profitable to all parties;—to Mr. Kenny—to Mr. Morris—to Mr. Liston—and to the public.

There was a new farce acted one night, which made no way with the audience, though Mrs. Chatterley and Mr. Vining clubbed their little loves—and Harley and Liston clubbed their large wits, to help it on. The plot was Spanish—and the Spanish are not in luck just at this time—in spite of Liston and Sir Robert Wilson. Love and jealousy, the inseparables in Spanish plots, made up the two acts. And a more clumsy jumble of mistakes and follies we have seldom seen. The dialogue was better than that of farces in general,—and approached nearer to the dialogue of comedy than was desirable:—a farce ought to be upon "the touch and go" throughout; and its language should rush on helter skelter without halting to parry point or defend itself. Comedy has leisure, and the night before it. But

farce is short-lived—flits about the midnight hour—plays late and deep—and ought to have its quick wits about it. Liston played an old Spanish Father—frilled like a bantam,—yet a hearty old cock nevertheless. All he had to do was to abuse his tough lofty wife,—which he did in good set terms. Harley was a servant—certainly *out of place*; Mrs. Chatterley, who is an easy pleasant actress, when she keeps her voice *together*, looked rather prettily as a young Spanish lover, and had all the ease, assurance, and pettishness of ladies in that line. But we are wasting our time over a dead farce!—Readers, we forgot to tell you it was damned—and *as* a farce, deservedly, wholesomely, well damned!—There were snatches of wit, gleams of humour, which we could have wished to see spared; but as there is no damning to order,—no letting the better part turn King's evidence,—we were compelled to see the whole lost. The farce was called “Spanish Bonds,” because they rose but to fall, we presume, for we could really detect no other reason. The Waterman at the Hackney-stand, who said his name was given him because he opened the Coach-doors,—is the only person qualified to account for this damned farce having been christened after Spanish Bonds.

Simpson and Co. have opened a counting-house at this Little Theatre—and Terry is, if possible, more amusing than ever. The real city merchant,—built as he is, dressed as he is, unaffected as he is,—was never before brought on the stage. Terry is the man:—fresh out of Robson's Directory. His head is powdered as if it were used to it—his coat has no theatrical cut, no fashionable turn in collar or skirt; but there he stands—unadorned—and adorned the most. Mincing-lane in one eye; and Mark-lane in the other! The lover of theatricals that has not seen Simpson and Co. may depend upon having a pleasure in store superior to any he has already enjoyed.

#### THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

*Presumption; or the Fate of Frankenstein.*

The exertions at this theatre to give amusement to the public have been manifold and unceasing during

the month; and we are happy to be able to record a disposition on the part of the public to reward those exertions:—indeed the comfort of the house is now so increased, that untenanted boxes are not to be looked for.

A new Melodrama, founded on Mrs. Shelley's grand incoherence of a novel, called *Presumption, or the Fate of Frankenstein*, has been brought out with a success as strange and mysterious as the being which it brings before us. The audience crowd to it, hiss it, hail it, shudder at it, loath it, dream of it, and come again to it. The piece has been damned by full houses night after night, but the moment it is withdrawn, the public call it up again—and yearn to tremble once more before it. There are very few of our readers, we conjecture, who have not read the novel of *Frankenstein*,—by stealth, at night, or in some misshapen hour. To them, therefore, the image of the young Frankenstein, with his mad aspirations after knowledge, must be familiar;—to them, his long and dangerous studies, his fearful labours,—his work of creation must be known. To them also, at a thought, must rise that hideous jumbled being, which Frankenstein gives life to, and which starts at all hours and at all places upon the two terrified victims—Frankenstein and the reader. The description of the first dawn—the first tremulous motion of life, is in the novel frightfully given:—and on recurring to it, we are only surprized that any Melodramatist (the wildest going) should ever have thought of bringing it out of the charmed book to the stage—and we are astounded that such an attempt should have been attended with success. The management of this part of the novel in the drama is really the most perfect masterpiece of Melo-dramatic ingenuity that we ever in any piece or on any stage witnessed. We say this unreservedly and decidedly.

We do not think it necessary to give the plot of the drama, since we are sure we should be merely harassing the reader with a twice-told tale:—some alterations were necessarily made—but the leading features of the original work (*features which, once seen, can never be forgotten*)



are faithfully preserved. Frankenstein makes his man,—huge, formidable, and grand,—and the creature follows him throughout the world. He is at first disposed to be gentle; but the disgust which his appearance provokes, whets his dislike to man—and he becomes a demon to all connected with Frankenstein. After destroying the betrothed of his father,—and running away with a little uncle,—the creature meets Frankenstein in the Alps, and, in a conflict, is buried with the author (not Mr. Peake) under an avalanche. The frightful, awful interest of the novel is wonderfully kept up,—and we will defy any person “to keep the natural ruby of his cheeks” at that period when the red workings of the furnace are seen through a sort of window, and the labours of Frankenstein are evidenced by the intense horror of a foolish domestic who has ventured to peep at what his master is doing. Then the rush of the pale scholar from his laboratory,—astounded at the work he has achieved—and the slaty—supernatural coming of the figure itself—alive—gigantic—without a purpose! fill up the work of terror!—the appearance of this creature at all times is mysterious and terrific!—and though we feel the extravagance of the creation throughout, we cannot but acknowledge that the author has, in our love for the marvellous, “fooled us to the top of our bent.”

Something has been said of the impropriety of the production;—and one paper has hinted, with a singular critical sagacity, at the impiety of the drama and novel:—surely, nothing can be more idle than such a strain of objection! The moral, if it be needful to require it in this case, is so glaring, as almost to disturb the mystery and interest of the work:—we trust, we shall not be thought *impious* for so expressing ourselves. A man, by study, creates a being and gives it life:—he is unable to give it sense, understanding, purpose, or any of those harmonizing qualities which fit it for existence—and the creator falls a victim to his imperfect creature!—Putting the improbability out of the question—where is the vice of all this?—We own we are unable to detect it. A foolish placard was stuck about the

streets, professing to come from a knot of “friends of humanity,” and calling on the fathers of families, &c. to set their faces against the piece. If this bill was seriously intended,—it was ludicrous enough. The answer on the part of the theatre was managerial and absolute;—and *Presumption* fills the theatre still with grumbling and money.

The acting in the two leading characters was perhaps the best ever seen in Melodrame; and, indeed, if it had been feeble, or outrageous, or, anything but what it was,—Frankenstein would soon have got rid of his tall blue Pest, and the long Demon would have perished in his infancy. It required certainly the finest powers of melodramatic acting, to make the extravagance commanding;—and in Mr. T. P. Cooke and Mr. Wallack these powers were, luckily for the author of both Frankenstein and his follower, found. Mr. Wallack was dressed delightfully,—German and scholar-like to the very buckle of his shoe. The fine intelligence of his countenance seemed to warrant the talk about his ardour after knowledge—and the deathly paleness and melancholy thrown into it seemed to speak of the fatality of his pursuits. Mr. T. P. Cooke as (-----) (for he is so described,—and we see no reason for foregoing our own parenthesis because its palings touch those of Mr. Peake’s) has proved himself to be the very best pantomime actor on the stage. He never speaks;—but his action and his looks are more than eloquent. The effect of music upon him is affecting and beautiful in the extreme. He looks gigantic—and so contrives his uncouth dress and hair as quite to warrant the belief that he is more than human. While he is on the stage, the audience dare not hiss, nay—scarcely breathe—but the moment he is well buried under the avalanche, all the good people in the pit feel for their moralities, and give vent to their disapprobation.

The scenery was old—and the music was taken out of the same bin.

*I will have a Wife.*

This little piece, written in the imperative mood, is a translation from the French, and has all the life of plot and character which that nation so invariably throws into its dramas,

Mr. Planché is the translator, and the production does him credit. Bartley, as an old Admiral, is determined to marry—and having three ladies in his house, from whom he knows he can select, he is only anxious about the two he must discharge. He makes his choice—but the first lady is chosen;—he is abashed, but chooses again,—lady the second is choosing elsewhere at the same time.—Of course he must put up with the third, but unluckily she has already put up with the admiral's son. The only female on earth after these, is (our readers will have guessed), Mrs. Grove. My Aunt is chosen!—Happy Bartley!

A very smart Operetta is contrived out of this group of refusals—and every actor did his duty. Mrs. Grove was a company in herself.

*Mr. Mathews.*

Mathews is come:—we have seen him. We have seen his Morblieu,—French to perfection.—We have re-seen the Polly Packet and the Dili-

gence—and he is as fresh as ever. The Atlantic seems to have invigorated his Sea-sickness. He is “not thinner,”—and we are right glad of it.

The only benefit we have yet gained by Mathews's “trip to America” (a fit mode of expression for such a traveller) is, that he has been forced into the Drama, the Legitimate Drama, again—and to the taste of the Yankees do we owe one of the best pieces of acting on the stage:—we mean Morblieu, in Monsieur Tonson. It is the thing!—demi-semi-fine!—Oh! the delectable small voice, and pinched English, and flimsy figure! Oh the pointed dance with Madame Bellegarde!—The boots! meant like the boot of a coach to carry six, but not filled!—Gatty is excellent in this part:—But Mathews is cruel enough to have taken from poor Gatty's brow the only sprig of laurel that ever adorned it. Reader! Go,—and see Morblieu!—Don't stand reading here,—but go!

#### SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*France.—The Drama.*—For some time past there has been nothing new in the higher branches of the dramatic art; but several new pieces, both tragedies and comedies, are said to be in rehearsal at the principal theatres. The inferior playhouses, such as the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, the Variétés, &c. have produced several successful trifles.

*—History.*—A new collection is just advertised, under the title of a Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France, from the foundation of the French monarchy, to the thirteenth century, with an introduction, supplement, and notes, by M. Guizot. It will make thirty vols. 8vo. and include the principal historians, from Clovis to St. Louis, who wrote the history of their own times, such as Gregory of Tours, Fredegair, Eginhard, Thegan, Nithard, Suger, William Archbishop of Tyre, Foulcher of Chartres, Odon de Deuil, Pierre de Cernay, Rigord, &c. As these historians relate events of which they were witnesses, or even in which they participated, their

works are real memoirs, though not so called. They are almost all in Latin, and will be translated with care. This collection, added to that publishing by M. Foucault, (which we have already noticed) and which begins at the thirteenth century, with the Collection of Memoirs relative to the French Revolution, will form a complete body of French history, drawn from contemporary and original sources, from the foundation of the monarchy to our times. Volumes IV. V. and VI. of M. Sismondi's great work, *Histoire des Français*, have been rather more severely criticised in some French journals than the first three volumes. The particular title which he has thought of giving to the period from 987 to 1226, of “France confederated under the feudal System,” seems to be disapproved of; as tending to lead the author himself insensibly to give a constrained turn to certain facts, in order to accommodate them to the system which he has in some measure prescribed to himself. It is, however, generally acknowledged,



that this Sketch of the History of France is far superior to all that have preceded it, by a better choice of facts, more judicious criticism, and a closer and more profound study of the original authorities. A History of King René, in two vols. 8vo. is in the press; the author is the Viscount L. F. de Villeneuve Barge-mont. The war with Spain continues to give birth to numerous publications. The History of the Invasions of Spain, from the Phenicians to the present time, by M. de Boissi, is a pretty good compendium.—*Fine Arts.* Among these are No. IX. of Gau's Nubia, of which fine work only three numbers more remain to be published. Nos. I. to VI. of the Collection of Greek Vases of Count Lamberg, who was Ambassador at Naples, at the same time as Sir William Hamilton; it will consist of eighteen numbers. The editor is Count Alex. Delaborde, who is well known by other expensive works, such as his *Tableau de l'Espagne*, and his *Monuments of France*, which continues to appear regularly: eighteen numbers out of forty are already published. Another interesting work, by the same author, is a Picturesque Tour in Austria, in three vols. folio, containing 163 plates.—*Natural History.* The proprietors of the works of Buffon, with the continuations, by several celebrated naturalists, making 127 vols. 8vo. with 1150 plates, offer to dispose of the remainder of the impression, by subscription, a livraison of four vols. to be issued every month. Of the *Faune Française*, by a society of able naturalists, nine numbers are published; the whole will form twelve vols. with 800 plates, (ten in a number) containing representations of at least 6000 species. The *Phytographie Medicale* of Dr. Roques continues to merit, as it successively appears, the praises which have been bestowed upon it.—*Philology, Bibliography, &c.* Mr. Barbier has published the second volume of his new edition of his valuable Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous works, written, translated, or published, in French and Latin. This work is not merely a dry catalogue, interesting only to the lovers of books, but is full of curious and instructive dissertations and facts. A catalogue of the books

printed on vellum, in the King's library, five vols. 8vo. merits to be recommended for the excellent method of the work, the exactness of the details, and the extensive bibliographical knowledge of the author, who signs himself M. V. P.—Mr. F. Didot has reprinted in small 12mo. the *Catalogus Librorum Officinæ Danielis Elzevirii, &c.* Amstelodami, 1681. This typographical wonder, say the French journals, is a reprint of a little book so scarce, that it never has been in the catalogue of any sale, and its very existence has hitherto been unknown to all bibliographers; M. Didot, and M. Thompson engraver on wood, have reproduced the original, letter for letter, and vignette for vignette, with extraordinary perfection. Only 100 copies have been printed, 80 on Dutch paper, and 20 on superfine Dutch paper, resembling vellum; only 60 of the former, and 10 of the latter are on sale. A *Poetarum Græcorum Sylloge*, edited by the learned M. Boissonade, is a valuable publication, of which three volumes are published: it is very well printed, in 32mo. It will form 25 volumes, comprising Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Pindar, Callimachus, the Anthology, &c. Besides this miniature edition of the Greek poets, the same bookseller is publishing the principal Latin authors, in 60 volumes; the Italian Classic Poets, in 30 vols.; the French Classics, in 50 vols.; and a select library of English poets, in 36 vols.—*Poetry.* The success of the work published by Messrs. Jouy and Jay on their being released from the prison of St. Pelagie, has perhaps induced the publication of the *Souvenirs Poétiques de Deux Prisonniers*, by J. D. Magalon, and A. Barginès. The name of M. Magalon is familiar to most of our readers, the journals having frequently spoken, at the time of his being sent to prison, of the undue and unnecessary harshness with which he was treated.

The establishment of the Asiatic Society at Paris has given a new impulse to the study of Oriental literature, and many valuable works may be expected from the press of the society. Among other enterprises already determined upon is a new edition of Marco Polo from a manu-

script in the King's Library, which contains twenty-six chapters that are not in any other edition. Mr. Klaproth's important work, *Asia Polyglotta*, in 4to. with atlas, in folio, is now published.—*Politics*. Under this head, a pamphlet with the title of *Greece in 1821 and 1822*, a political correspondence published by a Greek, occasions much attention. The author shows that the present struggle of the Greeks against the Turkish power is not a revolution in the modern acceptance of that term, nor an insurrection against a legitimate government, but a continuation of the war which the Greeks have never ceased to carry on against the Ottoman power. The Greeks do not obey the Turkish government; they yield to the armed preponderance of their cruel oppressors, but they have remained a distinct people; they have not become assimilated and fused with their conquerors, as the Gauls with the Franks, or the Britons with the Saxons, and the war has never wholly ceased; the Greeks have *de facto* constantly protested against the Ottoman government; and from the taking of Constantinople to our days, partial and local resistance has never ceased; the Maniots, the Sphackiots of Crete, the brave defenders of Suli, and other mountain tribes, have always had arms in their hands, and the love of liberty in their hearts.

The *Chronicles of Froissart*, by M. Dacier. It was well known that the learned Academician was engaged previously to the revolution in this publication. Ten years' researches in all the libraries of Europe, a strict examination of all the manuscripts then existing, some of which have been since dispersed and lost, and a scrupulous revisal of the chronology of the historian, have long since made the learned world impatient for the appearance of M. Dacier's labours, his situation in the Academy and the Royal Library, and the particular turn of his mind, eminently qualifying him for the task. Those who have had opportunities of seeing the result of M. Dacier's labours have found the new *Froissart*, as completed by him, almost double the printed editions. The printing in folio was begun when the revolution put a stop to it; the

academy was dispersed, and the royal printing office in confusion. This important manuscript, after remaining thirty-four years in the author's portfolio, is now on the eve of being published by M. Buchon, with the approbation of M. Dacier. M. Buchon, we learn, intends to combine it with a *Collection of the National Chronicles of France*, written in the vulgar tongue, which he is likewise going to publish, (*Froissart* is to be subscribed for separately.) Considering the importance of *Froissart* to the *History of England*, we cannot but desire the speedy publication of this edition of his valuable work. We certainly consider it as a fortunate coincidence that so much attention is paid, at the same time, in France, England, and Germany, to the monuments of the obscurer periods of European history. The resolution of the British government to print the ancient chronicles, documents, &c. the important and interesting discoveries which have already been made in searching among the records buried under the accumulated dust of centuries, the probable results of the labours of the German Society, for printing ancient monuments of the middle ages (which we spoke of last month,) the history of the house of Hohenstaufen by Raumer, the publication of which has been delayed for a short time, and lastly, the many French publications, relative to the same period, which we have had occasion to notice, will undoubtedly throw new light on many intricate points in the civil, religious, and military affairs, and on the state of manners, arts, sciences, and literature, in that long, obscure, but most important and interesting period in the history of Modern Europe.

*Germany*.—We shall probably have little new to announce from the German press till the Michaelmas fair at Leipzig, excepting, however, that the German literati still continue without interruption to give to the world the fruits of their classical labours, among which the learned world will be peculiarly grateful for the *Lexicon Herodoteum* of Mr. John Schweighäuser, in 2 large volumes 8vo. This new work, on which Mr. Schweighäuser has spent six entire years, is so arranged as to be used, not only with the Greek edition of



Herodotus, which he published in 1816, but with all other Greek editions of that historian that have hitherto appeared.

*Italy.*—We have nothing particular to add to what we mentioned last month respecting Italian literature, the lovers of which, however, will be glad to hear that M. Biagioli (at Paris), who has already published a valuable edition of Dante, has issued a prospectus of a new edition of the Decamerone of Boccaccio, with an historical and literary commentary, and the most essential various readings of preceding editions. It will be in 5 vols. 8vo.; a separate volume, not included in the subscription, will contain the Life of Boccaccio, a detailed account of his work, a discourse on the Decameron, and a correct index of all the editions. To these we may add, that the good reception given to the Selection of Italian poets in 32mo. which we mentioned, under the head of France, has induced the editors to publish the four principal poets, Dante, Pe-

trarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, in 8vo. This collection will make 10 volumes.

*Netherlands.*—The miscellaneous Latin essays of the late celebrated Professor Wytttenbach, have been published (for the first time collectively) in 2 large octavo volumes. A Life of the Professor (in Latin), by G. L. Mahne, has just appeared. We believe that the above *Opuscula*, though now advertised, were published a year and a half or two years ago.

*Denmark.*—We have not before had an opportunity to notice the following very important work. *Grundtræk til en Almindelig Plante Geographie*, that is, Elements of a general Geography of Plants, by Mr. Schow, professor in the University of Copenhagen. Our botanical readers will probably regret that it is in the Danish language; though we have heard something of an intended French translation, our authority is not positive enough to allow us to assert that such an undertaking is in contemplation.

## THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

### PERKINS'S STEAM ENGINE.

We have already communicated all that was known concerning the steam engine of Mr. Perkins, and we are happy that we now have it in our power to give more precise information on the subject. Our readers are aware that water may be raised to any temperature, provided it be prevented from passing off in vapour; that in fact, by keeping it subjected to a certain pressure, it may be made red hot, on which depends the important discovery of Mr. Perkins. The generator of his engine, that supplies the place of the boiler, is a cylinder of gun-metal, which is more tenacious and less liable to oxidation than any other. It is three inches thick, contains eight gallons of water, and is closed at both ends, with the exception of five openings for tubes. It is placed vertically in a cylindrical furnace, in which, by the aid of bellows, it is kept at a temperature of from 400 to 450, the water being brought up to the same heat. The valves in the tubes that convey

the steam are loaded, one with 35, the other with 37 atmospheres, so that none of the fluid can escape till the heat creates a greater force. By means of a compressing pump, the handle of which is wrought by the engine, water is forced into the generator, the valve loaded with 35 atmospheres is opened, and a portion of the hot and compressed fluid flashes out in the form of steam of high elasticity, and of a temperature 420, and is conveyed to a horizontal cylinder containing the piston, to which it communicates motion. Having performed its office, it is carried into a condenser, where it is converted into water, at a temperature of about 820, and under a pressure of five atmospheres, whence it is drawn into the forcing pump, again to be thrown into the generator.—The pump acts with a pressure of 35 atmospheres; consequently when the water is urged from it into the generator, it must expel a portion equal to itself in volume, which, as already mentioned, the moment it

escapes, is converted into steam of high elasticity; and as the pump is so contrived as to act with a steady force, the water must escape in a continuous stream; there is thus a constant supply to produce the moving power, the motion of course being occasioned by the difference in the elasticity of the steam on the opposite sides of the piston, that introduced from the generator acting with a force of 35 atmospheres, or about 500lb. on the square inch, that connected with the condenser acting with a pressure of five atmospheres, or about 70lb.—the difference 430 being the power gained. When there is a surplus of water in the generator, occasioned by working the pump too violently, or by the heat becoming too high, part of it escapes through the valve loaded with 37 atmospheres, and is conveyed into the condenser. From the high elasticity of the steam, it has been supposed that this engine is very liable to be burst: this is however a mistake; for as the steam is generated only in sufficient quantity to produce each succeeding stroke of the piston, there is no collection of it, as in the common high pressure engines, exposing a large surface to its expansive force, so that the ordinary source of danger is avoided. But in order to remove all apprehensions, the pipe coming from the generator, and in which the steam is formed, is made so strong, as to sustain an internal pressure of *four thousand* pounds, which is *eight* times more powerful than the force with which the engine works. This enormous superabundance of strength is still farther secured, by means of a safety pipe proceeding from the generator, and provided with a copper bulb, made so as to burst at a pressure of 1000lb. on the square inch; and owing to the nature of this metal, it merely tears like a piece of paper, so that when it does burst, as Mr. Perkins has made it frequently do, it occasions no injury whatever, either to spectators or to the apparatus. This safety-tube is also made to communicate with an indicator, having a dial plate and index, by which the force of the steam is ascertained.

The engine we have now described is at present at work in Mr. Perkins's manufactory. It is calculated as equal

to ten-horse power. The cylinder is only two inches in diameter, and 18 long, with a stroke of 12 inches, and when in full power it consumes only *two* bushels of coal in a day.

The space occupied by it is only six feet by eight; but Mr. Perkins considers that with the exception of the piston and cylinder, the apparatus is sufficient for a 30-horse power engine. Its operations have been witnessed, and minutely examined by philosophers and engineers; and the most unreasonable sceptics have been compelled to acknowledge the justness of its principles, as well as the energy of its operations. Mr. Perkins has not, however, been content with this. He has discovered a mode of conveying the benefit of his original principle to steam engines of the old construction, which, when we consider the enormous capital already invested in steam engines, and the skill and elegance with which they perform their functions, must be considered equal in value to his original discovery. For this *the old engines with their boilers are retained unaltered*; the furnaces alone are removed. A generator is constructed consisting of three horizontal tubes of gun-metal connected together, filled with water and supplied with fluid from a forcing-pump, as in his own engine. This is exposed to heat in the same manner; so that by means of a loaded valve, the hot fluid may be constrained till forced out of it into the water in the old boiler, and thus as much low pressure steam of four pounds on the square inch may be generated by *one* bushel of coals, as could be produced in the old engine by *nine*.

Mr. Perkins has lately made another discovery, which promises to be of great practical importance. He now dispenses with the condenser, and works the engine against the atmosphere alone; and by a method which he has not yet thought it prudent to disclose, he is enabled to *arrest the heat after it has performed its mechanical functions, and actually pump it back to the generator, to unite with a fresh portion of water, and renew its useful labours*.

#### CALCULATING ENGINE.

There is every probability of Mr. Babbage being enabled, by pecuniary aid from parliament, to construct his



machinery for calculating and printing mathematical tables. A committee of the most distinguished members of the Royal Society have transmitted the following report to the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, which, it is to be hoped, will have the effect of procuring the assistance required. "That it appears to the committee that Mr. Babbage has displayed great talent and ingenuity in the construction of his machine for computation, which the committee think fully adequate to the attainment of the object proposed by the inventor; and that they consider Mr. Babbage as highly deserving of public encouragement in the prosecution of his arduous undertaking."

#### SCORESBY'S MAGNETICAL DISCOVERIES.

Mr. Scoresby's attention was first directed to the investigation of the magnetic laws, in consequence of a series of experiments, undertaken in the years 1815 and 1817, for determining the cause of the deviation of the compass on shipboard. The result of his inquiries was, that all ferruginous bodies become magnetic by position; the upper parts acquiring a south, the under a north polarity; but from this general law there is an apparent deviation, with respect to slender bars, or thin plates of iron, which, when placed in the magnetic plane, exhibit no influence over a compass, because the magnetic axis corresponding with their shortest axis, the two poles are so near that they neutralize each other. As the magnetic plane may be easily discovered with slender bars of iron, Mr. Scoresby constructed his *magnetimeter*, by which the exact angle, where the polarity of iron disappears, may be discovered. By using this instrument, he could ascertain if a piece of iron, by any treatment to which it was subjected, suffered a change in its state as to magnetism. The result of his trials was, that any kind of mechanical action on it produced an alteration. He found that a horizontal position in the magnetic meridian was by no means the best for the developement of magnetism by percussion, but that the position of the dipping needle produced the highest effects. A single blow with

a hammer on a bar of soft iron, held vertically, gave it a strong action over a compass, the upper end becoming a south, and the lower a north pole. On inverting the bar, another blow was sufficient to change the polarity. A remarkable circumstance discovered by Mr. Scoresby was, that a blow on any part of a rod of iron, while held in the plane of the magnetic equator, invariably destroys the magnetic action, so as to prevent it having any influence on a needle. These properties have been applied to useful purposes; thus to free iron or steel from magnetism, all that is necessary is to give it a few blows while held in the magnetic plane; a mode much more convenient than the old one, of heating it, and allowing it to cool in a horizontal position. Another useful application is, the correction of the magnetism usually found in the balances of chronometers, which produces a serious error in the rate of some instruments. Grinding, filing, polishing, drilling, turning, twisting, bending, &c. were all found to elicit magnetism, when performed on iron, in any position out of the magnetic plane, but they were destructive of polarity when the metal was in the plane of the magnetic equator. The balances, therefore, ought to be turned and polished in this position. The effects of percussion next engaged the attention of Mr. Scoresby. He found that soft steel received the greatest degree of magnetic energy. In soft iron the magnetism was strong, but evanescent; in hard steel and cast iron, weak, but permanent. When the bar is struck, resting on a ferruginous body, it is also much more powerful; a piece of steel could be made to lift only  $6\frac{1}{2}$  gr. when hammered on a stone, but when subjected to the same process resting on a poker, held erect, it raised 88 gr. When the poker was previously hammered in a vertical position, the bar became more strongly magnetic; a single blow enabling it to suspend 188 gr.; a blow on the same rod, with the other end up, almost destroyed its magnetism, and two more changed its polarity. In another series of experiments Mr. Scoresby found that small or slender bars acquired a much greater lifting power, in pro-

portion to their weight, than large ones; a piece of a knitting needle three inches long, and weighing 28 grs. having been made to raise 54 grs. by being repeatedly struck with a hammer, while held vertically on the top of a kitchen poker.

The practical applications of this discovery, are the formation of artificial magnets, and the ready construction of a compass at sea, without the use of a magnet. There are numerous instances of compasses of ships being spoiled by lightning, in which case a magnetic influence may be given in a few seconds by hammering the needle in the manner described; and in those instances, when, owing to shipwreck, the crew are obliged to put to sea without a compass, polarity may be given to the blade of a knife, the limb of a pair of scissors, or to any piece of iron, which, when suspended by a thread, would probably be sufficient to guide them in their perilous navigation.

#### COMET OF ENCKE.

On the 2d of June, 1822, M.

Rumker re-discovered in Gemini the periodical comet of Encke, which has excited so much notice, and from which it appears that its revolution in 1204 days is put beyond a doubt. It had been previously observed in 1786, 1795, 1801, 1805, and 1818, and by a comparison of these observations, he calculated two sets of elements, which represented the observations within two minutes of a degree, and with these he computed at what time it would appear in 1822. He announced that he had little hopes of its being seen in Europe, as before June it would be extremely faint, and near the horizon; but that in south latitude  $34^{\circ}$ , in the beginning of that month, it would be  $24^{\circ}$  above the horizon, at sunset, and would then be as bright as a star of the fourth magnitude. It is surprising to think how accurate he was in this calculation, for on his voyage to New South Wales he discovered the comet on the 2d of June, at Parramatta, in  $33^{\circ} 48' 45''$  S. lat.

#### VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE accounts from Spain, coming as they do almost exclusively through the French papers, vary just as it suits the interests of the Stock Exchange at Paris and London. Every week brings intelligence, which in its way would be quite conclusive, if it were not effectually contradicted by the news which succeeds it. The Ministerial French press seems so shamelessly prostituted to private views, that the most decided, and at the same time the most groundless intelligence is sent forth to the world as true, even under a demi-official sanction. For instance, if we had had to close our summary a few days ago, relying on this authority, the accounts would have brought the war completely to a termination, embracing as they did the liberation of Ferdinand, the embarkation of the Cortes, and the total defection of all the Constitutional forces! The first paragraph, however, of our ensuing summary, must have contained a full refutation of all this decisive news,

on the very same authority. Thus situated, our safest course is to give the details which time and subsequent accounts seem to have authenticated, in the order in which they have occurred, leaving our readers to form their own conjectures as to the consequences.

There can be no doubt that there has been some severe fighting before Corunna. The French had occupied Ferrol, a very important fortress in the neighbourhood, and advanced towards the town in considerable force, under General Bourck. On the 13th, however, the garrison, headed by Sir Robert Wilson, and it is said by Quiroga, made a sortie, and a sanguinary contest was kept up until the 18th inclusive, when the French, having suffered a considerable loss, retreated. On this occasion, the gallantry of the English General was conspicuous—both he and his Aide-de-Camp, Colonel Light, were wounded, the latter it is said, dangerously. Notwithstanding



ing this success, however, and the courage displayed in its attainment, the protracted occupation of Corunna by the Constitutionals is considered hopeless. The possession of Ferrol, and more particularly of the heights which command the town, renders its fall certain. It is quite plain that such was the opinion of Sir Robert Wilson, as he had subsequently departed for Vigo, whence it was understood to be his intention to proceed, if possible, to Cadiz. Indeed, events have occurred since, which render this, perhaps, his only prudent course. It is a curious fact, and one indicative enough of the state of the French press, that the *Moniteur*, their official journal, communicates none of the operations before Corunna, subsequent to the 15th, though, of course, they must have long since been in their possession. They circulated, however, a report of its capture, and speculations were even entered into as to the probable disposal of Sir Robert Wilson! Upon this subject, however, there will be abundant time to speculate when he is in their custody. The report of the fate of Corunna acquired some currency in London, by the fact of Quiroga's actual arrival in England, in the Royal George steam packet. It seems he had been sent for by the Ministry at Cadiz, to take an important command in Andalusia, a point in which the presence of a trustworthy officer was but too much wanted. Corunna, at the time, was blockaded by a French frigate, and Quiroga took advantage of the departure of the Royal George for England. On his arrival here, he found that there was a packet at Falmouth, under immediate sailing orders for Gibraltar, for which place he instantly departed, having been altogether only five hours in London, which were consumed in consultation with the Spanish Ambassador. It is to be regretted that his visit was not sufficient in duration or publicity, to give the people of our metropolis an opportunity of evincing to him in what estimation a genuine patriot is held here. The vicissitudes of such a contest as that in which he is engaged, and the disappointments inevitably contingent on it, ought to be counterbalanced by all the encouragement which freedom can bestow.

From the commencement of the struggle, up to this point, at all events, Quiroga will rank high amongst men eminent for their public virtue. When we say "up to this point," we would not wish to be understood as insinuating the slightest suspicion in our own breasts of the fidelity of this estimable soldier—but the very atmosphere of Spain seems *redolent of perfidy*—there is something delusive in it which deceives our vision, and exhibits to us to-day the figure of a dwarf, which only yesterday we mistook for that of a giant. The Constitutional accounts, which seem the most candid, though they do not affect to dispute the eventual fall of Corunna, still represent its resistance as likely to be more protracted than we were at first given to understand. It has, they say, three points of defence—the new town, commanded by the heights in the vicinity—the old town, commanding the new, out of the range of the guns from the hills—and the castle at the entrance of the harbour. In the event of the French bringing up heavy artillery, the new town would be no longer tenable, but the old town is represented as being well supplied in every way, and capable of an obstinate resistance; and, as a dernier resort, the castle, which commands all, is a place of very considerable strength. It was indeed added, that on the 31st, the French had a battery of 24-pounders ready to play upon the new town, so that it may be already considered as abandoned. If treachery does not interfere, some calculate that the other two points might be tenable even for six months; this, however, appears rather a sanguine calculation, taking every thing into consideration. The place was well officered—Novella, the commandant, having four brigadier generals under him, and some able artillery men and engineers. The very best spirit is said to animate the whole garrison, and Novella had issued a proclamation, declaring it death for any person to talk of or advise a capitulation. It was also ordered, to prevent treacherous communications with the enemy, that all persons exhibiting signals of any kind should be shot. The desperate action fought there in the late Peninsular war, and the death of Sir John

Moore, give this place a proud but melancholy interest to Englishmen.

During Sir Robert Wilson's residence at Vigo, after the occurrences before Corunna, a circumstance took place which it is our duty as faithful chroniclers to notice. The traitor Morillo, whose unprincipled defection from the Constitutional cause we recorded in our last number, having obtained an advantage over a small body of Constitutionalists at San Payo, addressed a letter from a place called Redondilla, two leagues from Vigo, to the governor of the latter place, informing him that he was determined on possessing that town, and offering terms much more generous, according to his statement, than the French might subsequently be disposed to grant. Sir Robert Wilson, upon this, proposed to open a correspondence with Morillo, which proposal, being approved of by the authorities at Vigo, he accordingly forthwith put in practice. The sum of the correspondence, on the part of Sir Robert, amounted first to a desire for a personal conference, which, being acceded to, was found from the state of his wound, and other circumstances, to be impracticable—he then proposed a basis for negotiation, stipulating for the maintenance of the representative system for Spain, and declaring it to be the wish of the Cortes to negotiate. In the course of the correspondence, Sir Robert pays Morillo several personal compliments, and even goes the length of offering the “mediation of England!!” After some letters had passed, Morillo found out that he himself was not empowered to treat, and that even if he had been, Sir Robert, being invested with no public character, could not guarantee the performance of any of his propositions, and thus ended a negotiation which on both sides proves that a man may be a very good general, and a very poor diplomatist. The friends of Sir Robert Wilson declare that the whole correspondence was a *ruse* on his part to gain time, in which he eventually succeeded. Even admitting this, we cannot see, on public grounds, any justification of an unauthorised offer of British “mediation,” and certainly, on private grounds this familiar use of the name of a government, by the members of

which he had been personally so treated, is any thing but dignified in the negociator; still less can we extenuate the use of complimentary language towards a traitor—the curses of every friend of freedom were ringing throughout Europe upon Morillo's baseness, when Sir Robert Wilson talked of the “*delicacy of his character!*” We will venture to say that even those who have purchased the profit of his crime despise the criminal. As to the stupidity of Morillo in finding out so late what ought to have flashed on him in the very commencement, namely, the official incompetence of his correspondent, we heartily hope it may be the prelude to many a blunder, by which his hostility may become as contemptible as his perfidy has been degrading.

While these affairs were in progress before Corunna, an event occurred at Madrid, which caused in that place considerable commotion, and exposed the Duke D'Angoulême to the *first fire* which he has personally encountered since his invasion. His Royal Highness, it seems, was in the habit of going regularly, at a certain hour, to hear mass at the church of Esprit Santo, and on Sunday the 20th of July, just as the priest was quitting the sacristy, and the Prince the church, a conflagration burst out in three different quarters of the building, which very soon extended itself in the most alarming manner. No personal accident, however, occurred; but the opportunity for a legitimate manifestation was too grand to be lost; and, accordingly, addresses of congratulation on his Royal Highness's escape poured in without number, from the Regency, and their adherents. Nor was this all; as a primary measure of safety, the Regency immediately ordered all the voluntary militia, and the secularised monks who had taken refuge in Madrid, to leave that capital forthwith. The strictest scrutiny was set on foot, and arrests to the amount of thirty-two consequently took place. The appearance in a few nights after, of a body of Constitutional troops, near the gates of St. Fernando and St. Vincent, headed, as it was said, by the famous Empecinado, confirmed the idea that the fire was a design, intended to have co-operated with this attack, but



which was rendered abortive by a premature eruption. Unfortunately, however, for all these grand pensées, a poor German who occupied an angle of the holy building as a coffee-house-keeper, and brewer, has confessed that the fire broke out in his brewery, that he was twenty-four hours endeavouring to extinguish it, and that the reason he did not call in any assistance was on account of the heavy fine imposed on all persons in whose premises a fire appears. The poor man's conscientious distress at the increasing arrests led him to this disclosure. His discovery, it seems, has been ineffectual, as not one of those arrested has been released in consequence; however, it is only due to the Regency to state, that as all those arrested belonged to the Constitutional party, though they were not guilty, still they *might have been*, and therefore their detention rests upon exactly the kind of foundation on which Ferdinand, their beloved master, would, most probably, have placed it. It certainly does appear, however, to have continued the predominant inclination of the Duke d'Angoulême's august mind, that the deliberate intention was really to roast him, as he, without delay, formed the intention of departing from Madrid. He is represented also as being totally disgusted at the conduct of the Regency, whose despotic disposition was daily manifesting itself in such outrageous acts, that even their ally is represented to have said to them, "you have made more liberals in Spain in the course of three months than the Constitution has been able to do in three years." The saying is not without its foundation—martyrdom of any kind is sure to create zealots. Various places were designated, by rumour, as the Prince's destination; we believe it is now generally understood to be the neighbourhood of Cadiz, and, strange as it may appear, to have for its object some pacific negotiation. Events have rendered this last surmise not improbable. The Duke's situation in the capital, with a small body of troops, is represented as insecure, and the conduct of the Regency had long rendered it disagreeable—he is also reported to have discovered that

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he and his government have been made the dupes of Russia during this whole transaction; and this, if true, coupled with the probable defence of Cadiz, would naturally incline him if possible to its termination. On the other side, circumstances which we shall narrate in order, may render the Cortes also disposed to accede to any honourable terms of accommodation. That the Duke and the Regency are not on the most amicable footing, a few facts avouched on good authority will clearly demonstrate. At Burgos, the partizans of the Regency having imprisoned some Constitutionalists, the French commandant there demanded their release, which was refused, and he immediately, on his own authority, liberated them himself. This, it must be owned, was pretty decisive conduct, but it does not appear to have called forth the slightest censure from the commander in chief, and the Madrid official journal humiliatingly says "they flatter themselves it was a misunderstanding, and will not happen again." It is also said that the Regency did every thing in their power to induce the Duke to permit them to be the companions of his journey, but met with a refusal, upon which they declared their intention of moving with the French head quarters, and were informed that if they did, they should be sent back to Madrid, under a military escort. This rebuff is represented as having offended the Russian Ambassador quite as much as the Regency. That these representations rest, however, upon more than mere rumour, appears from the proclamation of the Duke, upon his departure from Madrid. He actually parcels out all the provinces of Spain, under the superintendence of six of his superior officers, and thus significantly concludes the document; "the above distribution shall be subject to such modifications as ulterior circumstances may render necessary; but, until farther orders, the general officers and commanders of the French and Spanish troops, as also the commandants of the provinces and places included within each of the before described superior commands, shall correspond with the marshals and

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which he resides! Occasionally, the French papers boast, he appears at the windows of his residence, and waves his handkerchief to the blockading squadron, in token of his friendship! Every day, however, proves that he never was more beneficially employed for his people than he is at present. The following patriotic anecdote of him has just come to light. A short time previous to the French invasion a new coinage of doubloons had been prepared, and as a compliment to him before the issue was ready for the public, a quantity of them was sent to the royal treasurer as part of his Majesty's allowance: not long afterwards several prisoners having been made from the forces of the faith by the constitutionalists, some of these very doubloons were actually found upon their persons! As to the identity of the coins there could be no doubt, the mint not having at the time of the capture sent the issue into general circulation. Even situated as he is at present, he omits no opportunity of doing all the mischief in his power, insulting the ministers upon every occasion, and throwing every embarrassment in their way. Though it is well understood that he is at perfect liberty to take any range he chooses within the walls of Cadiz, still for a long time he persisted in remaining within the Custom-house, to give the people an idea that he was a close prisoner. At length, whether wearied of this self-imprisonment, or in order to spread an opinion that constitutional reverses had caused his persecutors to relax in their oppression, he made a grand procession to one of the churches attended with as much parade as he could command. Some of his faithful friends in Cadiz immediately spread a report that their "beloved" was at large, that the Duke d'Angoulême was approaching, and that the embarkation of the Cortes was about to consummate the joyful triumph of legitimacy and the Inquisition! The fabrication unhappily found its way to Madrid—the serviles and the monks commenced a scene of rejoicing which ended consistently in blood and devastation. After having exhausted all the fantastic tricks of their imaginary triumph, they commenced

a general attack upon the houses of all who were not devoted to their system! For three days the scene of destruction went on uninterrupted under the very eyes of the Regency, who proved their paternal affection by never once interfering. A private letter from the place pithily describes the progress of the faithful—"they sing, they dance, they illuminate, they rob, they burn, and they massacre!" At length, the French soldiery who remained, voluntarily interfered and checked their ferocity. In what a state must that country be where even invaders are obliged to restrain the anarchy of the loyal! and who, after this, can say that the drunken excesses of republicanism and impiety have not been at least equalled by the triumphs of "social order," and the thanksgivings of "the faithful?" We are sorry to say, however, that if the degradation of our nature can afford a cause of triumph, the adherents of Ferdinand have better foundation for rejoicing than in the fabrications of Cadiz. Another shameful addition must be made to the treachery of the constitutional commanders. Abisbal and Morillo have found in Ballasteros a companion in degradation. This General, to whom the Cortes had confided a high command in Andalusia, has signed a personal capitulation with Molitor, and is at this instant, no doubt, a tolerated renegade at the French head-quarters. What makes his defection the more shameful and inexcusable is, that he chose the moment of victory for its accomplishment—it really appears as if he wished to *coin the blood* of his brave soldiery. By his base convention, he stipulated for pay and rank for himself and such officers as adhered to him, and presumed to guarantee the treachery of the troops under his command, the fortresses in his province, and also of General Zayas, the next in seniority. As far as we could learn, none of the army had followed him: Zayas is not yet claimed by the French press, so that we may conclude him still loyal; and certainly St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, Santona, and all the fortresses within his circle, have hitherto held out with as determined a spirit as ever. It is remarkable enough that no body of the

soldiery have followed the fortunes of Abisbal or Morillo—we hope to be able to record hereafter that the same honourable fidelity has distinguished the troops of Ballasteros—may a solitude surround their treason—such heartless perfidy should be a beacon, not an example. It is far from improbable, however, that the knowledge of this fact may incline the Cortes to negotiate, if terms should be offered honourable in their imposition. It is but too clear that the utmost bravery on the part of the troops cannot avert their sacrifice if their Generals prove faithless. Amidst this unparalleled desertion there is some consolation in turning to the career of Mina. This champion of freedom, almost alone worthy of the cause in which he combats, has not only sustained the spirit of the province of Catalonia, but found ample employment for all the troops of Moncey. Indeed, he has so harassed and outgeneralled the old Marshal, that it is said he has more than once expressed a wish to retire, which appears to have been at last acceded to, and Suchet is named as his successor. It is reported that, when Mina was apprised of the defection of Ballasteros, he issued a proclamation, declaring that he never would surrender, and that sooner than follow the example, “he would burn every town in Spain.” Information has also been received that the commanders of the fortresses in Andalusia have one and all indignantly rejected Ballasteros’s mandate to surrender; and the Governor of Pampeluna is reported to have replied that “he acknowledged him only as the General of a constitutional King, but would not recognise him when acting under a rebellious regency.” Of Mina’s movements we can learn nothing except from the French bulletins—a suspicious channel—but even they furnish the inference of his skill, activity, and almost invariable success. Moncey’s accounts are almost ludicrous in their results—he talks of the heroism of his troops—their desperate perseverance—their indifference to danger—their prodigies of valour—and then ends with a detail of *5 killed and 16 wounded!* If Mina could have died by a bulletin instead of a bullet,

his life would long since not have been worth a minute’s purchase—he has been a hundred times hemmed in beyond the possibility of escape—confined to bed—starved to death—deserted by every one—with a frozen foot and a famished carcase—all in Moncey’s bulletins. Upon the hills of Catalonia, however, he cuts a different figure—he issues no bulletins, not having time to write—but his deeds are gazetted in the inventions of his enemy, and will be recorded, no matter what may be the issue, by the gratitude of his country.

From Greece, the accounts are not of a desponding nature. A descent had been made by the Turks upon the isle of Negropont, in which the horrors of Scio were repeated—the women and children were, indeed, upon this occasion spared, but the island was one scene of continued conflagration. The Greeks, in retaliation, landed a force in Asia Minor, and after a short contest, plundered the inhabitants and burned the houses. A fire of a much more serious nature, however, took place by conspiracy, in the suburb of Costini, in Constantinople. It was three times extinguished, and three times re-lighted. It destroyed the arsenal and 2,500 houses; but the great loss was a naval one: one 74, two corvettes, five brigs, and 110 smaller ships, fell a sacrifice. Thus in the space of one year the two arsenals of Tophana and Tersana were destroyed by fire, a proof, say the Greeks, of the interposition of Providence. It is a melancholy detail altogether; but where one party resorts to such atrocities, their imitation becomes almost a matter of self-defence, and the Turks, we know, are not regulated by any European, or indeed, civilized system. Their chief and most disgraceful defeat has now even been in a place which seems consecrated to Grecian glory, the Straits of Thermopylæ—there Mahomet Pacha, commanding a force of 27,000 men, has been utterly overthrown by Odysseus, at the head of something less than three thousand—the contest was furious, and lasted four hours, during which the Turks suffered dreadfully. The names of Ulysses and Thermopylæ are of good omen—may they prove



so! In Thessaly also, the Greeks have been victorious in three successive battles, fought on different points of the ridge of Pindus—those defeats have been attended with the loss of one of the best Turkish generals, an Albanian. Indeed, considering the protracted warfare which Greece has now been able to sustain, the comparatively superior state of discipline at which her forces have arrived, and the confidence which success is calculated to inspire, it is far from probable that the Ottoman Empire will ever regain in that country the ascendancy for which it is contending.

From Portugal there is no intelligence, since our last, of a nature worth recording. Private accounts, however, mention, that the state of that country is very far from being settled. They say that a great body both of the people and the army are still attached to the constitutional system, and that, strange as it may seem, the King himself is suspected of a tendency of the same nature. Even in the ultra party there, which may be considered as the Queen's, there exists a strong division of opinion, one part of it soliciting the presence of the French, and the other, of a British force in Portugal; a crisis must of course be expected, when the interference of a foreign power is thus agreed upon by both as desirable. The discontent of the soldiery has originated those fears, that body considering themselves to have been cajoled on the occasion of the recent counter-revolution, and concurring with but a bad grace in the present *absolute* arrangements.

Accounts have been received from Rome which represent the health of the Pope as exceedingly precarious. Of this, he seems himself fully conscious, as he has given orders for the issuing of three bulls, the nature of which clearly indicate his opinion. The first directs the approaching conclave to be held in the Quirinal palace, in which he resides, and not in the Vatican as usual—the second contains directions as to his obsequies—and the third ordains the continuance in power of all his present ministers, &c. till the appointment of his successor. Cardinal Gonsalvi is said to aspire to this honour. One

of the richest and most ancient churches in the Christian capital, that of St. Paul *extra muros*, has just been burned down. It was remarkable for its colonnades of Greek and African marble. Twenty-four of the finest pillars, which had been taken from the tomb of Hadrian, were buried beneath the ruins.

The King of Prussia has shown some symptoms of a design to perform his ancient promise, of giving his subjects a constitution. We should not be surprised if the state of Ferdinand had in some degree refreshed his memory. The affair, however, is still too much in its infancy for us to enter into its details. As some counterpoise to this, the Legimates have to boast a recent decree of the King of Sardinia, confiding the education of the youth in his dominions *to the jesuits!* Every party has its turn now-a-days.

Some marriages have taken place, and others are spoken of, in the Buonaparte family, which indicate an intention of retaining amongst themselves the wealth acquired under the Emperor. Joseph has founded a city in America, to be named after himself; it already contains 3000 inhabitants, chiefly French. The British government have sent out to St. Helena a tomb for Napoleon! Thus the world goes. It is said, that Ministers have not agreed upon the inscription—in this they are wrong—it would be most unwise in them to leave it to be written by posterity.

There is but little domestic intelligence worthy of note since the prorogation of Parliament. The state of Ireland is represented as less disturbed than usual. It would seem as if the periodical number of malcontents had been hanged or transported, and, of course, a fresh supply cannot be expected under three months at least. This would be unreasonable. At the same time, however, the zealots of each party seem quite determined to prove, that the cessation is not to be imputed to any improvement, either in the morals or intellect of the people. Now that the Legislature has formally declared their meetings to be illegal, the heads of the Orange Lodges have assembled, and subscribed 40,000*l.*

to build a grand hall for their future convocation! Now this is spirited—it proves not only a dignified contempt for the laws, but it also undeceives the charitable part of the English community, who so lately subscribed such noble sums, under the delusion that the Irish wanted money. They have enough and to spare too, it appears, *in a good cause*. The Catholics, however, are by no means outdone—quite the contrary, they have again called in the aid of Prince Hohenlohe, and he has performed another miracle *by post*!! This has taken place in the person of Mrs. Mary Stuart, an inmate in the Convent of Ranelagh, near Dublin—she was dumb and bedridden, and had received the priest's viaticum for her final journey, when Prince Hohenlohe interfered, and rendered the viaticum unnecessary, by setting her on her legs again, and restoring her tongue to its pristine activity. She has taken her oath, that she is quite well, notwithstanding that she was attended by no less than three doctors; and the most Reverend Doctor Murray, titular Archbishop of Dublin, has actually circulated a solemn pastoral letter, declaring the miracle to be complete in all its parts! It must not be forgotten, that this Doctor Murray is placed at the head of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, and that the great body of the people look up to him almost with superstitious reverence. His word is law amongst the Catholic laity, and with this full consciousness about him he publishes this impudent juggle to the gaping rabble! Far better would it become the Catholic clergy of Ireland to forget their little selfish worldliness—to sacrifice the mammon wrung from the popular ignorance, and, by educating, enlightening, and *unbrutifying* their flocks, render them worthy of the liberty for which they supplicate. If the jargon which Doctor Murray has published be true—they need no longer humble themselves, and weary the British Parliament with their petitions:—let them write to Prince Hohenlohe, and they can get their emancipation *by return of post*. If his Highness possesses the gift to which he pretends, there is an ample field

for his miracles in Ireland. Let him close the Orange lodges—banish the tithe-proctors—restore the absentees—secure the people wages for their labour, and condemn the clergy to give labour for their wages—let him substitute industry for idleness—piety for superstition, and patriotism for party spirit—and we will undertake not only (according to his late request) to post-pay our thanks, but shout with the most stentorian parish priest in Munster—‘A miracle, a miracle, a miracle!’

A daring burglary was committed in Lambeth Palace, during the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on a visitation. We need not say the plunderers got nothing. They found the Reverend Prelate's house, as a Christian Prelate's house ought to be, without ornament or treasure.

The assizes have now terminated universally, and, we are happy to observe, that the different circuits presented a less fearful calendar of crime than usual. The new law, dispensing with the passing of sentence in capital cases, where it is not intended to leave the convict for execution, has been generally acted on. Where the punishment is to be commuted, it empowers the Judge merely to have the sentence recorded, which not only saves the criminal from suspense, (*in every sense*), but also acts as a great relief to the feelings of the Judge.

The Morning Chronicle newspaper has been sold by the executors of the late Mr. Perry, for the benefit of his family. The Edinburgh Review places it at the head of the daily press. It brought the enormous sum of 40,000*l.*; a fact, for the credit of the literature of the day, worthy of being recorded.

#### AGRICULTURE.

The wet weather during July and August has been exceedingly unfavourable to getting in the hay crops, concerning which there is much complaint. The turnips, however, have been greatly benefited by the circumstances that have acted so injuriously on the hay, and they everywhere promise abundance. In the southern, western, and eastern districts, the harvest has generally begun with every appearance of a good



crop as to bulk. New wheat has even been shown already in Mark Lane, but the cutting of the corn generally has been much retarded, not only by the want of solar heat, but also by the showers which fall so incessantly. The markets we conceive have been nearly altogether regulated by the state of the weather; and though there has been a depreciation of from 5s. to 7s. per quarter on wheat in the course of the month, (and the depression would have been yet more considerable but for the large purchases made for Scotland in Mark Lane on the 17th of August), we consider the price, such as it is, to have been maintained by the fears of a wet harvest. The supply of flour is still excessive, and that of wheat has been an extraordinary one in relation to last year's, when it is considered that at the same period much new wheat had come in and the harvest was so much further advanced. The comparative supply has been for the month to August 18, inclusive—

	Wheat.	Flour.
1822.....	47,274.....	32,887
1823.....	41,203.....	40,332

We have looked towards the *agricultural* year (from harvest to harvest) of 1823, as the year of momentous import to those who regard the agricultural question in its economical light, and with a view to decide the grand point whether the domestic growth equals the consumption, and as a necessary consequence, whether the fluctuation in price has been occasioned by any other cause than the relation of supply to demand. Why we look to this year in particular, arises from the following recapitulation of facts. For the twenty-seven years, ending January 5, 1819, there had been an annual average importation of foreign wheat amounting to (as near as may be) 500,000 quarters. The crop of 1813 was proved before the Committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1814, to be fully equal to an average crop and a quarter. The importation of 1813 and 1814 almost amounted to the average. In 1815, it was no more than 134,462 quarters. In 1816 and 1817 together, it equalled the average. In 1818 it was 1,509,886 quarters, being as much as the aggregate average of three years; and

on the 5th of March 1819, when the ports had closed, no more than 597 quarters remained under the King's lock. The crops since 1818 taken together have probably exceeded the average. It should therefore appear that until 1822-1823, the effects of the large importation of 1818, which operated probably to displace an equal quantity of English corn, held back by the grower or merchant, could not have completely ceased. These are the reasons which induce us to place such reliance on the year 1822-1823 as likely to give the desired results. We are told, indeed, that foreign grain has been continually smuggled into the market through the small islands and through Ireland, but we are convinced from the bulk and nature of the article, from the inquiries instituted by the Committee of the House of Commons, and from the importance of the discovery to so many persons concerned, that smuggling cannot have been carried to any extent sufficient to affect in any considerable degree the universal supply. We therefore conceive that it must now be admitted that the crop of last year was fully equal to the consumption; and when two other facts are taken into account, first, that the supply of flour now on hand greatly exceeds the demand, and secondly, that the harvest has been so delayed as to make the consumption of the intervening period between the last and the present harvest, at least thirteen months, this addition to the duration of the year may perhaps be equivalent to the quantity above an average, which the last year's crop (great in bulk but deficient in quality) produced.

The whole quantities of wheat brought to Mark Lane are as follows:—

1821-1822 Quar. of Wheat	492,263
1822-1823 Do. Do.	400,355
Less by	91,908

And yet it should seem by this account that really one-fifth less of wheat reached Mark Lane this year than last, but the fact we stated in our last number will very nearly if not entirely account for this phenomenon—namely, that the country millers have bought wheat in their own home markets, and sent the grain as flour to London, thus inter-

cepting one branch of supply and increasing the other. There is, therefore, at this moment a vast glut of the manufactured article, and the supposition is strongly corroborated by the quantity of water which has enabled the mills to work all the summer, and by the prevalence of strong winds which have also kept the windmills going.

It appears from these documents that the weekly demand of London for wheat sent coastwise, has been 7,799 quarters, in flour 9,464 sacks (the supply of the year having been 492,151 sacks); but the latter sum contains a quantity more than has been taken off, and may perhaps exhibit a surplus of at least 50,000 sacks. The quantity of wheat actually sold in Mark Lane bears a remarkable equality with the quantity brought in—being 387,248 quarters, only 13,107 quarters less purchased than introduced.

It should seem then from these premises that nothing but an uncommonly unpropitious harvest can prevent the price falling, perhaps immoderately; for although the agriculturists are probably more able to hold than the whole trade was in 1821-1822, yet nothing can stand against the fact which we consider to be now established, that England grows fully enough, and has more now on hand, than her consumption requires. This is a truth, which is as important as any in the whole circle of political economy.

Hops are still represented as a tolerable crop, and the duty it is imagined will be much lower than it has been for a long course of years.

Smithfield has been but ill supplied with *prime* beef during the month. Good Scots fetched 4s. 2d. on Monday, and the market was cleared out. In mutton and lamb there has been no variation. Veal is quoted at higher prices—say 4s. 8d.

#### COMMERCE.

The commercial transactions of the last month have not been distinguished by any remarkable circumstances, either at home or abroad. The temporary blockade of a few Spanish ports, as a natural consequence of the war, is a measure too limited in extent and duration to have any effect on the markets of this country.

The business done in cotton, as might naturally be foreseen, has been far less than was caused by the extraordinary speculation in the month preceding; but notwithstanding a sale of 30,000 bales at the India-house on the first of August, the prices have on the whole remained steady. Surats went rather lower at the sale, but good Madras  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. higher, being much in demand instead of good Bengals, which are not to be met with in any quantity. Two-thirds of the whole were taken by speculators. In the week previous to the sale, one house in London took 4000 bales of Bengals on speculation. But little has been done since the sale. At Liverpool prices have rather declined. In London, the sales in four weeks, ending Aug. 19, were 12,000 bags; in Liverpool, 38,800; arrivals, 28,300. The quantity of coffee brought forward by public auction, for the three weeks succeeding our last month's report, was so very considerable, that a progressive decline in the prices was the consequence. In the week ending August 19, an improvement of 3s. to 4s. per cwt. on British plantation took place, though the sales were rather extensive. On Tuesday (19th) there were four considerable public sales,—the whole went off freely and at full prices; good middling Jamaica 108s. to 116s. 6d. middling to good middling Berbice 109s. to 124s. Towards the close of the sales, the Jamaica descriptions went off rather lower, on account of the quantity brought forward, good and fine ordinary 84s. to 90s.; St. Domingo very good ordinary, 87s. 6d. The sugar market has not presented any remarkable fluctuations; upon the whole it has been satisfactory; the demand for raw sugar was rather damped last week by the importers demanding higher prices; however, a good deal of business was done, and an advance of 1s. obtained on the brown and middling qualities. The market was rather bare of good working qualities, merchants keeping back their sugars in expectation of higher prices. More business is doing in refined sugars. Large lumps have been in demand for Hamburg, and crushed sugars for the Mediterranean at improved prices. The grocers are likewise large buyers of fine goods:



in fact, the market is not fully supplied with goods of any description. Foreign sugars are in more request, and prices from 1s. to 2s. higher have been obtained by public sale. There has been a good demand for tallow, and the prices have rather advanced and are still improving. This has been partly owing to the high prices of meat, and partly owing to the prospect of an unsuccessful fishery. The accounts received up to the beginning of this week had not been

such as materially to affect the prices of oils. The wet weather has caused an advance in rape oil. At the Company's sale on the 11th, the saltpetre (4000 tons) was chiefly bought by speculators, fully 1s. higher than was expected. Company's pepper was mostly refused at the taxed prices. Cinnamon, first quality, sold fully 1s. above last sale, viz. 7s. to 8s. 4d. Pimento has been in good demand and improving in price; 620 bags on Tuesday sold from 8½d. to 9½d.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

The Second Edition of Mr. Goodwin's New System of Shoeing Horses, in 8vo. containing many new and important Additions, with new Plates, illustrative of the recent Invention, which is the subject of a Patent, for Shoeing Horses with cast malleable Iron, enabling the public to obtain shoes correctly made of any form.

A new Edition, much improved, of Miss Benger's Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots, with Anecdotes of the Court of Henry the Second, during her Residence in France.

The Fourth Edition (corrected) of the Rev. H. Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. In 4 thick Vols. 8vo. with numerous Maps and Fac Similes of Biblical MSS. Possessors of the former Editions may have (gratis) an additional Fac Simile, on applying for the same through their respective publishers.

Horæ Momenta Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect, exemplified in Two Dialogues, between Farmer Giles and his Neighbour Bridget; to which is Annexed, a copious Glossary of the Dialect of Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Suggestions on Christian Education, &c. accompanied by two Biographical Sketches, and a Memoir of Amos Green, Esq. of Bath and York. By his late Widow.

The Continuation of Mr. Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language. The several Parts will be published, successively, at short intervals.

A History of the English Stage, from the Reformation to the present Time; containing a particular Account of all the Theatres that have been erected at different periods in the Metropolis, and interspersed with various amusing Anecdotes, &c. By Mr. H. V. Smith.

French Classics, Edited by L. T. Ventouillac; the Second Livraison, comprising Numa Pompilius, by Florian, with Notes, and the Life of the Author. In Two Vols.

The Laws of the Customs and Excise, Digested into a Practical Form, for the use of the Merchant, as well as the Officer of Revenue. By Robert Ellis, of the Custom House, London. In 8vo.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, Theoretical and Practical; containing, among other Improvements, a new Demonstration of the Binomial Theorem, in its most general form, &c. &c.

Peter Schlemihl; a German Story, with Plates by Cruikshank. In 12mo.

Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency; extracted from the German Correspondence of Madame Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, and Mother of the Regent; preceded by a Biographical Notice of this Princess, with Notes. In One Vol. 8vo.

A Translation of "Les Hermites en Prison," (the last, and perhaps the most interesting of all the Essays) of Monsieur Jouy.

Herwald; or, the Greeks of the Eleventh Century. In Three Vols. 12mo.

Baverstock on Brewing; being the several Treatises of the late James Baverstock, Esq. on the Brewery, collected into One Volume, with Notes. By his Son, J. H. Baverstock, FSA.

A Series of Lectures upon the Elements of Chemical Science, lately delivered at the Surrey Institution. By Goldsworthy Gurney. In 8vo.

Xenophontis Memorabilia Socratis. Ex Editione Schneideri, Benwelli, &c. In 8vo.

Clavis Horatiana; or, a Key to the Odes of Horace, and the Secular Poem. For the use of Students.

History of the French Revolution. By M. A. Thiers, and Felix Bodin. In 8vo.

The History of Paris, from the Earliest Periods to the Present Day; including its Antiquities, Public Buildings, Civil, Religious, Scientific, and Commercial Establishments, &c. &c.

The First French Book. By Miss E. Appleton. In 12mo.

## WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

*History and Biography.*

Memoirs of the Baron de Kolli, relative to his Secret Mission in 1810, for liberating Ferdinand VII. King of Spain from Captivity at Valencay. Written by himself. To which is added, Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria. Written by herself. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa, and adjoining Provinces. By Major General Sir John Malcolm, GCB. KLS. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 12s.

The Life of Isaac Walton; including Notices of his Contemporaries. By Thomas Zouch, DD. FLS. Prebendary of Durham. with Plates. Foolscap 12s. 8vo. 18s.

An Account of the Life and Writings of Sir Thomas Craig, of Riccarton. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Advocate, FRS. and FSA. Foolscap. 9s.

The Memoirs of Philip de Comines; containing the History of Lewis XI. and Charles VIII. of France, and of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Marchioness de Bonchamps, on La Vendée. Edited by the Countess de Genlis. Foolscap. 5s.

*Education.*

A Syntactical English Grammar, with the Rules of Composition briefly exemplified, &c. &c. adapted to the Use of Schools. By David Davidson. Price 3s. boards.

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A View of the Past and Present State of the Island of Jamaica; with Remarks on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Slaves, and on the Abolition of Slavery in the Colonies. By J. Stewart. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Graces; a Classical Allegory; interspersed with Poetry, and illustrated by explanatory Notes; together with a Poetical Fragment, entitled Psyche among the Graces. Translated from the original German of C. M. Wieland. Post 8vo. 7s.

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Debates, Evidence, and Documents connected with the Investigation of the Charges brought by the Attorney-General for Ireland against Charles Thorp, Esq. High Sheriff of Dublin, in the House of Commons, 1823. 8vo. 12s. boards.

A Guide to the Giant's Causeway, and North-east Coast of Antrim; with a Map, and Engravings after Drawings by G. Petrie, Esq. By the Rev. G. N. Wright. Royal 18mo. 6s. boards.

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*Novels and Tales.*

Fernanda, or the Hero of the Times. By Miss Ann Bransby. 2 Vols. 10s. 6d.

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Dibdin's Sea-Songs, Engraved from the original copies in the Library of W. Kitchen, MD. Imperial 8vo. in Four Parts. Price 6s. each.

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Remarks on the external Commerce and Exchanges of Bengal. By G. A. Prinsep. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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The Angel of Mercy; a little Book of Affection: to which is prefixed, An Essay on Heavenly Spirits. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

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An Essay on the Resurrection of Christ, in which proofs of the fact are adduced, and its beneficial influence illustrated. By the Rev. James Dore, Walworth. 1s. 6d.



## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. W. O. Gurney, to the Rectory of Ash-ton Buttrell, in the County of Salop, on the nomi-nation of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Darlington.—The Rev. J. Barnes, to the Vicarage of Warton, near Lancaster.—The Rev. F. B. Twisleton, SCL. Fellow of New College, Oxford, appointed one of the Domestic Chaplains of the Bishop of Hereford.—The Rev. T. R. Bromfield, MA. Vicar of Nayton, Warwickshire, to the Prebend of Gar-Major, in Litchfield Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. S. Higgins.—The Rev. F. Bedford, MA. Rec-tor of Belchford, to the valuable Living of South Ormsby, with Katesby, Calceby, and Driby, an-nexed, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. E. Edwards, MA. of Huntingdon, to the Prebend or Canonry of Leighton Bromswold, in Lincoln Cathedral, vac-ant by the death of the Rev. T. Cowper; Patron, the Bishop of Lincoln.—The Rev. T. Round, MA. Curate of Chisbury, appointed Surrogate in the Archdeacon's Court, Oxford, for granting Marriage

Licenses.—The Hon. and Rev. W. Eden, MA. of Christ Church, Oxford, appointed one of the Six Preachers in Canterbury Cathedral.—The Rev. F. Barron, MA. of Wadham College, to the Vicarage of St. Mary, Sandwich; Patron, the Hon. and Ve-nerable the Archdeacon of Canterbury.—The Rev. F. S. Sadler, SCL. of Balliol College, Oxford, in-stituted by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Gloucester, to the Rectory of Sutton-under-Brails, Gloucester.

OXFORD:—The Annual Welsh Prizes at Jesus College have been adjudged as follows: for the best Translation of an English Sermon into Welsh, 10*l.* Mr. E. Jones; for the best Welsh Reader, 6*l.* Mr. R. W. Ellis; for the second best ditto, 4*l.* Mr. J. James.

CAMBRIDGE:—On August 12, it being the So-veraign's Birth-day, the first stone of the New Quadrangle of Trinity College, was laid. W. Wil-kins, Esq. is the architect employed.

## BIRTHS.

- July 26. At Alington-hall, Cheshire, the lady of John Offley Crewe, Esq. a daughter.  
29. At Holderness-house, Park-lane, the Mar-chioness of Londonderry, a daughter.  
31. At her father's house, William Murray, Esq. Bryanstone-square, the lady of Major Sir Henry Floyd, Bart. a son.  
August 4. At Yates-court, Kent, Viscountess Tor-rington, twins.  
8. At Langham-place, the lady of Frederick Webb, Esq. a son and heir.  
12. At Highbury-park, Mrs. Davidson, a daughter.  
13. In Euston-square, the lady of George Medley, Esq. of the East-India House, a son.  
14. At Rislip, Middlesex, the lady of H. Edgell, Esq. a son.  
15. At Hampstead, the lady of Andrew Spottis-woode, Esq. of Bedford-square, a daughter.  
18. In Wimpole-street, the lady of Wm. Franks, Esq. a son.  
19. In Portland-place, the lady of Wm. Curtis, Esq. a daughter.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Hope, a daughter.

## ABROAD.

At Brussels, the Countess of Ormond and Ossory, a daughter.  
At Malta, the lady of Major De Bathe, of the 85th Light Infantry, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- July 22. At Marylebone-church, James Black-well, eldest son of Wm. Praed, Esq. of Tying-ham, Bucks, and Trevethon, Cornwall, to So-phie, second daughter of the late, and sister of the present Charles Chaplin, Esq. MP. for the county of Lincoln.  
29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Moss King, John James King, Esq. eldest son of J. King, Esq. of Grosvenor-place, to the Hon. Charlotte Wyndham, youngest daughter of the Earl of Egremont.  
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Vis-count Sidmouth, to the Hon. Mrs. Townshend, daughter of Lord Stowell, and relict of the late Thomas Townshend, Esq. of Houghton-hall, Warwickshire.  
30. At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Gordon Coesvelt, Esq. jun. of Upper Brook-street, to Anna Maria, daughter of Henry Bar-ling, Esq. of Berkeley-square.  
31. Henry Birkbeck, Esq. Banker, of Lynn Regis, in the county of Norfolk, to Elizabeth Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Robert Barclay, Esq. of Clapham-common, Surrey.  
— At Marylebone-church, by the Hon. and Rev. Henry Watson, the Hon. George John Milles, of Elmham-hall, Norfolk, second son of the late

Lord Sondes, to Eleanor, second daughter of the Dowager Lady Knatchbull, of Wimpole-street.

31. At Blunham, Richard Hetley, Esq. of Wilton, to Caroline Letitia, eldest daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Dunnoon, Scotland, and Blun-ham-house, Bedfordshire, and niece of Wadham Wyndham, Esq. MP. for Salisbury.

— At Otley, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Barnes, KCB. Governor of Ceylon, to Maria, eldest daughter of Walter Fawkes, Esq. of Farnley-hall, in the county of York.

August 1. At Clifton, Matthew Henry Lister, Esq. eldest son of Matthew Bancroft Lister, Esq. of Barwell-park, Lincolnshire, to Arabella, fourth daughter of J. Cracroft, Esq. of Hackthorn, in the same county.

— Clement Wallington, Esq. First Lieutenant of the 16th Hussars, to Alicia Isabella, only daugh-ter of Monck Mason, Esq.

2. At St. James's, Michael Blood, Esq. MRCS. to Emily Jane, eldest daughter of William Dance, Esq. of Manchester-street, Manchester-square.

4. John Vaughan, Esq. one of his Majesty's Ser-jeants-at-Law, to the Right Hon. Louisa Ba-roness St. John, relict of the late, and mother of the present Lord St. John, of Bletsoe.

5. At Walcot-church, Bath, Edward Semple, of Clare-hall, Cambridge, to Sarah Helen, only daughter of the late John Deane, Esq. of Par-locks-lodge, Somersetshire.

6. At Cossey, Norfolk, by special license, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Norwich, Thomas Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Lovat and Strichen, to Charlotte Georgina, eldest daughter of Sir George Jerningham, Bart. of Cossey-hall. The marriage ceremony had been previously per-formed according to the rites of the Roman Ca-tholic church, at the family chapel. The new married couple set off for Beaufort-castle, in the Highlands, Mr. Fraser's seat.

7. At Totteridge, Herts, by the Dean of Clonfert, the Hon. Capt. Granville George Waldegrave RN. eldest son of Admiral Lord Radstock, to Esther Caroline, youngest daughter of the late John Puget, Esq. of Totteridge.

— At Blickling, Norfolk, M. K. Knight, Esq. of Berners-street, to Marianne, only daughter of James H. Holley, Esq. of Blickling.

12. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Christopher Wilson, Esq. of Fenchurch-street, to Mary, youngest daughter of William Thompson, Esq. of Bedford-place, Russell-square.

— At St. George's, Hanover-square, Frederick Alexander, son of Sir William Augustus Cunynghame, Bart. to Ann, youngest daughter of Ed-ward Earl, Esq. Chairman of the Board of Customs for Scotland.

— At Marylebone-church, Alexander Grey, Esq. to Mrs. Wiggell, relict of the Rev. Attwood Wig-gell, of Sanderstead, Surrey.

— At Chalmes, Worcestershire, Mr. John Mat-thew Gutch, Proprietor of Farley's Bristol Jour-nal, to Mary, eldest daughter of J. P. Lavender, Esq. Banker, Worcester.

- August 12. The Hon. Frederick Calthorpe, to Lady Charlotte Somerset.
13. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Sir William Blizard, of Devonshire-square, to Miss Blizard, of Brixton.
14. At St. Pancras church, Mr. George Chatfield, of Burton Crescent, to Miss Barry, only daughter of the late Richard Barry, Esq. of Palmer's Green.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, George Montague Williams, eldest son of W. Williams, Esq. MP. to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Samuel Scott, Esq. MP. of Sandridge-park, Kent; and grand daughter of Sir Claude Scott, Bart. of Lytchet-minster, Dorsetshire.
16. At St. Mary's, Islington, J. Bowyer, Esq. of Caldwell-hall, Worcestershire, to Catherine, sister of Colonel Payne, of Exmouth.
18. At Marylebone-church, Wm. Milligen, MD. of Sloane-street, to Elizabeth Sybil, second daughter of the late Colonel Lane, of the Hon. East-India Company's service, and of Levensville in the county of Dublin.
19. At Marylebone-church, Capt. Franklin, RN. to Eleanor Anne, youngest daughter of the late W. Porden, Esq. of Berners-street.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Raheny, the Hon. and Rev. George Gore, Dean of Killala, and Rector of Raheny, to Mrs. Isaac, relict of the late Thomas Bunbury Isaac, Esq. of Hollywood-house in the county of Downe.
- At Bishop's-court, by special licence, the Rt. Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam, to the Dowager Lady Ponsonby. The age of the former is 78, that of the latter 70.

## ABROAD.

- At Bourdeaux, Nathaniel Barton, Esq. to Mary Susannah, second daughter of Henry Scott, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Bourdeaux.

## DEATHS.

- July 20. At Bronwhylfa, near St. Asaph, aged 22, Louisa Ann, wife of Lieut.-Col. Browne, KCB. and daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gray, Prebendary of Durham and Chichester.
24. At Crofton-hall, Kent, aged 83, General Morgan, formerly of the Coldstream Guards.
- At the house of Lord Beresford, Wimpole-street, Major-Gen. Sir Denis Pack, KCB. CTS. &c. Colonel of the 84th Foot, and Lieut.-Governor of Plymouth.
- The Right Hon. John James, Earl of Farnham, one of the Representative Peers for Ireland, Governor of the county of Cavan, &c. &c. His Lordship is succeeded in his title, and the bulk of his estates, by his cousin, Colonel Barry, representative for that county. He was born in 1760, and succeeded his father in 1800.
- At Stanmore, Lady Mary Finch, sister to the Earl of Aylesford.
26. Aged 71, Mrs. Coffin, relict of the late Walter Coffin, Esq. and niece of the celebrated Dr. Price.
- At Park Hall, near Mansfield, aged 53, Major Gen. Hall, late Lieut. Col. of the 23d, or Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
27. At Melford House, the lady of Major Plunkett, of Kinnelrd, in the County of Roscommon, Ireland, only child of the late Gen. Gunning.
30. At the White Lodge, Richmond Park, in his 37th year, the Hon. Henry Addington, eldest son of Lord Viscount Sidmouth.
31. At Hereford Cathedral, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Curate of Hyford, in that County, who expired during the ceremony of his marriage while about to put the ring on his bride's finger. He was 70 years of age.
- August 1.—Charles Hornoyld, Esq. uncle to Thos. Chas. Hornoyld, Esq. of Blackmoor Park, Worcestershire.
- At Dacre Lodge, Middlesex, the Rt. Hon. Lord Napier, of Merchistoun, North Britain, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Selkirk, and one of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland.
2. In his 32d year, Mr. Henry Mann, Solicitor, of Princes Street, Bank.
- At Winchester, the Hon. Chas. Frederick Powell, Lord Bayning.
3. At Bath, Lady Palliser, relict of the late, and mother of the present, Sir Hugh Palliser, Bart.
- At Stamford Hill, Mrs. Janson, relict of the late Edward Janson, Esq.

6. Aged 42, Mr. Meyler, Proprietor of the Bath Herald, and a Member of the Common Council of that City.
- In his 38th year, Fras. Travers, Esq. MD. late of Newark, Notts.
- Robt. Woody, Esq. of Tamworth, MD. and FLS. aged 33.
- The Rev. Edward Baker Lloyd, Minister of the Wesleyan Connexion, at Halifax; in consequence of an accident occasioned by the overturning of the Royal Fleece Coach, at Shelly Bank. A verdict of manslaughter has been returned against the coachman.
7. At Bow, aged 59, Fras. Jowers, Esq. many years a Common-Council-Man of the Ward of Cripplegate.
- Lately, at Ramsgate, in his 18th year, Miles Jas. Beevor, eldest son of Col. Beevor, of the Royal Artillery.
8. Frances, wife of James Tilson, Esq. of Foley Place.
- In his 84th year, the Rev. Dr. Ledwich, author of the Antiquities of Ireland.
- At Epping, the Rev. James Currey, Preacher at the Charter House, and Rector of Thirning, Norfolk.
- Aged 60, Thos. Giffard, Esq. of Chillington.
9. In Old Burlington Street, after a long indisposition, the most Noble Marquis Cornwallis. He succeeded his father in 1805. On the 18th, his remains were removed for interment, in the family vault, to Culford-hall, near Bury. The title descends to his uncle, the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.
- At New-house Place, Chalfont, St. Giles, Bucks, the lady of Sir Coddington Edmund Carrington.
10. In Devonshire-place, Esther, the wife of the Rev. Fras. North, Prebendary of Winchester.
11. At Brompton, Lieut.-Col. Brookes Lawrence, late of the 13th Light Dragoons.
- At Rugby Lodge, Warwickshire, in her 21st year, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Abraham Caldecott, Esq.
12. At her house, in Regent-street, Lady Wilson, wife of Sir Robt. Wilson, MP.
16. Ann, wife of Augustine Sayer, Esq. and mother of Dr. Sayer, of Howland-street, Fitzroy Square.
19. At Shefford, Bedfordshire, in his 57th year, Robert Bloomfield, the celebrated poet, author of the Farmer's Boy, May-day of the Muses, &c.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- After a lingering illness, at Barrogill Castle, near Thurso, in his 57th year, the Right Hon. James Sinclair, Earl of Calthness, Lord Lieutenant of that County, and Post Master General for Scotland. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son Alexander, who in 1813 married Frances, the daughter of the late Dean of Hereford, by whom he has a son, James, Lord Benedale, born 1822.
- At Lochwinnoch, Thomas Reid, labourer, the original of Burns's celebrated Tam O'Shanter; he was born in October, 1745, and had been for some time past in the service of Major Hervey, of Castle Semple.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Londonderry, aged 76, the Right Rev. Charles O'Donnell, DD. Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Derry. During the thirty years that he exercised his prelatical functions, he enjoyed the esteem of all parties.
- At Glasnevin, near Dublin, in her 48th year, the Rt. Hon. Viscountess Mountmorris.

## ABROAD.

- At Paris, W. Dickenson, Esq. formerly a Mezzotinto Engraver.
- At Tivoli, by falling into the Cascade, while looking down upon it, Robert, eldest son of Robert Brown, Esq. of Clapham Common, and of the Firm of Robert and Benjamin Brown and Co. Cheapside.
- At Palermo, where he was pursuing his studies as an architect, William, only son of Wm. Harris, Esq. of Norton-street, Fitzroy Square.
- At Florence, John King, Esq. husband of the Countess of Lanesborough.
- At Versailles, in her 10th year, Charlotte, youngest daughter of Godfrey Higgins, Esq. of the Grange, near Doncaster, Yorkshire.